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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW
EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN
& GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



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TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE RIGHTEOUS PERISH	Mary Alden Hopkins	129✓
CALL FOR A LITERARY HISTORIAN	Fred Lewis Pattee	134
ABSOLUTION (<i>A Story</i>)	F. Scott Fitzgerald	141
THE RISE AND FALL OF HOMEOPATHY	Morris Fishbein	150
EDITORIAL		155
THE BLACK DUCK DINNER	James Stevens	161
AMERICANA		170
SATAN IN THE DANCE-HALL	Gregory Mason	175
CLINICAL NOTES . . . H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan		183
THE ENGLISH OF THE NEGRO	George Philip Krapp	190
THIS CITY WIND (<i>A Sonnet</i>)	Leonora Speyer	196
PASSING (<i>A Sonnet</i>)	David Morton	196
AMERICAN JOURNALISM TODAY	Chester T. Crowell	197
THE ARTS AND SCIENCES:		
Walt Whitman and <i>the Aristidean</i>	Thomas Ollive Mabbott	205
What Is a Race?	Melville J. Herskovits	207
The Training of The Soldier	Arlington B. Conway	210
AMERICAN PORTRAITS, IV. <i>Medicine Doctor</i>	L. M. Hussey	215
INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGES	Albert Léon Guérard	224
THE WAR AGAINST BIRTH CONTROL	Margaret Sanger	231
THE SENATE'S LAST LEADER	Charles Willis Thompson	237
THE THEATRE	George Jean Nathan	241
THE LIBRARY	H. L. Mencken	248
THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS		256

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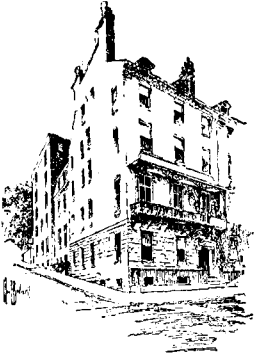
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The American MERCURY

June 1924

THE RIGHTEOUS PERISH

BY MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

It is customary to say that the old New England stock is losing control of the land to the Italians, Poles and Czechs because its best blood has poured into the cities—because only drunkards, half-wits and lazy ones remain on the farms. This is true in part—but only in part. Many high-minded men and women, as noble in their ideals and their acts as any New England has ever produced, are still living on the acres their forefathers wrung from the wilderness. What is to be made of that fact? I turn to a section where immigrant farmers increase steadily as the old stock as steadily disappears. The decay of the latter is plain—but has it been due to vice or to virtue? I find idiots and wastrels, but I also find lofty souls who have been beaten and brought down by their very passion for renunciation.

The Hargrave family, for instance. The three Hargrave brothers have in common not only a physical likeness in their long, slender build, their sandy complexion, and their slight forward thrust of the head; they also share that look of accepted melancholy so frequent among those who brood on the joys of heaven. The three brothers have devoted the greater part of their earthly lives to realizing an abstraction. As other men concern themselves with material things so they consecrated their years to an ideal. They

passed almost a quarter of a century in the occupation of keeping a promise. They promised their widowed mother that they would not marry while she lived, and they kept their word. Though they affianced themselves to neighbors' daughters, they lived on at home, farming the land for the tyrannical old lady till she died. Then all three at last, belatedly and hopelessly married.

The Hargrave house, standing well back from the road, is the only stone house for miles around. Its solid, square shape, low eaves and substantial chimneys suggest the respectable security of the family. An abundant orchard sweeps away from one side, and on the other the cool green fodder corn is higher than a tall man's reach. Fields in varying shades of green and gold, marked off in rectangles by gray stone walls, stretch like a patchwork quilt over the low hills, announcing a fertility marvelous in this pasture country. But there are no children 'round the house.

The oldest son, John Hargrave, and his wife live here. Mrs. Hargrave is a middle-aged woman of thin-chested refinement, dressed in black silk with a white lace collar. She receives one, in the afternoon, in a sitting room that is furnished with rocking chairs. The big Boston rocker, its woodenness relieved by turkey red cushions,

is for the man of the house. A small mahogany rocker, upholstered in black haircloth, is for the wife. Rockers, big, little, squat, old, hard, soft, each with its clean crocheted white tidy, await occupants. Yet despite this domestic and hospitable background, I always seem to see Mrs. John Hargrave behind a school-room desk, facing wooden benches full of squirming youngsters. She cannot lose the schoolmarm air she acquired while she taught during the long years of her betrothal.

The marriage so long anticipated has been tragically difficult. Nor have the two other brothers been at ease in their marriages. The six stiff-moving, elderly men and women cannot adjust themselves to the new relationship. They had too well acquired the habit of not being married. Men who are good sons too many years do not make good husbands, and dutiful daughters are not always satisfactory wives. *Their austere strength makes them unadaptable.* The Hargrave promise was kept; the Hargrave ideal is realized. But the Hargrave family is at a standstill. Turn, now, to Jurgus Biersach, a neighbor. Jurgus is a Bohemian immigrant—and by failing to live up to his simple code of ethics he has won as fine a family of squirrel - chasing, green - apple - eating, brook-wading youngsters as any man could wish. It is most confusing to the mind.

II

Jurgus is the miller who grinds corn and oats in the old stone mill by the swift millrace. He is a heavy, silent man, walking with a stoop, as if bent by the remembered weight of all the grain bags he has shouldered in twenty years. When I watch him, moving through the pleasant-smelling, dusky spaces of his vibrating mill, or letting the kernels of a sample of yellow corn slide through his calloused fingers slowly, as if he loved the feel, I have the sense of being in the presence of something strong and undefeated. He has

known romance that ended ignobly. He has experienced the unnecessary death of children that came too fast. He has endured years of continuous, unrelenting toil. Yet one receives from him no sense of defeat, of thwarted growth, of calamity, as one does from the noble-spirited, idealistic Hargraves.

When the New England owner of the mill died, Jurgus, who had had time to get his feet set in the new country, took it on a mortgage. Contrary to the custom of Central European immigrants, he married a pretty American girl with pansy eyes and a rope of black hair as thick as your wrist. There was a week's dancing and cake enough for all at their wedding. Jurgus was absorbed in paying off the mortgage on the mill. Alice, the young wife, wanted to keep on dancing. Whenever Alice asked Jurgus to hitch up after supper to take her to a party he was too tired. He used to send her off with the hired man and spend his own evenings in his stocking-feet. Finally Alice went off with the hired man and did not come back.

Later she got a divorce from Jurgus and married the man with whom she had run away. Jurgus did not approve of the divorce; it was against his religion. He refused to go to court. Alice says now that she is sorry she did it, because if she had stayed by Jurgus she would have her own kitchen instead of working in other women's. Jurgus, of course, had to have someone to do his housework. He hired a Czech woman with a baby in her arms. She was strong as a horse. After she had washed the dishes she weeded the garden. She helped him, too, in the pleasant, dusty mill, where shafts of yellow sunlight show the grain motes dancing. This peasant woman handled heavy sacks as easily as a man does. The sweat ran down her broad, flat face and stood in tiny glistening drops on her thick, creased neck, and she never ceased talking. She had lost the latch of her tongue.

For a long time Jurgus was stand-offish with her, but if he chased her out one

door of the mill she came in another. Months later, a few days before their first baby was born, he married her before a justice of the peace. Jurgus had not the noble austerity of the Hargraves, who drew a precious strength from the subtle joy of renunciation. The marriage, of course, was in direct violation of the simple ethics to which Jurgus subscribes. His Slavic neighbors hold, even yet, that "he ain't rightly married." He goes no more to church, and his wife travels to the city to receive communion at a church where "they ain't particular." But the children go to the village church along with the children of the truly wed. There are seven of them, all as daintily built as if they had been born of dancing Alice. The school supervisor says they must go on to high-school.

Does it not seem strange that the brothers Hargrave were not given this family as a reward for keeping their promise? Why should Jurgus have the sort of family the Fourth-of-July orators talk about, while the Hargraves have only the memory of their renunciation?

III

Was it Marta Peshak's virtue that brought the present comfortable security of herself, her husband and her children? Listen, and decide.

When Mr. Bondfield, who lived at the crossroads in the white shingled house with the small window panes and the Georgian porch, got to be an old man and all his family were dead or married, he hired Marta to keep house for him. Marta lived there several years and after she married Peshak they both lived there and worked the farm on shares. They took such good care of the old man that when he died he left them everything, even to the parlor carpet which is like stepping on feathers. Marta and John have five children, carefully raised, well-spoken and reliable. The whole family is very pious, and they even see to it that the neighbors

go to church too. All this is clearly the result of taking good care of an old man. But—their eldest child, as well as the farm, is a legacy from old Mr. Bonfield. It is very confusing.

There was a Polish wedding across the mountain from where I live. Much eating took place, and dancing and drinking. They even had a fight to make it complete. The bride and groom were vigorous and comely—the kind of folk that are not downed by rocky fields and weedy pastures. But the wedding differed from the usual New England wedding in that the bride had already had a child by another man. "But that," one of the women guests said to me, "might happen to any of us." True; we have a proverb about such things happening in the best-regulated families. Here, however, is a difference: no New England girl with an illegitimate child would be likely to marry the most desirable young man in town, and if she did, her wedding would certainly not be the social event of the season.

These extraordinary peasants not only commit flagrant sins against the social order; they also keep on prospering afterward. Women have babies which they hadn't ought to, and follow them up with respectable families. The men get drunk on hard cider day after day, and yet don't go to the poor-house. The vinegary stuff ties their stomachs into knots and ruins their tempers, but their farms remain prosperous. When a New Englander takes to drink, his farm breaks out in leaky roofs and sterile fields. In our eastern farming districts you may find New England drunkards working as hired men for Central Europeans who drink twice as much hard cider themselves.

But however much the Slavic peasant drinks, he does not neglect his work. Sowing, cultivating and harvesting go right on. In this lies, perhaps, the explanation of the situation. The peasant does not sin against work. The two fundamentals of healthy living are the preservation of life and the preservation of the

race. In short words—work and love-making. My Slavic neighbors never sin against these fundamentals, and so they prosper and buy up the land. The New Englander is brought up in the belief that work is a curse laid on man by an angry God and that celibacy is holy. Mortgaged, rundown farms mark those who have evaded the curse. Scanty families or no offspring at all betray those who have not recognized the obligation of love-making.

The preservation of the race is the easier of the two fundamentals to be sloughed off. An inspection of any New England township convinces one that it is easier, in country districts, to give up love-making than to give up work, for hundreds of farms are run by unmarried men and women. All this to-do about the danger of being swamped by sexual desires seems absurd when one sees how many thousands of weaklings have altogether resisted them. Or are they, perchance, weaklings because all their strength has gone into their resistance? The peasants, on the other hand, may sin against the finer subtleties of virtue, but against nature itself they do not sin. And they are buying up the farms.

IV

Whenever the newcomers abandon their hold on the fundamentals, they perish exactly like their Puritan neighbors. Jurgus Biersach, the miller, was freed from his pretty wife Alice and got his children by another woman. But Susan Oglevy's patient immigrant suitor has fallen a victim to romantic love like any son of the Puritans.

The Oglevy house stands by the side of a main-traveled road on the top of a hill. It is a flat-faced house with two plastered chimneys for ears, a door in the center for a mouth and a couple of staring windows for eyes. A tall elm on either side of the front walk completes the agreeable symmetry. These are "bride and groom trees," planted by some dead Oglevy on his

wedding day. The land is held on a grant from one of the Georges and Susan is the last of the line. She is a small spry woman, nearing sixty, with the bright eyes of a girl of twenty and winter apples in her cheeks. She wears ordinary blue calico like her neighbors, but her white hair is dressed high on her head and thrust through with a delicately carved shell comb that came from Spain a hundred years ago. On Winter evenings she reads a first edition of Dickens with paper covers and Cruikshank drawings. She says there is no such writing nowadays. The hilltop farm is good for little except hay crops. Susan's livestock is for her personal delight rather than for profit. She is passionately devoted to anything that needs tending: pink, squawking pigs, whimpering collie pups, frost-dreading peach trees, and slips of young plants to be shielded from the sun.

Susan has not married, though it is neighborhood knowledge that she has had offers. She says she has remained single because she likes her independence, but the truth is that she is married to her dead father and dead brothers. She is not a spinster so much as the widow of her ancestors. But she has her romance, even at sixty. Susan is loved by an outlander. He fell in love with her when he came, years ago, to be her father's hired man, and he has loved her ever since. He flings himself away from the farm every now and then for months or even a year or two, but soon or late back he comes to be Susan's hired man again. An Oglevy cannot consider marrying a "foreigner," even after he has served forty years. Probably marriage has never been mentioned between them. Certainly Susan has permitted no love-making. An emotional tie has been woven between them without word or touch or glance of love. The affair is what we like to call an idyl and it is as pure as bleached bones in a desert.

The Hargrave brothers are annihilated by their principles. Susan, dragging her outlander in her train, is extinguished by

her filial devotion. The group dissolves, as it were, in the course of romantic ethical adventure. When they die, nothing will remain of them. They have taken their living from the soil, to which they will honorably return their ashes. They will be extinct. No action of theirs has benefited the world. Nothing they have done has decreased hunger, physical suffering or other misery. No contribution from them has made the world kindlier. They die in righteous sterility. Their great achievement has been the denial of the fundamentals of sound life. Jurgus Biersach, Marta Peshak and the Polish bride have made their arduous and clumsy contribution to human progress. Their farms are a little better than they found them, with fewer stones in the pastures and more on the stone walls. An acre of ground here and another acre there has been laboriously reclaimed from waste. And among their many lumpish children are some who are not lumpish at all.

At times I worry lest the immigrants become infected with the debilitating fineness and negative nobility which lead to oblivion. The newcomers take over the farms as they stand, often moving into houses partly furnished with the old stuff. They eat at the scrubbed deal tables and sit in the ladder-backed chairs with woven reed seats. Is it fantastic to imagine that they may absorb some of the fatal essence of the lost families that dwelt so many years within the walls? Summer

folks complain that the immigrants are buying up parlor mahogany chairs that could formerly be had for a single bid. "They can't appreciate them," runs the grievance, "but they are crazy to get any furniture that belonged to the people who lived here before they did." Newcomers who love our land, our houses and our furniture, are hardly safe from our ideals. I fear they will soon be seeking those fine-spun emotional satisfactions which come from turning one's back on life.

Our selectmen apply the compulsory school law to immigrants' children with the active satisfaction with which we do good to those who want to be let alone. They gather the infants in from the onion beds and the potato fields and install them among freshly painted blackboards. Over the children are placed New England schoolmarms to influence them toward those ideals which have decimated the race of New Englanders. These schoolmarms, upon whom we so pride our civilization, are workers but not lovers. One of the two fundamentals they have successfully denied, and this denial is intrinsic in their teaching. The bullet-headed, yellow-haired youngsters fight valiantly against their teachers, but they are surely in danger. They are exposed to the native passion for spiritual excellence. When their assertive wants change from land and sex to "higher" things, civilization will have got them. They will begin to develop into New Englanders—and then they, too, will go.

CALL FOR A LITERARY HISTORIAN

BY FRED LEWIS PATTEE

I HAVE nearly a hundred histories of American literature on my shelves, and I am still adding more—a hundred volumes to tell the story of our literary century, and all of them alike, all built upon the same model! I think I could dictate one to a stenographer in three days, with no reference to authorities save for dates: Colonial Period, Revolutionary Period, Knickerbocker Period, New England Period, and so on. Always there is the same list of authors, beginning with Captain John Smith, Anne Bradstreet, and Cotton Mather. A few are treated in chapters by themselves: Franklin, Irving, Bryant, Cooper, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, Poe, Lowell, and, of late, Whitman and Mark Twain. The rest are assorted into groups according to chronology, geography, or literary forms.

But the really stereotyped thing about these histories is their critical method: always the same list of biographical facts with emphasis upon the picturesque, always the repetition of a standard series of well-worn myths. Irving is always genial and sunny, always loyal to his lost boyhood sweetheart, Matilda Hoffman—so loyal, indeed, that he mourns her in bachelorhood to the day of his death—inexpressibly touching! Poe is always first of all the drunkard; a gruesome genius, author of "The Raven" and "The Bells," a critic lashing his enemies and praising his worthless friends; finally, the maker of the most horrible tales in the whole range of American literature. Tenderly the myths settle over Longfellow and Whittier; not so tenderly over Cooper and Whitman.

Almost all of these histories are textbooks. With the exception of John Nichol's now antiquated volume, which was written primarily for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and "The Cambridge History of American Literature," which is not a history at all but a series of essays and bibliographies by a varied assortment of writers, and D. H. Lawrence's startling "Studies in Classical American Literature," all of them have been written with class-room intent. Even Tyler's volumes on the Colonial and Revolutionary periods were first put on paper as lectures to college students. Special purpose and provincial prejudice wave over every one of them like red flags. One may arrange their authors in groups. There is, first, the New England group, headed by the Victorian Charles Francis Richardson, and later by Barrett Wendell, whose bulky "Literary History of America" should have been entitled "A Literary History of Harvard University, with Incidental Glimpses of the Minor Writers of America." In every volume produced by this group the Transcendental Movement requires a full chapter, looming almost as large as the Reformation in European history. Often there is an additional chapter on "The New England Renaissance." Next comes a group of Southern histories, some of them frankly bearing the title, "Literature of the South." This region has always been peculiarly sensitive, peculiarly eager to make the most of its scanty literary annals. In all its books Simms, Cooke, Timrod, Hayne, Lanier, and the after-the-war school of novelists, (with scant mention of Cable) are made of major im-

portance. Between the two extremes lies a belt stretching from Philadelphia and New York westward across the continent. Its text-books all present close-up treatments of local celebrities, and the space required for them is taken from the New England section. A history that does not devote adequate attention to Lew Wallace and Riley and Tarkington is berated by Indiana, one that neglects Eugene Field, William Vaughan Moody and the new Illinois school of poets is scorned by Chicago, and to refuse major honors to Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Ambrose Bierce, and O. Henry is to be unwelcome in California and the Southwest.

It is high time, I believe, for a history of *American* literature to be written, and I venture herewith to suggest the fundamental ten commandments for the making of it.

II

First, it must be written primarily as a history, with no thought of class-room use. If professors *can* use it as a text-book let them, but it must be as detached from class-room thinking as is D. H. Lawrence's amazing volume. It must not be academic and timid, and bound fast to old critical conceptions, but on the other hand it must not be primarily iconoclastic and revolutionary, with a devastating thesis to be defended, as is the case with Van Wyck Brooks's "The Ordeal of Mark Twain."

Second, it must be impartial and unprovincial. The writer must be completely free from sectional bias: he must be American rather than Eastern or Southern or Western. A foreigner might have the requisite detachment for the job, but he would hardly have enough understanding of the American soul, or sufficient knowledge of the whole mass of American writings. The Scotch John Nichol's "American Literature," the most detached history thus far published, falls fatally short at more than one vital point. The work that is wanted cannot be done by a New

Englander unless he has been long resident in other sections of the United States, and it cannot be done by a Westerner or a Southerner who has not lived for some years in the New England environment. The writer will fail completely unless he is able to see his subject in the light of *all* America, from the beginning of the Colonial era.

Third, the new historian must adapt himself to the new perspective, and readjust the focus of all his optical apparatus, especially that part furnished by his academic training. We are still near the Nineteenth Century, in which lies the major part of our literary product, and by the old university standards nothing in that century is ready for final appraisal or even preliminary survey; nevertheless, a viewpoint gained by standing one quarter up the ladder of the new century certainly should furnish a perspective that will allow us to revise greatly the old charts. Large areas of our literary domain have not been changed as to boundary since the making of the first surveys, but we can see now over the underbrush, and the elevations are beginning to show their true heights. Is Bryant till, as of old, worth a whole chapter, or is he to be merely a part of the chapter treating Halleck and Dana and Drake? Are Cooper and Poe and Whitman isolated and towering peaks or mere bluffs? Are the New England poets a mountain range or a group of foothills? We have seen of late a sudden change in the estimate of Melville: which valuation is right, the old or the new? Are there other variables in the American firmament? Has the time come to make a new chart?

Fourth, the myths must be stripped from our major writers and they must be made to stand in the light of truth. Our critics and historians have been handicapped heretofore by want of materials, and quite naturally. It takes years for all the data about an author to be gathered and examined. We are not yet sure that we have found out, even now, all that is worth

knowing about Shakespeare. He who is very near his subject is liable to be very far indeed from the ultimate truth. We still know only too little about our Nineteenth Century writers. The families and friends of these men, in many cases, have felt that letters, journals and the like were peculiarly precious, and have thus guarded them with vigilance. A literary executor has been appointed in each case, or an official biographer, and he commonly deems it incumbent upon him to create a myth, to surround his subject with a favoring atmosphere by making judicious selections from the mass before him, passing rapidly over lean areas, lingering long over rich areas, and arranging the whole so that a well-rounded unity appears—a mythical figure that dominates all succeeding biographies. The life of Longfellow by his brother is three pots of honey and Higginson's is a fourth. No adequate biography of the poet has yet appeared. To one who has read them all, he is a kind of hero of the romantic order seen dimly through an atmosphere uniformly mellow and vague, like a day of Indian Summer—all harshness, all unpoetic reality lost in the dreamy haze. The papers and literary remain of Irving, Hawthorne, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, to name only major figures, all passed into the guardianship of their families or their friends, and no one has had access to them without strict supervision. The only life that has been at all adequately studied is Poe's, and this study has been rendered possible by the fact that Poe had no family and no friends, and that his papers, with the curious exception of the guarded letters in the "Poe Shrine," have been from the first "in the public domain."

The case of Washington Irving may be taken as typical. Of late most of his papers and journals have been surrendered by his heirs to the auction rooms, and at least three volumes of them have been published for the first time. As a result a new Irving is beginning to appear, an Irving seen without the aid of his nephew

Pierre, and at times the figure is startlingly unfamiliar. It leads us to wonder what the story of American literature will look like when all the documents are fully in. The Irving papers, in Pierre's biography, were not only carefully chosen; they were actually tampered with. In his minutely-kept Dresden journal Irving records minutely day by day his growing infatuation for Emily Foster. But his proposals of marriage—evidently there were two—are forbidden us, though they were recorded by Irving, for some hand, doubtless Pierre's, has gone through the diary and carefully erased the record of them—not enough, however, to conceal the fact that Emily rejected him at least twice. The pathetic story of the heart-broken bachelor disappears. Sentimental America, of course, should never know this, for it would shatter one of its cherished myths! Again, when recently the papers of John Howard Payne were found in Tunis they revealed one of the most remarkable love-stories in the history of our literature. The widow of Percy Bysshe Shelley, Mary Godwin, became enamoured of Irving and wished with her whole intense soul to marry him. She used Payne as a go-between and for a long time fully expected to be successful. Irving's side of the romance we do not know, for his letters we do not have, but certainly no woman expects daily that a man is about to propose to her without having, in some degree at least, been given cause. These instances I cite simply to show how little we really know about the actual life of some of our principal American writers.

But fresh material is appearing rapidly now. Emerson's and Thoreau's complete journals have been published; the Cooper family have disregarded ancestral wishes and published all the remaining papers of the novelist; practically all of Walt Whitman is now in sight; and there are promised new and revealing letters from others of the major group. The time seems propitious for the new historian.

III

His fifth commandment is that his survey must be written against the background of American history. Every author is a product of his times, and is molded by his times. Longfellow is Longfellow because, in the words of Howells, "he accepted the sole conditions on which poetry at the time could embody itself." He but voiced "the contemporary mood."

Our literature between 1800 and 1870 had three distinct centres. First was Philadelphia, aristocratic, Anglocentric, utterly intolerant of the mob, holding with its *Port Folio*, for the first quarter of the century at least, the literary leadership of America. To Dennie, its first dominating literary voice, American democracy was a thing utterly of the devil: "So far from courting the mob, our editors should treat the herd of swine and their feeders with the most ineffable contempt, and be satisfied with the general applause of scholars and gentlemen, men of honor and cavaliers." This was the voice of Philadelphia. To the North was Boston, the Edinburgh of literary America, righteous overmuch, intolerant, insulated, self-sufficient, contemptuous of all light literature, even to the ejecting of the frivolous N. P. Willis, who had dared to publish within the sacred bounds a journal wholly of this world—Boston with its ponderous *North American Review*. Never has New England produced any novels of note save Hawthorne's and Mrs. Stowe's. Even "Uncle Tom's Cabin" could not have been written without the author's saving seventeen years in Ohio. "The Scarlet Letter" stole into New England furtively, from around the pulpit. Was it not in reality a moral tract? Always the novel has had to penetrate New England in disguise. Holmes's thin fiction sneaked in through his doctor's office; Ware's through his minister's study; Longfellow's from behind his professor's chair. Midway between Boston and Philadelphia was New York—cosmopolitan, tolerant, worldly.

Light literature flourished from the first in its unpuritanical atmosphere. Boston would have smothered at birth both Irving and Cooper. Willis found a congenial atmosphere in Manhattan instantly, and so did Bryant and Halleck. There followed Stedman and Stoddard and the other exiles for whom the New England atmosphere was too thin and ozoneless. The new historian must treat these three diverse areas, not separately, as if he were dealing with three independent nations, but as parts that blend into a unity—early Nineteenth Century America.

But he must go further. "Europe," declared Emerson in the mid-century, "extends to the Alleghanies." Cis-Alleghany America was, in those early days, a moon lighted by Europe. The Atlantic seaboard from the first had been in constant contact with the old world. Those who read anything read English books and magazines and even newspapers. The ruling class was severely aristocratic. Of the first forty years of the Republic, thirty-two saw Virginia patricians ruling and eight the Adams family of Boston. Of the first six presidents all but Washington had served at European courts. Before 1829 the East was democratic only in name. But trans-Alleghany America knew nothing of Europe, nor cared. The men of that vast empire were of the second wave of the American settlement; they had cut all eastern ties when they crossed the mountains. The Atlantic could be crossed without great difficulty, but not so the land ocean that separated the East from the West. It was a barrier like a Chinese wall, and behind it grew up a wild new race of men to whom freedom was a religion and self-dependence an axiom. They evolved a new outlook upon life, a new humor, a new conception of literature untouched by Europe. The East ignored them. Once during the Revolution the Atlantic cities became aware of them, when they burst over the mountains and fought the battle of King's Mountain, and again during the War of 1812 they made themselves felt at

New Orleans. But it was not until 1829 that the East was really awakened by their war whoop. Then it was that Jackson defeated the crown prince of the Adams family, the professor of rhetoric at Harvard College, and a new era began. No historian of American literature can blink the tremendous fact that the New England school of writers gathered and did its earliest work amid the shouting and the vulgarity of the reign of Andrew Jackson.

Unluckily, the formative thirties and forties have never been adequately studied. It was the age of the annuals, of *Godey's Lady's Book*, of *Peterson's* and *Graham's*. It was, to quote Hawthorne, the age of "a damned mob of scribbling women" that nearly drove all masculine men out of the literary field. One cannot understand Poe until one projects him against this background of sensibility and lurid adjectives. All of his earlier tales were blasts of satire—it is foolishness to weigh them in any other scales. His earlier criticism was vitriolic in its condemnation of the effeminate stuff of his day. His review of Fay's syrupy novel "Norman Leslie" is one of the most annihilating in our literature; it should be set up as a model in schools. He lashed Longfellow, the literary idol of the forties—the Longfellow who was writing, in 1840, "I have a great notion of working upon the *people's* feelings." He lashed him for writing poetry with books open about him rather than life. Poe has been fully justified in his criticism though the voicing of it cost him the friendship of New England and made him an outcast.

The new historian will find the Civil War another vital fact in our literary history. Its greatest figure was another western democrat risen from the mob. It destroyed New England as completely as it did the South. Two aristocracies simultaneously fell into ruins. Following it there flooded into the East a second wave of Western vulgarity, a new humor, a new literary form—the native type of short story—a new realism that scorned Europe

and the East, a new poetry, the Pike county ballad, a blow in the face of the older makers of poetry. Then followed a debauch of dialect, local color, Rileyism, and literary lawlessness that shocked the old school into silence. The era of Mark Twain had dawned. Literature began to spring from life, from the people, from the spirit of the epoch. To separate it from its era and to neglect its background is completely to misunderstand it.

IV

Sixth, the new historian must struggle with the unsettled question as to whether or not literature is really possible in a democracy. The older historians, such as Richardson, defined it so as to exclude all save *belles-lettres*, the aristocratic area of the art. Others, like Wendell, have viewed the field through the atmosphere of the college lecture-room. Higginson, writing on the rise of American literature, began his study with the founding of the *Atlantic Monthly*! The title of the new history should be "A Literary History of the American *People*." Such a history has never been written.

The literature of a nation flows always in at least two currents, the upper and the lower, the literary and the subliterary. In America there have really been three—the aristocratic with Richardson and Wendell as its recorders; the popular, touched very briefly by a few historians; and the submerged, totally unrecorded. At times the second current has been more evident than the clearer stream that should have been the dominating tide. It burst out with violence in the mid-century with its "Uncle Tom's Cabin," its Fanny Fern books, its "Wide, Wide World" and "Lamplighter," and Bonner's *Ledger*. In the seventies it reappeared in J. G. Holland, E. P. Roe and Eggleston. Today we have as typical figures Harold Bell Wright and Zane Gray, subliterary but read by astonishing numbers. The third tide, that of the dime novels and the Bertha M. Clay sentimentality,

the new historian cannot neglect. It has re-emerged of late in the moving picture and in the colored Sunday magazine of the daily papers. To dismiss this current as unimportant is to refuse to write the literary history of the American people. To study only the literature of aristocracy is to be ignorant of America, for America, taking all its elements together, is synonymous with vulgarity. Cooper, in 1838, wrote:

The tendency of democracies is, in all things, to mediocrity, since the tastes, knowledge and principles of the majority form the tribunal of appeal. This circumstance, while it certainly serves to elevate the average qualities of a nation, renders the introduction of a high standard difficult. Thus do we find in literature, the arts, architecture and in all acquired knowledge, a tendency in America to gravitate toward a common centre in this as in other things; lending a value and estimation to mediocrity that are not elsewhere given.

Cooper was an aristocrat, and he went down at last after a running fight with the vulgarity of democracy. What has been the effect of attempting to educate the *whole* American mass, to make the reading of books a universal accomplishment? It has raised to a certain degree the general level of the mass, but has it not done so by lowering all the upper levels? Our literature has gone *down* to the mass.

Seventh, the new historian must throw away all the older histories, with their Knickerbocker and New England periods, and find truer lines of cleavage. The Colonial period might be dismissed entirely, so far as its actual literary product is concerned, but it must be studied nevertheless with minuteness since it was the crucible in which was evolved the America we know. Even more so was the epic period of the Revolution. Here for the first time we find really American writing, the beginnings of our original literature, scanty perhaps—too scanty, indeed, to justify Tyler's bulky volume—yet nevertheless significant. And then came the first generation of the republic, 1790-1830, enormously important. It was the period of beginnings: of the earliest fiction—curiously enough, produced in Boston, and fiercely suppressed—of the feeble beginnings of

criticism, never yet adequately studied; of national songs, volumes of them, culminating at last in the "The Star Spangled Banner"; of ebullient democracy held firmly in check by aristocracy; of fervid Fourth of July orations, hundreds of them cast into print; of American epics made to match Niagara and the Rocky Mountains and the Great Plains; of the amazing sensations of "The Sketch Book" and Cooper's "Spy"; of dreams of an independent American literature set forth in dozens of articles and Phi Beta Kappa orations. It was the seed time; not the harvest.

Then followed the second generation of the republic—the period of tumultuous democracy—the era of Andrew Jackson, followed by the wild Tippecanoe, log cabin and hard cider era. The mob was in the saddle, and unbridled individualism was king. In literature the period was opened by Knapp's "Lectures on American Literature," 1829, the first attempt at a history of our letters, and by *Godey's Lady's Book*, 1830. It was the era of the annuals, over a thousand different titles; the era of embellishments sentimental beyond belief, of steel engravings, and the Tom Moore-General Morris variety of gushing songs; the era of New England, transcendentalized, snobbish, absorbed in itself or looking eastward to Europe, journeying West only to deliver lyceum lectures for the culture of the barbarians, expending itself in abolitionism and fantastic reform—Alcott, Sumner, Emerson, Whittier—; it was the period of spread-eagle oratory and Websterian eloquence; of the Missouri Compromise, the Kansas and Nebraska bill, and the Dred Scot decision; the age of John Brown, and of the inevitable conflict. Out of this maelstrom of vulgarity and passion and yearning came Poe and Whitman, Hawthorne and Holmes. Then with the sixties crashed the Civil War and out of it issued a new America, as hot metal from the furnace ore.

Eighth, the new historian must be a literary critic of poise and acuteness, for if American literature has suffered from any

single inadequateness that inadequateness has been in its criticism. Until recently, we have had so few real authors that they have had praise out of all proportion to their worth. Poe was the only real critic during the mid-century; he stood alone. Longfellow and the New Englanders took his criticisms as brutal abuse and after a gentle protest ignored him as one ignores a pole cat. Today we realize that Poe was right. Applying modern measurements, we find the Harvard bard vastly shrunken where his own generation found him great. The new historian will strip away all his voluminous translations, and all his elaborate dramas; he will throw into the discard most of the ballads of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" variety, and leave him at last, possibly with "Evangeline," surely with "Hiawatha" and a few of the early ballads and lyrics, and unquestionably with the sonnets, which are one of the glories of American literature. Lowell, too, may fare hard at the hands of the new critic. His criticism, once ranked as America's best, is now seen to be intolerably smart and high-flown and over-ornate; his odes, with the exception of a few passages, no longer have any power; his once vaunted "Biglow Papers" must be turned into the department of history as "original sources," not poetry: and his list of lyrics grows shorter with every decade. A few of his essays may endure, perhaps, "Democracy" and "A Certain Condescension" and "Old Cambridge," but no more. Lowell's influence was greater than his writings. He was a Janus figure caught midway between two generations and standing comfortably with neither.

The new literary historian must be fearless, undeterred by mere reverence and influenced by no prejudice. Time has smoothed the way for him. Much that was proudly hailed by its first readers as pure gold already has gone the rubbishy way to oblivion. Many historians still hold to that dead stuff, but the time has come when it must be cut away without reservation. Other critical problems remain. The mighty

influence of Scott down to 1830 must be weighed, and then that of Dickens; the place occupied by the drama must be ascertained, a subject thus far almost entirely ignored by literary historians; the curious use of the Indian in American poetry and romance must be studied (at one time he was believed to be America's literary salvation!); and an inquiry must be made into the effect during most of the century of the lack of international copyright.

Ninth, the new history must show clearly the evolution and the spread of the American magazine, an institution peculiarly American and peculiarly influential in the development of our literature. Poe made it a central fact in his criticism, at least in his criticism of our prose. From the magazine emerged the American short story, the essay in many of its varieties, and to a certain extent that unique entity called American humor. Historians almost all have neglected this vital force.

Tenth and last, the new historian must be himself a writer of force and beauty, with a style simple and clear, able to master his multitudinous findings and bring them into appropriate compass, not in the dry-as-dust lecture form, but in chapters thoroughly readable. The task before him, obviously, is no easy one. Our literary growth has not been at all like that of most other nations: it has not been a steady growth from within outward; it has been rather the reverse. Our literature is a thing of shreds and patches. There was Longfellow in the thirties deliberately grafting us upon the decaying stub of the German *Sturm und Drang*. there was Irving who, instead of depicting our own *Sturm und Drang*, deliberately turned us to Eighteenth Century English classicism and Arabesque romance; there was Willis and all the other travelers turning our eyes constantly to picturesque Europe; and later there was Harte interpreting the California gold mines in terms of Charles Dickens. The result of it all has been our American literature is something different from anything else in the world.

ABSOLUTION

BY F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

THERE was once a priest with cold, watery eyes, who, in the still of the night, wept cold tears. He wept because the afternoons were warm and long and he was unable to attain a complete mystical union with our Lord. Sometimes, near four o'clock, there was a rustle of Swede girls along the path by his window and in their shrill laughter he found a terrible dissonance that made him pray aloud for the twilight to come. At twilight the laughter and the voices were quieter but several times he had walked past Romberg's Drug Store when it was dusk and the yellow lights shone inside and the nickel taps of the soda fountain were gleaming, and he had found the scent of cheap toilet soap desperately sweet upon the air. He passed that way when he returned from hearing confessions on Saturday nights and he grew careful to walk on the other side of the street so that the smell of the soap would float upward somewhere between its counter and his nostrils as it drifted, rather like incense, toward the Summer moon.

But there was no escape from the hot madness of four o'clock. From his window as far as he could see, the Dakota wheat thronged the valley of the Red River. The wheat was terrible to look upon and the carpet pattern to which in agony he bent his eyes sent his thought brooding through grotesque labyrinths, open always to the unavoidable sun.

One afternoon when he had reached the point where the mind runs down like an old clock, his housekeeper brought into his study a beautiful, intense little boy of eleven named Rudolph Miller. The little

boy sat down in a patch of sunshine and the priest, at his walnut desk, pretended to be very busy. This was to conceal his relief that someone had come into his haunted room.

Presently he turned around and found himself staring into two enormous and staccato eyes, lit with gleaming points of cobalt light. For a moment their expression startled him—then he saw that his visitor was in a state of abject fear.

"Your mouth is trembling," said Father Schwartz, in a haggard voice.

The little boy covered his quivering mouth with his hand.

"Are you in trouble?" asked Father Schwartz, sharply. "Take your hand away from your mouth and tell me what's the matter."

The boy—Father Schwartz recognized him now as the son of a parishioner, Mr. Miller, the freight agent—moved his hand reluctantly off his mouth and became articulate in a despairing whisper.

"Father Schwartz—I've committed a terrible sin."

"A sin against purity?"

"No, Father . . . worse."

Father Schwartz's body jerked sharply.

"Have you killed somebody?"

"No—but I'm afraid—" the voice rose to a shrill whimper.

"Do you want to go to confession?"

The little boy shook his head miserably. Father Schwartz cleared his throat so that he could make his voice soft and say some quiet, kind thing. In this moment he should forget his own agony and try to act like God. He repeated to himself a devotional phrase, hoping that in return

God would help him to act correctly. "Tell me what you've done," said his new soft voice.

The little boy looked at him through his tears and was reassured by the impression of moral resiliency which the distraught priest had created. Abandoning as much of himself as he was able to this man, Rudolph Miller began to tell his story.

"On Saturday, three days ago, my father he said I had to go to confession, because I hadn't been for a month and the family they go every week and I hadn't been. So I just as leave go, I didn't care. So I put it off till after supper because I was playing with a bunch of kids and father asked me if I went and I said 'no,' and he took me by the neck and he said 'You go now,' so I said 'All right,' so I went over to church. And he yelled after me, 'Don't come back till you go.' . . ."

II

"On Saturday, Three Days Ago"

The plush curtain of the confessional rearranged its dismal creases leaving exposed only the bottom of an old man's old shoe. Behind the curtain an immortal soul was alone with God and the Reverend Adolphus Schwartz, priest of the parish. Sound began, a labored whispering, sibilant and discreet, broken at intervals by the voice of the priest in audible question.

Rudolph Miller knelt in the pew beside the confessional and waited, straining nervously to hear and yet not to hear what was being said within. The fact that the priest was audible alarmed him. His own turn came next and the three or four others who waited might listen unscrupulously while he admitted his violations of the Sixth and Ninth Commandments.

Rudolph had never committed adultery, nor even coveted his neighbor's wife—but it was the confession of the associate sins that was particularly hard to contemplate. In comparison he relished the less shameful fallings away—they formed a grayish back-

ground which relieved the ebony mark of sexual offenses upon his soul.

He had been covering his ears with his hands, hoping that his refusal to hear would be noticed and a like courtesy rendered to him in turn, when a sharp movement of the penitent in the confessional made him sink his face precipitately into the crook of his elbow. Fear assumed solid form and pressed out a lodging between his heart and his lungs. He must try now with all his might to be sorry for his sins—not because he was afraid, but because he had offended God. He must convince God that he was sorry and to do so he must first convince himself. After a tense emotional struggle he achieved a tremulous self-pity, and decided that he was now ready. If, by allowing no other thought to enter his head, he could preserve this state of emotion unimpaired until he went into that large coffin set on end, he would have survived another crisis in his religious life.

For sometime, however, a demoniac notion had partially possessed him. He could go home now, before his turn came, and tell his mother that he had arrived too late and found the priest gone. This, unfortunately, involved the risk of being caught in a lie. As an alternative he could say that he *had* gone to confession, but this meant that he must avoid communion next day, for communion taken upon an uncleansed soul would turn to poison in his mouth and he would crumple limp and damned from the altar rail.

Again Father Schwartz's voice became audible.

"And for your—"

The words blurred to a husky mumble and Rudolph got excitedly to his feet. He felt that it was impossible for him to go to confession this afternoon. He hesitated tensely. Then from the confessional came a tap, a creak and a sustained rustle. The slide had fallen and the plush curtain trembled. Temptation had come to him too late. . . .

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. . . ."

I confess to Almighty God and to you, Father, that I have sinned . . . Since my last confession it has been one month and three days . . . I accuse myself of—taking the Name of the Lord in vain . . .”

This was an easy sin. His curses had been but bravado—telling of them was little less than a brag.

“. . . of being mean to an old lady.”

The wan shadow moved a little on the latticed slat.

“How, my child?”

“Old lady Swenson,” Rudolph’s murmur soared jubilantly. “She got our baseball that we knocked in her window, and she wouldn’t give it back, so we yelled ‘Twenty-three, Skidoo’ at her all afternoon. Then about five o’clock she had a fit and they had to have the doctor.”

“Go on, my child.”

“Of—of not believing I was the son of my parents.”

“What?” The interrogation was distinctly startled.

“Of not believing that I was the son of my parents.”

“Why not?”

“Oh, just pride,” answered the penitent airily.

“You mean you thought you were too good to be the son of your parents?”

“Yes, Father.” On a less jubilant note.

“Go on.”

“Of being disobedient and calling my mother names. Of slandering people behind my back. Of smoking—”

Rudolph had now exhausted the minor offenses and was approaching the sins it was agony to tell. He held his fingers against his face like bars as if to press out between them the shame in his heart.

“Of dirty words and immodest thoughts and desires,” he whispered very low.

“How often?”

“I don’t know.”

“Once a week? Twice a week?”

“Twice a week.”

“Did you yield to these desires?”

“No, Father.”

“Were you alone when you had them?”

“No, Father. I was with two boys and a girl.”

“Don’t you know, my child, that you should avoid the occasions of sin as well as the sin itself? Evil companionship leads to evil desires and evil desires to evil actions. Where were you when this happened?”

“In a barn in back of—”

“I don’t want to hear any names,” interrupted the priest sharply.

“Well, it was up in the loft of this barn and this girl and—a fella, they were saying things—saying immodest things and I stayed.”

“You should have gone—you should have told the girl to go.”

He should have gone! He could not tell Father Schwartz how his pulse had bumped in his wrist, how a strange, romantic excitement had possessed him when those curious things had been said. Perhaps in the houses of delinquency among the dull and hard-eyed incorrigible girls can be found those for whom has burned the whitest fire.

“Have you anything else to tell me?”

“I don’t think so, Father.”

Rudolph felt a great relief. Perspiration had broken out under his tight-pressed fingers.

“Have you told any lies?”

The question startled him. Like all those who habitually and instinctively lie he had an enormous respect and awe for the truth. Something almost exterior to himself dictated a quick, hurt answer.

“Oh, no, Father, I never tell lies.”

For a moment, like the commoner in the king’s chair, he tasted the pride of the situation. Then as the priest began to murmur conventional admonitions he realized that in heroically denying he had told lies, he had committed a terrible sin—he had told a lie in confession.

In automatic response to Father Schwartz’s “Make an act of contrition,” he began to repeat aloud meaninglessly:

“Oh, my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee . . .”

He must fix this now—it was a bad mistake—but as his teeth shut on the last words of his prayer there was a sharp sound and the slat was closed.

A minute later when he emerged into the twilight the relief in coming from the muggy church into an open world of wheat and sky postponed the full realization of what he had done. Instead of worrying he took a deep breath of the crisp air and began to say over and over to himself the words "Blatchford Sarnemington, Blatchford Sarnemington!"

Blatchford Sarnemington was himself and these words were in effect a lyric. When he became Blatchford Sarnemington a suave nobility flowed from him. Blatchford Sarnemington lived in great sweeping triumphs. When Rudolph half-closed his eyes it meant that Blatchford had established dominance over him and, as he went by, there were envious mutters in the air: "Blatchford Sarnemington! There goes Blatchford Sarnemington."

He was Blatchford now for awhile as he strutted homeward along the staggering road, but when the road braced itself in macadam in order to become the main street of Ludwig, Rudolph's exhilaration faded out and his mind cooled and he felt the horror of his lie. God, of course, already knew of it—but Rudolph reserved a corner of his mind where he was safe from God, where he prepared the subterfuges with which he often tricked God. Hiding now in this corner he considered how he could best avoid the consequences of his misstatement.

At all costs he must avoid communion next day. The risk of angering God to such an extent was too great. He would have to drink water "by accident" in the morning and thus, in accordance with a church law, render himself unfit to receive communion that day. In spite of its flimsiness this subterfuge was the most feasible that occurred to him. He accepted its risks and was concentrating on how best to put it into effect, as he turned the corner by Romberg's Drug Store and came in sight of his father's house.

III

Rudolph's father, the local freight agent, had floated with the second wave of German and Irish stock to the Minnesota-Dakota country. Theoretically, great opportunities lay ahead of a young man of energy in that day and place, but Carl Miller had been incapable of establishing either with his superiors or his subordinates the reputation for approximate immutability which is essential to success in a hierarchic industry. Somewhat gross and utterly deficient in curiosity, he was unable to take fundamental relationships for granted and this inability made him suspicious, unrestful and continually dismayed.

His two bonds with the colorful life were his faith in the Holy Roman Catholic Church and his mystical worship of the Empire Builder, James J. Hill. Hill was the apotheosis of that quality in which Miller himself was deficient—the sense of things, the feel of things, the hint of rain in the wind on the cheek. Miller's mind worked late on the old decisions of other men and he had never in his life felt the balance of any single thing in his hands. His weary, sprightly, under-sized body was growing old in Hill's gigantic shadow. For twenty years he had lived alone with Hill's name and God.

On Sunday morning Carl Miller awoke in the dustless quiet of six o'clock. Kneeling by the side of the bed he bent his yellow gray hair and the full dapple bangs of his moustache into the pillow, and prayed for several minutes. Then he drew off his night-shirt—like the rest of his generation he had never been able to endure pajamas—and clothed his thin, white, hairless body in woolen underwear.

He shaved. Silence in the other bedroom where his wife lay nervously asleep. Silence from the screened-off corner of the hall where his son's cot stood, and his son slept among his Alger books, his collection of cigar bands, his mothly pennants—"Cornell," "Hamlin" and "Greetings from Pueblo, New Mexico"—and the

other possessions of his private life. From outside Miller could hear the shrill birds and the whirring movement of the poultry and, as an undertone, the low, swelling click-a-tick of the six-fifteen through-train for Montana and the green coast beyond. Then as the cold water dripped from the washrag in his hand he raised his head suddenly—he had heard a furtive sound from the kitchen below.

He dried his razor hastily, slipped his dangling suspenders to his shoulder, and listened. Someone was walking in the kitchen, and he knew by the light foot-fall that it was not his wife. With his mouth faintly ajar he ran quickly down the stairs and opened the kitchen door.

Standing by the sink, with one hand on the still dripping faucet and the other clutching a full glass of water, stood his son. The boy's eyes, still heavy with sleep, met his father's with a frightened, reproachful beauty. He was barefooted and his pajamas were rolled up at the knees and sleeves.

For a moment they both remained motionless—Carl Miller's brow went down and his son's went up, as though they were striking a balance between the extremes of emotion which filled them. Then the bang of the parent's moustache descended portentously until they obscured his mouth and he gave a short glance around to see if anything had been disturbed.

The kitchen was garnished with sunlight which beat on the panes and made the smooth boards of the floor and table yellow and clean as wheat. It was the centre of the house where the fire burned and the tins fitted into tins like glittering toys and the steam whistled all day on a thin pastel note. Nothing was moved, nothing touched—except the faucet where beads of water still formed and dripped with a white flash into the sink below.

"What are you doing?"

"I got awful thirsty, so I thought I'd just come down and get—"

"I thought you were going to communion."

A look of vehement astonishment spread over his son's face.

"I forgot all about it."

"Have you drunk any water?"

"No—"

As the word left his mouth Rudolph knew it was the wrong answer, but the faded indignant eyes facing him had signalled up the truth before the boy's will could act. He realized, too, that he should never have come downstairs; some vague necessity for verisimilitude had made him want to leave a wet glass as evidence by the sink; the honesty of his imagination had betrayed him.

"Pour it out," commanded his father, "that water!"

Rudolph despairingly inverted the tumbler.

"What's the matter with you, anyways?" demanded Miller angrily.

"Nothing."

"Did you go to confession yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Then why were you going to drink water?"

"I don't know—I forgot."

"Maybe you care more about being a little bit thirsty than you do about your religion."

"I forgot." Rudolph could feel the tears straining in his eyes.

"That's no answer."

"Well, I did."

"You better look out!" His father held to a high, persistent, inquisitory note, "If you're so forgetful that you can't remember your religion something better be done about it."

Rudolph filled a sharp pause with:

"I can remember it all right."

"First you begin to neglect your religion," cried his father, fanning his own fierceness, "the next thing you'll begin to lie and steal and the *next* thing is the *reform* school!"

Not even this familiar threat could deepen the abyss that Rudolph saw before him. He must either tell all now, offering his body for what he knew would

be a ferocious beating, or else tempt the thunderbolts by receiving the Body and Blood of Christ with sacrilege upon his soul. And of the two the former seemed more terrible—it was not so much the beating he dreaded as the savage ferocity, typical of the ineffectual man, which would lie behind it.

"Put down that glass and go upstairs and dress!" his father ordered, "and when we get to church, before you go to communion, kneel down and ask God to forgive you for your carelessness."

Some accidental emphasis in the phrasing of this command acted like a catalytic agent on the confusion and terror of Rudolph's mind. A wild, proud anger rose in him and he dashed the tumbler passionately into the sink.

His father uttered a strained, husky sound and sprang for him. Rudolph dodged to the side, tipped over a chair and tried to get beyond the kitchen table. He cried out sharply when a hand grasped his pajama shoulder, then he felt the dull impact of a fist against the side of his head and glancing blows on the upper part of his body. As he slipped here and there in his father's grasp, dragged or lifted when he clung instinctively to an arm, aware of sharp smarts and strains, he made no sound except that he laughed hysterically several times. Then after less than a minute the blows abruptly ceased. After a lull during which Rudolph was tightly held and during which they both trembled violently and uttered strange, truncated words, Carl Miller half dragged, half threatened his son upstairs.

"Put on your clothes!"

Rudolph was now both hysterical and cold. His head hurt him and there was a long, shallow scratch on his neck from his father's finger nail and he sobbed and trembled as he dressed. He was aware of his mother standing at the doorway in a wrapper, her wrinkled face compressing and squeezing and opening out into new series of wrinkles which floated and eddied from neck to brow. Despising her

nervous ineffectuality and avoiding her rudely when she tried to touch his neck with witch hazel, he made a hasty, choking toilet. Then he followed his father out of the house and along the road toward the Catholic church.

IV

They walked without speaking except when Carl Miller acknowledged automatically the existence of passers-by. Rudolph's uneven breathing alone ruffled the hot Sunday silence.

His father stopped decisively at the door of the church.

"I've decided you'd better go to confession again. Go in and tell Father Schwartz what you did and ask God's pardon."

"You lost your temper, too!" said Rudolph, quickly.

Carl Miller took a step toward his son, who moved cautiously backward.

"All right, I'll go."

"Are you going to do what I say?" cried his father in a hoarse whisper.

"All right."

Rudolph walked into the church and for the second time in two days entered the confessional and knelt down. The slat went up almost at once.

"I accuse myself of missing my morning prayers."

"Is that all?"

"That's all."

A maudlin exultation filled him. Not easily ever again would he be able to put an abstraction before the necessities of his ease and pride. An invisible line had been crossed and he had become aware of his isolation—aware that it applied not only to those moments when he was Blatchford Sarnemington but that it applied to all his inner life. Hitherto such phenomena as "crazy" ambitions and petty shames and fears had been but private reservations, unacknowledged before the throne of his official soul. Now he realized unconsciously that his private

reservations were himself—and all the rest a garnished front and a conventional flag. The pressure of his environment had driven him into the lonely secret road of adolescence.

He knelt in the pew beside his father. Mass began. Rudolph knelt up—when he was alone he slumped his posterior back against the seat—and tasted the consciousness of a sharp, subtle revenge. Beside him his father prayed that God would forgive Rudolph, and asked also that his own outbreak of temper would be pardoned. He glanced sidewise at this son and was relieved to see that the strained, wild look had gone from his face and that he had ceased sobbing. The Grace of God, inherent in the Sacrament, would do the rest and perhaps after Mass everything would be better. He was proud of Rudolph in his heart and beginning to be truly as well as formally sorry for what he had done.

Usually, the passing of the collection box was a significant point for Rudolph in the services. If, as was often the case, he had no money to drop in he would be furiously ashamed and bow his head and pretend not to see the box, lest Jeanne Brady in the pew behind should take notice and suspect an acute family poverty. But today he glanced coldly into it as it skimmed under his eyes, noting with casual interest the large number of pennies it contained.

When the bell rang for communion, however, he quivered. There was no reason why God should not stop his heart. During the past twelve hours he had committed a series of mortal sins increasing in gravity, and he was now to crown them all with a blasphemous sacrilege.

"Domini, non sum dignus; ut interes subtectum meum; sed tantum dic verbo, et sanabitur anima mea . . ."

¶ There was a rustle in the pews and the communicants worked their ways into the aisle with downcast eyes and joined hands. Those of exceptional piety pressed to-

gether their fingertips to form steeples. Among these latter was Carl Miller. Rudolph followed him toward the altar rail and knelt down, automatically taking up the napkin under his chin. The bell rang sharply and the priest turned from the altar with the white Host held above the chalice:

"Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam meam in vitam aeternam."

A cold sweat broke out on Rudolph's forehead as the communion began. Along the line Father Schwartz moved and with gathering nausea Rudolph felt his heart valves weakening at the will of God. It seemed to him that the church was darker and that a great quiet had fallen, broken only by the inarticulate mumble which announced the approach of the Creator of Heaven and Earth. He dropped his head down between his shoulders and waited for the blow.

Then he felt a sharp nudge in his side. His father was poking him to sit up, not to slump against the rail; the priest was only two places away.

"Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam meam in vitam aeternam."

Rudolph opened his mouth. He felt the sticky wax taste of the wafer on his tongue. He remained motionless for what seemed an interminable period of time, his head still raised, the wafer undissolved in his mouth. Then again he started at the pressure of his father's elbow, and saw that the people were falling away from the altar like leaves and turning with blind downcast eyes to their pews, alone with God.

Rudolph was alone with himself, drenched with perspiration and deep in mortal sin. As he walked back to his pew the sharp taps of his cloven hoofs were loud on the floor. It was a dark poison that he carried in his heart.

V

"Sagitta Volante in Dei"

The beautiful little boy with eyes like blue stones and lashes that sprayed open

from them like flowers had finished telling his sin to Father Schwartz—and the square of sunshine in which he sat had moved forward half an hour into the room. Rudolph had become less frightened now; once eased of the story a reaction had set in. He knew that as long as he was in the room with this priest God would not stop his heart, so he sighed and sat quietly, waiting for the priest to speak.

Father Schwartz's cold watery eyes were fixed upon the carpet pattern on which the sun had brought out the swastikas and the flat bloomless vines and the pale echoes of flowers. The hall clock ticked *insistently toward sunset and from the ugly room and from the afternoon outside the window arose a stiff monotony, shattered now and then by the reverberate clapping of a faraway hammer on the dry air.* The priest's nerves were strung thin and the beads of his rosary were crawling and squirming like snakes upon the green felt of his table top. He could not remember now what it was he should say.

Of all the things in this lost Swede town he was most aware of this little boy's eyes—the beautiful eyes, with lashes that left them reluctantly and curved back as though to meet them once more.

For a moment longer the silence persisted while Rudolph waited and the priest struggled to remember something that was slipping farther and farther away from him and the clock ticked in the broken house. Then Father Schwartz stared hard at the little boy and remarked in a peculiar voice—

"When a lot of people get together in the best places things go glimmering."

Rudolph started and looked quickly at Father Schwartz's face.

"I said—" began the priest, and paused, listening. "Do you hear the hammer and the clock ticking and the bees? Well, that's no good. The thing is to have a lot of people in the centre of the world, wherever that happens to be. Then—" his watery eyes widened knowingly, "things go glimmering."

"Yes, Father," agreed Rudolph, feeling a little frightened.

"What are you going to be when you grow up?"

"Well, I was going to be a baseball player for awhile," answered Rudolph, nervously, "but I don't think that's a very good ambition, so I think I'll be an actor or a Navy officer."

Again the priest stared at him.

"I see *exactly* what you mean," he said, with a fierce air.

Rudolph had not meant anything in particular and at the implication that he had, he became more uneasy.

"This man is crazy," he thought, "and I'm scared of him. He wants me to help him out some way and I don't want to."

"You look as if things went glimmering," cried Father Schwartz, wildly. "Did you ever go to a party?"

"Yes, Father."

"And did you notice that everybody was properly dressed? That's what I mean. Just as you went into the party there was a moment when everybody was properly dressed. Maybe two little girls were standing by the door and some boys were leaning over the bannisters and there were bowls around full of flowers."

"I've been to a lot of parties," said Rudolph, rather relieved that the conversation had taken this turn.

"Of course," continued Father Schwartz triumphantly, "I knew you'd agree with me. But my theory is that when a whole lot of people get together in the best places things go glimmering all the time."

Rudolph found himself thinking of Blatchford Sarnemington.

"Please listen to me!" commanded the priest, impatiently. "Stop worrying about last Saturday. Apostasy implies an absolute damnation only on the supposition of a previous perfect faith. Does that fix it?"

Rudolph had not the faintest idea what Father Schwartz was talking about but he nodded and the priest nodded back at him and returned to his mysterious preoccupation.

"Why," he cried, "they have lights now as big as stars—do you realize that? I heard of one light they had in Paris or somewhere that was a big as a star. A lot of people had it—a lot of gay people. They have all sorts of things now that you never dreamed of."

"Look here—" He came nearer to Rudolph, but the boy drew away, so Father Schwartz went back and sat down in his chair, his eyes dried out and hot. "Did you ever see an amusement park?"

"No, Father."

"Well, go and see an amusement park," the priest waved his hand vaguely. "It's a thing like a Fair, only much more glittering. Go to one at night and stand a little way off from it in a dark place—under dark trees. You'll see a big wheel made of lights turning in the air and a long slide shooting boats down into the water. A band playing somewhere and a hard smell of peanuts—and everything will twinkle. But it won't remind you of anything, you see. It will all just hang out there in the night like a colored balloon—like a big yellow lantern on a pole."

Father Schwartz frowned as he suddenly thought of something.

"But don't get up close," he warned Rudolph, "because if you do you'll only feel the heat and the sweat and the life."

All this talking seemed particularly strange and awful to Rudolph, because this man was a priest. He sat there, half terrified, his beautiful eyes open wide and staring at Father Schwartz. But underneath his terror he felt that his own inner convictions were confirmed. There was something ineffably gorgeous somewhere that had nothing to do with God. He no longer thought that God was angry at him about the original lie, because He must have understood that Rudolph had done it to make things finer in the confessional, brightening up the dinginess of

his admissions by saying a thing radiant and proud. At the moment when he had affirmed immaculate honor a silver pennon had flapped out into the breeze somewhere and there had been the crunch of leather and the shine of silver spurs and a troop of horsemen waiting for dawn on a low green hill. The sun had made stars of light on their breastplates like the picture at home of the German cuirassiers at Sedan.

But now the priest was muttering inarticulate and dim and terrible words and the boy became wildly afraid. Horror entered suddenly in at the open window and the atmosphere of the room changed. Father Schwartz collapsed precipitously down on his knees and let his body settle back against a chair.

"Oh, my God!" he cried out, in a strange voice, and wilted to the floor.

Then a human oppression rose from the priest's worn clothes and mingled with the faint smell of old food in the corners. Rudolph gave a sharp cry and ran in a panic from the house—while the collapsed man lay there quite still, filling his room, filling it with voices and faces until it was crowded with shadowy movements, and rang loud with a steady, shrill note of laughter.

* * *

Outside the window the blue sirocco trembled over the wheat, and girls with yellow hair walked sensuously along roads that bounded the fields, calling innocent, exciting things to the young men who were working in the lines between the grain. Legs were shaped under starchless gingham and rims of the necks of dresses were warm and damp. For five hours now hot fertile life had burned in the afternoon. It would be night in three hours and all along the land there would be these blonde Northern girls and the tall young men from the farms lying out beside the wheat, under the moon.

THE RISE AND FALL OF HOMEOPATHY

BY MORRIS FISHBEIN

Diseases are cured, not by eloquence, but by remedies well and duly applied, of which, if any sage and discreet man, though he have no tongue, know well the proper usage, he shall become a greater physician than if, without practice, he ornament well his language.—*Cornelius Celsus* (25 B. C.—50 A. D.).

IF scientific medicine today is withstanding nonchalantly the assaults of a myriad of systems, cults and quackeries, it is merely repeating the history of other periods. The Eighteenth Century, for example, was predominantly a time of revolutionary systems and theories in medicine. There was the dynamic-organic system of Stahl, who believed that the soul was the supreme principle of disease. There was the mechanico-dynamic system of Hoffmann, teaching that life expresses itself in motion, and that all manifestations within the body are controlled by nervous spirit. The school of Montpellier taught that various organs possess individual life. Mesmer, prince of impostors, claimed that magnetic fluid poured from the hand, and the Brunonian system asserted that it was only necessary for a cure to determine the grade of disease in accordance with the strength or weakness of the active irritation, and to adjust the right proportion of strengthening or weakening medicines to the case. Further, there remained from previous centuries phlogistic and antiphlogistic theories, the view that all disease was caused by the impaction of debris and obstruction of the intestines, and half a dozen other assorted hypotheses.

At the end of the century scientific medicine had little of its own to offer. Pasteur had not discovered the bacteria, Lister had not given us asepsis, chemistry was only

beginning to be a science, and the other fundamental medical sciences, anatomy, pathology, biology and physiology had just begun to sort out their facts from a welter of hypotheses. Drugs were known in abundance, but there was nothing comparable to the scientific pharmacology of today. All sorts of mixtures and combinations were used without reference to the effects that the ingredients of a mixture might have upon one another. When a positive action was obtained it was credited to the mixture and not to the individual ingredient responsible. Such was the scene just before 1800. Upon this stage there stepped a remarkable figure, Samuel Christian Friedrich Hahnemann, born at Meissen in Germany in 1755.

After studying at Leipzig and Vienna, Hahnemann graduated in medicine at Erlangen in 1779, but he became dissatisfied with the practice of his profession and retired for reflection and study. In 1790 there came into his hands a *materia medica* written by William Cullen of Lanarkshire. Cullen was professor of medicine at Glasgow and Edinburgh and founder himself of a system of medicine which emphasized the importance of the nerves, and assumed that the brain was indissolubly united with the soul. Cullen, however, was a practical man; his therapeutics were simple and he deplored the excessive blood-letting which was a feature of the medicine of the time. It had already been attacked by Le Sage in "Gil Blas", by Molière, and by many others. Hahnemann read in the book by Cullen that Peruvian bark, the source of quinine, would cure malaria. This was true; quinine does cure malaria. But what

did Hahnemann do with the observation? Unfortunately, he did not know that malaria is caused by a plasmodium which gets into the blood through the agency of the mosquito; the plasmodium was not discovered by Laveran until November 6, 1880. So Hahnemann evolved the theory that perhaps quinine cured malaria because it would produce symptoms like those of malaria if given to a healthy man. He tried it on himself and it did. With this idea fixed in his mind, he returned to the practice of medicine in 1796, and his remarkable hypothesis became the basis of the system called homeopathy, expressed in the phrase *similia similibus curantur*, "like cures like."

This idea was not really original; it was essentially a revival of the old Paracelsian doctrine of signatures—like cures like—except that Paracelsus directed his attack toward the cause of the disease rather than at the symptoms. There are, in fact, some who assert that Milton, in his preface to "Samson Agonistes", was alluding to the same thing as practiced in his time:

[Tragedy is] therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions; that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effort to make good his assertion: for so in physic, things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humors.

The idea, therefore, was not new.

II

After his return to practice, it became Hahnemann's chief interest in life to propagate his theory. He began at once to write extensively, and it is significant that he did not confine his propaganda to the medical profession but addressed the public as well. Furthermore, it is a fact that he received all students, all applicants for knowledge of his methods, whether or not they had been previously trained in medicine. Then in 1810, he presented to the

world the homeopathic bible, "Organon der Rationellen Heilkunde."

The Hahnemannian system of disease and its healing, as presented in this book, involved three main tenets: first, that diseases or symptoms of diseases are curable by particular drugs which produce similar pathologic effects upon the healthy body; second, that the dynamic effect or force of drugs is increased by giving them in very small doses, even diluted to a decillionth of their original strength, and lastly, that chronic diseases are a manifestation of a suppressed itch or "psora".

Hahnemann seems to have known practically nothing of, or to have been unwilling to recognize, the existence of those definite changes in the human body that are associated with disease, and that are now included under the science of pathology. To him disease was chiefly a matter of the spirit. "Diseases", he said, "will not cease to be dynamic aberrations of our spirit-like life, manifested by sensations and actions." This spiritual theory, in which Hahnemann believed so implicitly, dominated subsequent homeopathic literature. The "dynamis" not only lay at the bottom of disease; it was also responsible for the power exerted by drugs in working cures.

Hahnemann's theory of "psora" or itch was essentially so preposterous that it began to be deserted even by confirmed homeopaths almost immediately. The psora was a miasm or evil spirit which pervaded the body and which ultimately manifested itself on the surface in the form of an eruption, or as a nodular growth, or as some other form of skin disturbance. It was Hahnemann's idea that the outward manifestation was a salubrious mechanism for the relief of the inner condition.

The Organon said:

The only really salutary treatment is that of the homeopathic method, according to which the totality of symptoms of a natural disease is combated by a medicine in commensurate doses, capable of creating in the healthy body symptoms most similar to those of the natural disease.

Then,

By administering a medicinal potency chosen exactly in accordance with the similitude of symptoms, a somewhat stronger, similar, artificial morbid affection is implanted upon the vital power deranged by natural disease; this artificial affection is substituted, as it were, for the weaker similar natural disease against which the instinctive vital force, now only excited to stronger effort by the drug affection, needs only to direct its increased energy; but owing to its brief duration it will soon be overcome by the vital force, which, liberated first from the natural disease, and then from the substituted natural disease, and finally from the substituted artificial (drug) affection, now again finds itself enabled to continue the life of the organism in health.

In simpler terms, the conception was that the drugs induced a condition which was substituted for the actual disease, and that the body could easily get rid of the substitute. That, in brief, was the pharmacologic doctrine of homeopathy.

It will be remembered that Hahnemann arrived at his method of treatment by observing the symptoms caused by a dose of Peruvian bark. In 1771 Albrecht von Haller had first suggested the method of testing the virtues of drugs by trying them on healthy human beings. The method was revived by Hahnemann, and called "proving a drug." Not only did medical men test drugs upon themselves under this proving system, but all sorts of other proving tests were made by all kinds of more or less qualified individuals. The results, as might be expected, were remarkable. One decillionth of a grain of table salt was found by an imaginative prover to produce on himself 1349 symptoms. And while the dosages of the early homeopaths often reached the heights of futility, the preparations they used were sometimes of a highly poetic and romantic nature. In a catalogue of homeopathic remedies appeared such strange substances as *lachryma filia*, the tears of a young girl in great grief and suffering, used for great grief and suffering in young girls. Then there was *flavus irides*, the yellow ray of the spectrum, there were extracts of three kinds of *pediculi*, or lice, and anticipating the modern gland craze, there were extracts of all of the body glands then

known. The strength of the drugs used may be estimated from the fact that a child in Gloucester county, Virginia, took \$8 worth of homeopathic medicine at a single sitting, the entire supply of the family for a year, and, not knowing that anything ought to happen, didn't have a symptom!

III

The physicians who were attempting to follow the wavering path of scientific medicine through the mass of medieval superstitions which beset it at that time suddenly found themselves placed on the defensive. Compared to the general medical practice of the age, the system of Hahnemann, though quite fallacious, had two things in its favor: it replaced mixtures of powerful drugs in large doses by small doses of simple ones, and it carried with it, as any new and revolutionary system always does, a powerful appeal to the lay imagination. Today Professors Meyer-Steinhilber of Jena and Sudhoff of Leipzig, two of the world's greatest medical historians, assert that the influence of Hahnemann was, on the whole, certainly for the good. He emphasized the individualization of the patient in the handling of disease, he stopped the progress of half a dozen or more peculiar systems of treatment based on a false pathology, and he demonstrated the value of testing the actual virtues of drugs by trial. It is probably true that any criticisms which might be brought against him in the light of later and better knowledge apply equally well against a large part of the other medicine of his time. Moreover, we must not hold against him the vagaries and exaggerations into which some of his disciples drifted.

What was the immediate success of homeopathy? In 1821, in Leipzig, the first homeopathic journal was published, the *Archives of the Homeopathic Method of Curing Disease*. In Austria, where homeopathy appeared in 1819, it was forbidden by an im-

perial decree, but it nevertheless made progress and the decree was revoked in 1837. It reached Italy and Denmark in 1821. Quin, a physician, introduced the method into Great Britain in 1827, but shortly thereafter medical opposition became strong and practitioners of homeopathy were denied the right to practice. This prohibition, after a long contest, was revoked, and by the eighties homeopathy was prospering. A homeopathic hospital was opened in 1887 in Liverpool on an endowment by Henry Tate, a sugar refiner. The first homeopathic dispensary had been opened in 1841, the second in 1867. In 1885 it was reported that the English dispensaries treated 78,881 patients, or 1516 a week. At the dedication of the hospital in 1887 a conference of homeopathic practitioners was held and the hope was expressed that a homeopathic surgeon would soon arrive to take care of work referred by homeopathic practitioners.

But nowhere did homeopathy flourish as it did in the United States. It was apparently brought to this country in 1825. The first homeopathic medical college was organized in Philadelphia in 1848, the next in New York in 1858. About 1880 the homeopathic practitioners were at the height of their influence. Many tales might be told of the battles within the medical fraternity to determine whether the homeopathic or the regular party should control. Indeed, there are whisperings of a session of the American Medical Association at which a phalanx of homeopathic practitioners assaulted the platform and dragged the speakers bodily from their perch. Homeopathic schools appeared in abundance. In 1880 there were in the United States, 72 regular medical colleges, 12 homeopathic colleges, and 6 eclectic colleges. In 1890 there were 93 regular, 14 homeopathic and 8 eclectic. In 1900 there were 121 regular, 22 homeopathic and 10 eclectic. And in 1900 the homeopathic practitioners, assembled in Washington, D. C., dedicated a monument in granite and bronze to:

Samuel Christian Friedrich Hahnemann,
Doctor in Medicine.
Hofrath
Leader in the Great Medical Reformation
Of the
Nineteenth Century
And
Founder of the
Homeopathic School.

IV

But from that year the influence of homeopathy began to decline steadily, its schools to close their doors or to merge with regular medical schools, and its practitioners to practice in increasing measure what they called "allopathic" medicine. What happened to bring about this remarkable and sudden change? Undoubtedly two influences, both brought to bear on medical education, induced the ultimate collapse.

The first educational number of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* was published on September 21, 1901. It listed the medical colleges in the United States, the type of education and preliminary entrance requirements enforced in each school, and its provisions for didactic and clinical teaching. It showed that there were 124 regular medical schools, 10 eclectic schools and 21 homeopathic schools, and it pointed out their qualities and their deficiencies. The poor schools began to wilt and fade—and many of the homeopathic schools were poor ones. By 1905 their graduates were fewer in number than in any year since 1880. In 1907 there were but 17 homeopathic schools left, in 1908 but sixteen, in 1909 fourteen, in 1912 ten, in 1915 eight, in 1921 five, and this year there remain but two, and one of these carries a low classification. Altogether during 1923 there were just forty-nine homeopathic graduates.

Publicity is a powerful tool. Students who observed the gradual decline of homeopathy began to seek regular schools; in fact, many a young man who had been doctored in his early youth by a homeopathic physician was advised by that very physician not to enter a homeopathic college.

The fact is, indeed, that homeopathy died from within. The very disciples of Hahnemann, and most of the more enlightened practitioners of homeopathy since Hahnemann's time, when they came into practice, found their system unavailing in the face of serious illness. They then availed themselves of the right of every practitioner of medicine to use any treatment that may be for the good of his patient. They informed themselves of scientific medicine and prescribed drugs in doses that would work. The American Institute of Homeopathy, the official organization, finally adopted the definition: "A homeopathic physician is one who adds to his knowledge of medicine a special knowledge of homeopathic therapeutics and observes the Law of Similia. All that pertains to the great field of medical learning is his, by tradition, by inheritance, by right." This was essentially a desire to allow homeopathic practitioners to prescribe "old school" drugs in old school doses. It was a confession of inadequacy and failure.

While homeopathy, as a school, though not the individual homeopathist, had stood still and clung to its law of similars and to Hahnemann's unprovable theory, scientific medicine had been sweeping onward with steady, sure progress. Before such a fact as the inevitable response of the heart to an adequate dose of digitalis, any theory of dynamics and vibrations which called for splitting that dose into decillionth parts was bound to evaporate. Before the rapid effects of the satisfactory administration of mercury and 606, measurable by a Wassermann test, theories of "psora" and similars could not exist. The

effects of efficient dosages are, as Celsus asserted, positive, sure, visible, convincing. They need no argument, they speak for themselves. Thus, by 1900, all that remained of the original homeopathy was the law of similars and the method of using them. Otherwise homeopaths were prescribing diphtheria antitoxin and forgetting belladonna; they were practicing surgery; they were using full doses of drugs when they wanted to get action. It came down to this: that a homeopath was just like any other physician, except that he gave what were essentially nothing but placebos in minor conditions. When the regular medical schools began to raise their standards, the homeopathic schools had to do the same or confess their inferiority. And when they did the same, they lost their students, who had been attracted chiefly by their lower standards, and had to close their doors anyway.

Thus passed the homeopathic system. Thus, in fact, pass all systems in the practice of medicine. Scientific medicine absorbs from them that which is good, if there is any good, and then they die. Perhaps osteopathy has taught us something by its stress on massage; perhaps even Eddyism has made itself valuable by showing the value of suggestion in conditions affecting the mind. Others, such as chiropractic and Abramsism, teach only the ease with which delusions may be foisted on the public. The history of homeopathy is distinct and peculiar. It records the propounding and acceptance of a theory which, in itself wrong, nevertheless influenced the steps of a beginning science into paths that were right.

EDITORIAL

ONE of the defects in our American system of government, if so superb a confection of the human mind and heart may be said, without indecency, to have any defects at all, lies in the fact that it fails to provide swift and condign punishment for the special crimes of public officials. Even when their *wrong-doings* take the form of offenses against the ordinary criminal statutes of the realm—as, for example, embezzlement, conversion, blackmail, armed entry, kidnaping or common assault—it seems to be very difficult to bring them under the lash of justice; they enjoy, as it were, an unwritten immunity to criminal process, running with the constitutional immunity of United States Senators, who cannot be taken by the *gendarmerie* while the Senate is in session. The thugs and perjurers of the so-called Department of Justice, during the reign of the Martyr Wilson, committed nearly all the crimes of fraud and violence on the books, and yet, so far as I know, not one of them was ever punished, or, indeed, so much as prosecuted. Several Federal district attorneys, toward the end of that festival of oppression and worse, protested against it publicly, and there were bitter yells from specialists in human liberty and from the relatives, lodge-brothers and creditors of some of the victims, but no Federal grand jury indicted any of the criminals, and no Federal judge condemned them to the hulks. To this day, if my agents are to be believed, the same thing is going on, though perhaps on a more modest scale. Prohibition enforcement officers in all parts of the country are breaking into houses, destroying property, engaging in blackmail in a wholesale manner, and assaulting and murdering citizens almost at their will, and yet one seldom

hears of them going to jail for it, and I know of none who has been hanged.

When it comes to crimes that are peculiar to public officials and that arise out of the nature of their legal status, as bigamy, adultery and wife-beating arise out of the nature of a married man's, the case is even worse. I allude to such special offenses as dissipating the public funds, loading the public rolls with useless and pediculous job-holders, letting contracts and franchises to political and private friends, converting public property to private uses, condoning crimes against the government, and administering the laws in a partial and dishonest manner—all of them impossible to the mere citizen and taxpayer, as default in alimony is impossible to the bachelor. Here the ordinary criminal statutes are obviously ineffective, and of special statutes there are almost none. What was the late Mr. Fall guilty of? His accusers, it appears, had to fall back upon the vague charge of conspiracy, which was not unlike accusing a burglar of trespass. With the general run of official delinquents it is impossible to go even so far. Their crimes have no names, and no adequate punishments. Certain high dignitaries, when taken in gross malfeasances, may be impeached, and most lesser ones, though not all, may be cashiered. But neither punishment is harsh enough to be a deterrent, and neither is swift and sure. Since the first days of the Republic but eight Federal jobholders have been brought before the bar of the Senate on impeachment by the House of Representatives, and of these but two have been found guilty and removed from office. Both of the latter were judges; one was convicted of drunkenness on the bench and the other of corrupt dealings with litigants. Is it

argued seriously by anyone that, during all those years, but two Federal judges have been guilty of such offenses? Is it argued, indeed, that the bench is wholly guiltless of them, and of all other crimes, today?

Many of our sitting judges, as a matter of fact, are obviously unfit for the duties they have to perform. Some of them owe their jobs to litigants who are habitually before them, and others are admittedly beholden to such corrupt agencies as the Anti-Saloon League. Is it maintained that such dubious fellows make competent and respectable judges, or that the clumsy and enormously costly process of impeachment offers a practicable means of dealing with their frequent and flagrant peccadillos? Plainly not. Even when their obscenities upon the bench become publicly scandalous they are protected by the fact that impeachment is essentially a political, not a judicial process, and that in consequence it is excessively slow and uncertain—in other words, by the fact that it lacks the very characters which legal punishment fundamentally needs. It is, as a matter of practice, almost as safe for a Federal judge to take care of his fellow golfers and scofflaws as it is for a Prohibition officer to blackmail a bootlegger or for an agent of the Department of Justice to manufacture perjury against so-called Reds. If he belongs to the party in control of Congress he cannot be impeached for any crime short of highway robbery or piracy on the high seas, and even if he belongs to the minority party the citizen who complains of him must be extremely influential to be heard at all, and extremely rich to meet the heavy costs of prosecuting him. In brief, the remedy against him that is offered by the Constitution and the laws is, in substance, no remedy at all. No matter how grossly he violates his oath and the decencies, he commonly remains upon the bench until some grateful litigant or syndicate of litigants offers him a better job.

Moreover, it must be plain that the

punishment of impeachment and removal from office, or of removal by executive order without impeachment, is usually grossly inadequate. When job-holders become so unbearably corrupt or incompetent that they are actually separated from their jobs, they commonly deserve hanging, or, at the least, long confinement in the hoosegow. Simply to turn them out, leaving them free to aspire to other offices, is as absurd as it would be to limit a burglar's punishment to kicking him out of the house. The case of Denby, the late Secretary of the Navy, is in point. I have no opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the gentleman; I merely recall the fact that he was accused of the very grave offense of dissipating the national property on a colossal scale and imperiling the national defense. It would be difficult to imagine anything more flagrantly anti-social, more thoroughly vicious, more damaging to the common weal; put beside it, such ordinary crimes as arson and manslaughter seemed relatively harmless. Nevertheless, the worst punishment that could be inflicted upon Denby was the banal one of depriving him of his office. It was impossible, for political reasons, to impeach him or even to attempt to impeach him, and so he was simply turned out, with a file of high naval dignitaries saluting him as he left and a great crowd cheering him as he got home. Here cause and effect took on a disproportion that was truly enormous; it was almost as if Czolgosz had been fined \$10 for dispatching McKinley. If Denby was innocent, he deserved the salute and the cheers without the loss of his job. And if he was guilty, if only of negligence, he plainly merited at least a geological epoch in the bastille.

II

In the immoral monarchies of the continent of Europe, now happily abolished by God's will, there was, in the old days of sin, a far more intelligent and effective way of dealing with delinquent officials.

Not only were they subject, when taken in downright corruption, to the ordinary processes of the criminal laws; in addition, they were liable to prosecution in special courts for such offenses as were peculiar to their offices. In this business the abominable Prussian state, though founded by Satan, took the lead. It maintained a tribunal in Berlin that devoted itself wholly to the trial of officials accused of malfeasance, corruption, tyranny and incompetence, and any citizen was free to lodge a complaint with the learned judges. The trial was public and in accord with rules fixed by law. An official found guilty could be punished summarily and in a dozen different ways. He could be reprimanded, reduced in rank, suspended from office for a definite period, transferred to a less desirable job, removed from the rolls altogether, fined, or sent to jail. If he was removed from office he could be deprived of his right to a pension in addition, or fined or jailed in addition. He could be made to pay damages to any citizen he had injured, or to apologize publicly.

All this, remember, was in addition to his liability under the ordinary law, and the statutes specifically provided that he could be punished twice for the same offense, once in the ordinary courts and once in the administrative court. Thus, a Prussian official who, imitating the daily routine of the agents of our own Treasury or Department of Justice, assaulted a citizen, invaded his house without a warrant, and seized his property without process of law, could be deprived of his office and fined heavily by the administrative court, sent to jail by an ordinary court, and forced to pay damages to his victim by either or both. Our Federal judges, as a matter of everyday practice, issue thousands of injunctions depriving citizens of their clear rights to trial by jury, to the sanctity of their domiciles and to lawful assemblage, all guaranteed by the Bill of Rights. Had a Prussian judge, overcome by *kaiserliche* passion, undertaken anything of the sort in those far-off

days of despotism, any aggrieved citizen might have haled him before the administrative court and recovered heavy damages from him, beside enjoying the felicity of seeing him transferred to some dismal swamp in East Prussia, to listen all day to the unintelligible perjury of Poles. The law specifically provided that responsible officials should be punished, not more leniently than subordinate or ordinary offenders, but more severely. If a corrupt policeman got six months a corrupt chief of police got two years. More, these statutes were enforced with Prussian barbarity, and the jails were constantly full of errant officials.

I do not propose, of course, that such medieval laws be set up in the United States. We have, indeed, gone far enough in imitating the Prussian system already; if we go much farther the moral and enlightened nations of the world will have to unite in a new crusade to put us down. Hints to that effect are not lacking even now; they are heard in England every time the Feather Duster revives the question of the Bahaman rum trade, and in France every time there is mention of the war debt. As a matter of fact, the Prussian scheme would probably prove ineffective in the Republic, if only because it involves setting up one gang of job-holders to judge and punish another gang. It worked very well in Prussia before the country was civilized by force of arms because, as everyone knows, a Prussian judge was trained in ferocity from infancy, and regarded every man arraigned before him as guilty *ipso facto*; in fact, any thought of a prisoner's possible innocence was abhorrent to him as a reflection upon the *Polizei*, and by inference, upon the Throne, the whole monarchical idea, and God. But in America, even if they had no other sentiment in common, which would be rarely, judge and prisoner would often be fellow Democrats or fellow Republicans, and hence jointly interested in protecting their party against scandal and its members against the loss of their jobs. The oper-

ations of the Department of Justice under Mr. Daugherty, as lately made public, show how this community of interest impedes the flow of justice even now; it would be far more obstructive, manifestly, if job-holders had to execute the laws against other job-holders, and not merely against the friends of other job-holders. Moreover, the Prussian system has another plain defect: the punishments it provides are, in the main, platitudinous and banal. They lack dramatic quality, and they lack ingenuity and appropriateness. To punish a judge taken in judicial crim. con. by fining him or sending him to jail is a bit too facile and obvious. What is needed is a system (*a*) that does not depend for its execution upon the good-will of job-holders, and (*b*) that provides swift, certain and unpedantic punishments, each fitted neatly to its crime.

I announce without further ado that such a system, after due prayer, I have devised. It is simple, it is unhackneyed, and I believe that it would work. It is divided into two halves. The first half takes the detection and punishment of the crimes of job-holders away from courts of impeachment, congressional smelling committees, and all the other existing agencies—*i. e.*, away from other job-holders—and vests it in the whole body of free citizens, male and female. The second half provides that any member of that body, having looked into the acts of a job-holder and found him delinquent, may punish him instantly and on the spot, and in any manner that seems appropriate and convenient—and that, in case this punishment involves physical damage to the job-holder, the ensuing inquiry by the grand jury or coroner shall confine itself strictly to the question whether the job-holder deserved what he got. In other words, I propose that it shall be no longer *malum in se* for a citizen to pummel, cowhide, kick, gouge, cut, wound, bruise, maim, burn, club, bastinado, flay or even lynch a job-holder, and that it shall be *malum prohibitum* only to the extent that the

punishment exceeds the job-holder's deserts. The amount of this excess, if any, may be determined very conveniently by a petit jury, as other questions of guilt are now determined. The flogged judge, or Congressman, or Prohibition officer, or other job-holder, on being discharged from hospital—or his chief heir, in case he has perished—goes before a grand jury and makes complaint, and, if a true bill is found, a petit jury is empaneled and all the evidence is put before it. If it decides that the job-holder deserved the punishment inflicted upon him, the citizen who inflicted it is acquitted with honor. If, on the contrary, it decides that this punishment was excessive, then the citizen is adjudged guilty of assault, mayhem, murder, or whatever it is, in a degree apportioned to the difference between what the job-holder deserved and what he got, and punishment for that excess follows in the usual course.

III

The advantages of this plan, I believe, are too patent to need argument. At one stroke it removes all the legal impediments which now make the punishment of a recreant job-holder so hopeless a process, and enormously widens the range of possible penalties. They are now stiff and, in large measure, illogical; under the system I propose they could be made to fit the crime precisely. Say a citizen today becomes convinced that a certain judge is a jackass—that his legal learning is defective, his sense of justice atrophied and his conduct of cases before him tyrannical and against decency. As things stand, it is entirely impossible to do anything about it. A judge cannot be impeached on the mere ground that he is a jackass; the process is far too costly and cumbersome, and there are too many judges liable to the charge. Nor is anything to be gained by denouncing him publicly and urging all good citizens to vote against him when he comes up for re-election, for his term may

run for ten or fifteen years, and even if it expires tomorrow and he is defeated the chances are good that his successor will be quite as bad, and maybe even worse. Moreover, if he is a Federal judge he never comes up for re-election at all; once he has been appointed by the President of the United States, at the advice of his more influential clients and with the consent of their agents in the Senate, he is safe until he is so far gone in senility that he has to be propped on the bench with pillows.

But now imagine any citizen free to approach him in open court and pull his nose. Or even, in aggravated cases, to cut off his ears, throw him out of the window, or knock him in the head with an ax. How vastly more attentive he would be to his duties! How diligently he would apply himself to the study of the law! How careful he would be about the rights of litigants before him! How polite and even suave he would become! For judges, like all the rest of us, are vain fellows: they do not enjoy having their noses pulled. The ignominy resident in the operation would not be abated by the subsequent trial of the puller, even if he should be convicted and jailed. The fact would still be brilliantly remembered that at least one citizen had deemed the judge sufficiently a malefactor to punish him publicly, and to risk going to jail for it. A dozen such episodes, and the career of any judge would be ruined, even though the jails bulged with his critics. He could not maintain his dignity on the bench; even his own catchpolls would snicker at him behind their hands, especially if he showed a cauliflower ear, a black eye or a scar over his bald head. Moreover, soon or late some citizen who had at him would be acquitted by a petit jury, and then, obviously, he would have to retire. It might be provided by law, indeed, that he should be compelled to retire in that case—that an acquittal would automatically vacate the office of the complaining job-holder.

The present system, as I have said, has lately demonstrated its ineffectiveness on a colossal scale in the great city of Washington, the seat of the First Chief of the Republic and of a hundred thousand jobholders of gradually lessening puissance, from members of the Cabinet down to janitors, messengers and bookkeepers. All efforts to impeach Daugherty failed; when he was got rid of at last it was by a blow below the belt; in the case of Denby, his fellow Republicans of Detroit actually treated his dismissal as a martyrdom, and received him when he got home with a band of music and public prayers. If these eminent men were actually guilty of malfeasance in office they obviously deserved far more rigorous punishment; if they were guilty merely of carelessness and neglect they deserved a severe handling as public nuisances. Under the existing system they got what was virtually no punishment at all; under my system, at the most moderate guess, some bored and impatient citizen, during the long months when they were desperately hanging on to their jobs, would have at least ventured to duck them in the Potomac or set their shirt-tails afire. I doubt that any jury would have convicted him of excess, even if he had held them under while he counted 100,000. The plain people could not make out just what they had done that was immoral, if anything; but there was an almost universal feeling that they were nuisances, and ought to be got rid of. Even if the citizen who, under my system, had laid hands upon them had been convicted subsequently and sent to jail, the weary newspaper readers of the land would have given three cheers for him, and he would have become a formidable candidate for the presidency on the completion of his term. Dr. Coolidge, himself, I daresay, would have had a very friendly feeling for him, and perhaps might have sent him a box of cigars or some White House pies while he was in jail.

I present my system formally to the consideration of the Congress, and offer to explain it in greater detail before a joint

session of both Houses at any time not in conflict with my literary engagements. I am no lawyer, to be sure. I once studied law for a space, but forgot it on closing the books. But I retain enough technic to be convinced that my scheme presents no constitutional difficulties. It violates no constitutional right that I am aware of; on the contrary, it specifically reaffirms the right to trial by jury, now denied in a wholesale and shameless manner by the Federal courts. It sets up no new corps of corrupt and oppressive enforcement officers; it establishes no new jobs; it does not augment the already excessive powers of the police. If there is any lingering taint of injustice in it, then that injustice would be suffered by job-holders, nine-tenths of whom now rob and persecute the rest of us incessantly, and are fast habilitating the doctrine that we are *ferae naturae* and have no rights that they are bound to respect. It is a system of criminal law that is democratic in the widest and loftiest sense. It augments the dignity and responsibility of the citizen, and tends to increase his concern with problems of government. It sets higher standards of conduct for public officers than prevail now, and makes corruption and incompetence dangerous. Above all, it breaks down the rigid and unintelligent formalism of our scheme of

punishments, and makes it infinitely more pliant, appropriate and various. We have been tending for years to reduce all punishments to two: fine and imprisonment, the first usually no punishment at all, but a mere bribe to escape punishment, and the second often cruel and almost always ineffective. My scheme would restore to the art of putting down crime something of the fine bounce and gusto that it had in the Middle Ages, when tort and penalty were united by logical, and even, indeed, aesthetic bonds, and a judge who was ingenious, imaginative and original was esteemed. The certainty of punishment would daunt the offender, and the uncertainty of its nature would fill him with dread. Once proceeded against, he would be enormously cautious and conscientious. A Congressman with his ears cut off, you may be sure, would not do it again. A judge, after two or three rocket flights through his courtroom window, would be forced, by an irresistible psychological process, to give heed thereafter to the Constitution, the statutes, and the common rights of man. Even a police captain or a United States senator, once floored with a bung-starter or rolled in a barrel, would begin to think.

I dedicate my plan to my country.

H. L. M.

THE BLACK DUCK DINNER

BY JAMES STEVENS

I FIRST got news of Paul Bunyan when I went to work in an Oregon logging-camp. In the East he seems to be almost unheard of; even in the West, when one enters the cities, the mighty epic of his herculean deeds sinks to the whisper of a whisper. But in the logging-camps, even today, he remains as real as the trees themselves. Every logger in the Northwestern woods knows all about him—his Gargantuan stature and strength, his ear-splitting roar, his colossal deeds. Paul Bunyan is the traditional hero of the lumber jacks; he is the greatest of their contributions to American folklore; in him they see all their own robustious qualities, exaggerated almost to sublimity. Times have changed in the woods, and the rough-hewn loggers of tradition have begun to disappear, but even their well-barbered and regimented successors of today know Paul Bunyan. He is as much a part of the story of the winning of the West as Brigham Young or Buffalo Bill.

I first heard of him on sharp Autumn nights, sitting with my fellow "savages" around the bunkhouse stove, listening to Old Time Sandy. Sandy was the camp bard, and as his astounding tales of Bunyan's vast exploits poured out in the rich vernacular of the woodsman it seemed to me that no sagas of the olden days could be more exhilarating. When these tales originated, and where, I do not know. The oldest graybeards among the loggers knew nothing of their hero's beginnings; he was already a hero when they were striplings. Perhaps his creator borrowed a hint or two from "The In-

estimable Life of the Great Gargantua"; perhaps not. As he stands today Bunyan is absolutely American from head to foot. He visualizes perfectly the American love of tall talk and tall doings, the true American exuberance and extravagance. He is really the creation not of one man, but of whole generations of men. Thousands of narrators by far-flung campfires have contributed their mites to the classical picture of him.

There are no stories about Paul Bunyan as a child; he is supposed to have sprung into life full-grown. There are various estimates of his size, and always they are given in the logger fashion of measuring a log in ax-handle lengths. The favorite estimate is that ninety-seven ax-handles would scarcely span him from hip to hip. His beard was as long as it was wide, and as wide as it was long. He combed it and his curly black hair with a young pine tree. He spoke commonly in gentle tones, but his voice, when he loosed it, was like the rumbling of thunder, and if by chance he bellowed from rage or pain acres of trees crashed to the ground, bunkhouses were flattened and common folk were stunned. Fortunately, though he was without sentimental geniality, he had a tolerant and considerate soul. But he was not a humanitarian; his ruling passion was the passion of toil, which catches its fire from exulting muscular energy. He thought it a privilege to perform the grand and thrilling labor of the woods, and when his loggers failed to work with his own exuberant pride, as would happen once or twice a season, he would banish them to camp and with a joyous exertion of his

prodigious powers himself accomplish all their tasks.

His subordinates were much grander persons than ordinary men, but in size they were all dwarfed by their chief. The Big Swede, his aide de camp, was a stolid, amiable, faithful Nordic blond who excused his incessant and magnificent blunders with a monosyllable and a grin. As Paul Bunyan himself personally directed all operations, the Big Swede's title of foreman was only honorary; his main duty was to care for the blue ox. Johnny Inkslinger, the scribe, had all the virtues the modern camp clerk is thought to lack. There was never a shortage of pay when he was in camp, and never an overcharge, although he alone had to keep the records of thousands of men. Nor was there ever an error in his accounts of millions of feet of logs. As he used two barrels of ink a month you can imagine what figuring he had to do! Beside, he was the camp dentist and surgeon, and in this capacity he made innumerable and incredible cures—cases which even a chiropractor would flee from.

The only creature in camp equal in size to Bunyan was Babe, the blue ox. Nothing is known of Babe's ancestry, but he was certainly of noble and august parentage. All that is certain is that he was born the Winter of the blue snow, hence his unique color, and that Bunyan reared him from infancy with solicitous care. Babe repaid this care with an extravagance of affection that was oftentimes embarrassing. The great logger's only weakness was ticklishness, particularly about the neck, and the blue ox had a perverse passion for caressing that region with his tongue. Paul Bunyan never resented this attempt on his dignity, but he avoided it whenever possible. The blue ox was unfailingly obedient, tireless and patient. It was his task to skid the felled and trimmed trees from the stumps to the rollways by the rivers, where they were stored for the drives. The timber of nineteen States, save a few scant sections, so the old loggers declare, was skidded

from the stumps by the all-powerful Babe.

In Paul Bunyan's camp there was a great cookhouse with a kitchen like another Mammoth Cave, and a dining hall wherein, under huge and lofty beams, the tables were ranged like the ranks of an army corps drawn up for parade on a plain. Here were served huge and incomparable Sunday dinners and the simpler week-day meals, of which the breakfasts of ham and eggs, hot cakes and coffee are most highly praised. Paul Bunyan invented a machine for the mixing of the hot cake batter, so perfectly devised that paving contractors now employ small models of it for mixing cement. The range on which a battalion of cooks fried the hot cakes was greased by a ski champion from Norway who skied to and fro with sides of bacon strapped to his feet. And that the men in the far end of the cookhouse might be served before the hot cakes cooled, the flunkies speeded on roller skates. It required a crew of eleven teamsters with teams and scrapers to keep the yard back of the cookhouse cleared of coffee grounds and egg shells.

But do not imagine that because Paul Bunyan's camp was a logger's dream of paradise there was any luxurious leisure in it. He worked his men twelve hours a day, and they would have been astounded by any idea of working less. And they would have been perplexed by any other scheme to ease their lot. If there were not to be great exertions, they would have asked, why their sturdy frames, their eager muscular force? If they were not meant to face hazards, why was daring in their hearts? A noble breed, those loggers of Paul Bunyan's, greatly worthy of their captain! He himself told them in a speech he made at the finishing of the Onion River drive that they were "a good band of bullies, a fine bunch of savages." I should like to quote this speech in its entirety for it celebrated the accomplishment of a historical logging enterprise, and it was a master oration which showed the full range and force of Paul Bunyan's

intellectual powers. But as nine days and eight nights were required for its delivery, it is obvious that no publication save the *Congressional Record* could print it. It was at this time that Paul Bunyan served his great black duck dinner.

II

The speech ended on a Tuesday, and until the following Saturday morning there were no sounds save the snores of weary men and the scratching of the sleepless Johnny Inkslinger's pen. By Saturday noon he had a time-check and a written copy of the oration for every man in camp. The loggers then prepared for a blow-in down the river, while Paul Bunyan and the Big Swede moved the camp. After dinner the industrious Swede, using a fire hose, a ton of soap, and a tank of hair tonic, began to give the blue ox his Spring cleaning, and Johnny Inkslinger turned in for the three hours of sleep which he required each week. Paul Bunyan was arranging his personal belongings for the move and musing on his recent accomplishment. He had never driven logs down a rougher or more treacherous stream than Onion River. And the hills over which the timber had been skidded were so rocky and steep that they tried even the strength of the blue ox. Worst of all was the rank growth of wild onions that had covered the ground. They baffled all attempts to fell the trees at first, for they brought blinding floods of tears to the loggers' eyes and made their efforts not only futile but dangerous. When the Big Swede was standing on a hillside one day, dreaming of the old country, he failed to observe a blinded logger come staggering up the slope, and he did not hear him mumble, "This looks like a good stick." Not until the logger had chopped an undercut in the leg of his boot had the Big Swede realized his peril. Paul Bunyan, baffled by such incidents, was about to abandon the whole operation when the alert Johnny Inkslinger

heard of the failure of the Italian garlic crop. He quickly made a contract with the Italian government, which sent over shiploads of laborers to dig up the wild onions and take them home as a substitute for the national relish. When this had been accomplished it was possible to log off the country.

There had been other difficulties to overcome, too, and as Paul Bunyan spread out a tarpaulin and prepared to roll up his boots and work-clothes, he remembered them and praised the saints that they were ended. The next job offered the best promise of simple and easy logging that he had encountered since he logged off the level lands of Kansas. For miles the land rose in gentle slopes from a wide and smoothly flowing river; there was no brush or noxious vegetation among the clean, straight trees; and, best of all, the timber was of a species now extinct, the Leaning Pine. The trees of this variety all leaned in the same direction, and it was thus possible to fell them accurately without the use of wedges. Paul Bunyan was sure of a season's record on this new job. He thought of the fresh brilliancy it would give his fame, and like a row of snowy peaks glimpsed through the spaces of a forest, his teeth glittered through his beard in a magnificent smile. But another thought quickly sobered his countenance. "Those good bullies of mine!" The words came in a gusty murmur. He dropped the tarpaulin and strode over to the cook-house. Hot Biscuit Slim, his kitchen chief, came forth to meet him. There was a knowing look in the cook's eyes.

"It's to be a great Sunday dinner tomorrow?" he asked, before Paul Bunyan could speak.

"The greatest Sunday dinner ever heard of," said Paul Bunyan. "I want this to be remembered as the noblest meal ever served in a logging camp. My loggers shall feast like the victorious soldiers of old time. It is a natural privilege of heroes to revel after conquest. Remember, as you prepare this feast, that you may also

be making immortal glory for yourself."

"You jest leave it to me, Mr. Bunyan!" answered Slim. "If the baker'll do his part with the cream puffs, cakes and pies, I promise you I'll make 'em a meal to remember. First, oyscher stew, an' then for vegytables, cream' cabbage, of course, mash' potatoes an' potato cakes, lettuce an' onions—"

"No onions!" thundered Paul Bunyan. There was a terrific crash in the kitchen as hundreds of pans and skillets were shaken to the floor.

"Uh—I forgot," stammered Slim. "Well, anyway, they'll be oyscher soup, vegytables, sauces, puddin's, hot biscuits, an' meat in dumplin' stew an' mulligan stew, an' they'll be drippin' roasts, all tender an' rich seasoned—oh, the meat that I'll give 'em! the meat—" he paused sharply, shivered as though from a physical shock, and misery glistened in his eyes—"only—uh—only—"

"Only you have no meat," said Paul Bunyan gently.

"I'm admittin' it," said Slim wretchedly. "Honest, Mr. Bunyan, no matter how I try I jest *can't* remember to order meat, 'specially for Sunday dinner. I can remember vegytables, fruit an' greens easy as pie, but, by doggy, I always forget meat. I ain't pertendin' a cook's worth keepin' who can't remember meat, no matter how good he is at a fixin' it. I wouldn't blame you if you fired me right off, Mr. Bunyan."

Slim leaned against the toe of the hero's boot and wept.

"That means that I must rustle deer and bear," said Paul Bunyan patiently. "Well, bear meat and venison will make a royal feast when they have passed through your kettles and ovens. Light the fires, go ahead with your plans; you may yet make history tomorrow!"

He turned away, and Hot Biscuit Slim watched him worshipfully until he was a dim figure on distant hills.

"I'd do anything for a boss like that," he said resolutely. "I'll learn to remember meat, by doggy, I will!"

Rumors of the marvelous dinner that was being planned reached the bunk-houses, and thoughts of their coming blow-in were abandoned by the loggers as they indulged in greedy imaginings of the promised delights. The day went slowly; the sun seemed to labor down the western sky. Before it sank soft clouds obscured its light, bringing showers and early shadows.

At the approach of darkness Paul Bunyan began his return march to the camp. He was vastly disappointed by the meager results of his hunt. Although he had gone as far as the Turtle River country, he had snared but three deer and two small bears. These only filled a corner of one pocket of his mackinaw, and they would provide but a mere shred of meat apiece for his men. Paul Bunyan did not feel that he had done his best; he was not one to rest on feeble consolations. As he journeyed on he was devising other means to carry out his plan for a memorable and stupendous feast. And ere he was within an hour of the camp the Big Swede was unconsciously outlining the solution of the problem for him.

III

The Swede went to the stable some time after supper to see that Babe was at ease for the night. The clouds were thinning now, and when he opened the stable door soft light poured in on the blue ox, making lustrous spots and streaks on his sleek sides. He turned his head, his bulging blue eyes shining with gentleness and goodwill, and his tongue covered the foreman's face in a luscious caress.

"Har, now," remonstrated the Big Swede.

As he solemnly wiped his face he sniffed the fragrance of Babe's breath and stared with a feeling of envy at the clean, glowing hair. When he had finished his inspection and left the stable, it was evident that he was wrestling with some laborious problem. His whole face was tense with a

terrific frown; he scratched his sides vigorously and breathed deeply of the air, sweet with the odors of washed earth. The purity of the Spring weather, the fresh cleanliness it gave the world, and the aroma and sleekness of the blue ox had brought the Big Swede to face his own sore need of a washing. He dreaded it as an ordeal, and for that reason he wished he might accomplish it immediately. He wandered aimlessly on, tormented by an unaccustomed conflict of the soul and the flesh, and at last he came to the edge of a cliff. He stared in surprise at the appearance of a lake below. He could not remember that large a body of water near the camp. But the big Swede had no room for more than one emotion at a time, and a violent resolve now smothered his surprise.

"Yah, aye do him now," he muttered.

He disrobed swiftly and ran to a rock that jutted from the cliff. Swinging his fists, he leaped twice into the air; the second time he flung himself outward in a magnificent dive, his body made a great curve, and then, head first, he plunged downward. But there was no tumultuous surge and splash of waters as a climax to this splendid dive. Instead, the Big Swede's head struck white canvas with a dull, rending impact—for he had mistaken Paul Bunyan's tarpaulin for a lake! The force of his plunge drove him through the canvas and half-buried him in the soft earth underneath. His arms were imprisoned, but his legs waved wildly, and his muffled bellows shook the earth. A prowling logger saw what seemed to be shining marble columns dancing in the moonlight and felt the ground trembling under his feet.

"It can't be," he thought bravely.

Just then the Big Swede made another heroic effort to yell for help, and the logger was shaken from his feet. He jumped up and ran to Johnny Inkslinger with an alarming tale of dancing ghosts that shook the earth. The timekeeper, after sharpening twenty-seven pencils to use in case it was necessary to make a

report on the spot, started with his medicine case for the place where the logger had directed him. When nearly there he remembered that he had failed to bring his ten-gallon carboy of alcohol, which, next to Epsom salts, he considered the most important medicine in his chest. He ran back for it, and by the time he finally reached the Big Swede, that unfortunate's bellows had diminished to groans, and his legs waved with less and less gusto. After thoroughly examining and measuring the legs Johnny deemed the proof positive that they belonged to the Big Swede. Then he got busy with paper and pencil and figured for half an hour. "According to the strictest mathematical calculations," he announced, "the Big Swede cannot continue to exist in his present position; consequently, he must be extricated. I have considered all known means by which this may be accomplished, and I have arrived at a scientific conclusion. I direct that the blue ox and a cable be brought here at once."

When the loggers had obeyed this command, Johnny made a half-hitch with the cable around the Big Swede's legs, which were waving very feebly now, and in two seconds, amid a monstrous upheaval of dirt and a further rending of the canvas, the Big Swede was dragged out. For a few moments he spat mud like a river dredge; then Johnny proffered him the ten-gallon carboy of alcohol. It was drained at a gulp, and then, with aid from the timekeeper, he was able to stagger to his shanty. When Paul Bunyan reached the camp the Big Swede was lying on his bunk, bundled in bandages from head to foot. Johnny Inkslinger was still busily attending him; bottles of medicine, boxes of pills, a keg of Epsom salts, rolls of bandages, and surgical implements were heaped about the room. The timekeeper gave a detailed account of what had happened, and then Paul Bunyan questioned the victim, who answered briefly, "Aye yoomped, an' aye yoomped, an'—*yeeminy!*"

Johnny Inkslinger gave his chief a voluminous report of the Big Swede's fractures, sprains and contusions.

"He is also suffering from melancholia because he is still unwashed," said Johnny. "But I think I'll restore him. I've dosed him with all my medicines and smeared him with all my salves. I'd have manipulated his spine, but confound him, he strained his back and he threatens violence when I touch it. But I have many formulae and systems. He shall live."

"Surely," said Paul Bunyan. "A man is the hardest animal to kill there is."

Saying this, he arose from before the shanty door and thought again of his unrealized plan. He remembered the wordless dejection of Hot Biscuit Slim on receiving the scanty supply of deer and bear meat. He determined that the Sunday dinner should yet be as he had planned it; otherwise it would be a bad augury for great achievements in his new enterprise. He walked slowly towards his headquarters, pondering various schemes that came to mind.

When he reached the white sheet of canvas he was astonished by its deceptive appearance. It had a silvery glitter in the moonlight, for its surface still held the moisture of the showers. Small wonder, thought Paul Bunyan, that the Big Swede had dived into it; never was a lake more temptingly beautiful or seemingly more deep. He was gazing at the torn canvas and the huge cavity made in the ground by the Big Swede, when he heard a great chorus of shrill and doleful voices in the sky. He looked up and saw an enormous flock of black ducks in swerving flight. They had lost their way in the low-hanging clouds at dusk, and now they were seeking a resting place.

Here, thought Paul Bunyan at once, is a noble offering of chance. Was a black duck more acute than the Big Swede, that the bright, moist canvas would not deceive him also? And once deceived, would not the ensuing dive be fatal? Wasn't a black duck's neck of more delicate structure

than the Big Swede's, and wouldn't it surely break when it struck the tarpaulin? This variety of black duck grew as big as a buzzard, and here they were so numerous that clouds of them darkened the moon. Now to deceive them. Paul Bunyan could mimic the voices of all the birds of the air and all the beasts of the fields and woods, save only that of the blue ox, who always replied with a jocular wink when his master attempted to simulate his mellow moo. In his moments of humor Paul Bunyan declared that he could mimic fish, and one Sunday when he imitated a mother whale bawling for her calf the loggers roared with merriment for seventeen hours, and were only sobered then by exhaustion. His voice had such power that he could not counterfeit the cry of a single small creature, but only the united cries of flocks or droves. So he now mimicked perfectly the chorus that rang mournfully in the sky, and at the same time he grasped the edge of the tarpaulin and fluttered it gently.

The effect was marvelous. Now indeed was the canvas a perfect imitation of water. Had you been standing by the sole of Paul Bunyan's boot and seen the gentle flutter you would have been sure that you were watching a breeze make pleasant ripples on the surface of a lake. Ere long the black ducks were enchanted by the sight and sound, and Paul Bunyan heard a violent rush of air above him as of a hurricane sweeping a forest. Another instant and the canvas was black with feathered forms. Paul Bunyan grasped the four corners of the tarpaulin, swung the bundle over his shoulder and strode home to the cookhouse. Hot Biscuit Slim was called forth, and when he saw the mountainous pile of black ducks that filled the kitchen yard he became hysterical with delight. He called out the assistant cooks, the flunkies and dishwashers, and, led by Cream Puff Fatty, the baker, the white-clad underlings streamed for eleven minutes from the kitchen door. The chief cook then made them a short but inspiring

speech and fired them with his own fierce purpose to make culinary history.

Paul Bunyan listened for a moment, and then sought repose, with peace in his benevolent heart.

IV

All night fires roared in the ranges as preparations went on for the great dinner. Vegetables were brought from the storehouse, potatoes were pared and washed, utensils and roasting pans were made ready, and sauces and dressings were devised. The black ducks were cleaned, scalded and plucked in the kitchen yard.

Next morning most of the loggers stayed in their bunks, and those who did come to breakfast ate sparingly, saving their appetites. Time passed quietly in the camp. The loggers washed and mended their clothes and greased their boots; they shaved and bathed and then stretched out on their blankets and smoked. They were silent and preoccupied, but now and again a breeze blowing from the direction of the cookhouse would cause them to sigh. What enchantment was in the air, so redolent with the aroma of roasting duck and stewing cabbages, so sharply sweet with the fragrance of hot ginger and cinnamon from the bakery where Cream Puff Fatty fashioned his creations! A logger who was shaving would take a deep breath of this incense, and the blood would trickle unnoticed from a slash in his cheek; another, in his bunk would let his pipe slip from his hand and enjoy ardent inhalations, blissfully unaware of his burning shirt; yet another, engaged in greasing his boots, would halt his task and sit in motionless beatitude, his head thrown back, his eyes closed, quite unconscious of the grease that poured from a tilted can into a prized boot.

At half past eleven the hungriest of the loggers began to mass before the cookhouse door, and as the minutes passed the throng swiftly increased. At five minutes to noon all the bunkhouses were empty and the furthest fringe of the crowd was

far up Onion River Valley. The ground shook under a restless trampling, and the faces of the loggers were glowing and eager as they hearkened to the clatter and rumble inside the cookhouse, where the flunkies, led by the Galloping Kid on his white horse, were rushing the platters and bowls of food to the tables. Tantalizing smells wafted forth from the steaming dishes. The loggers grew more restless and eager; they surged to and fro in a tidal movement; jests and glad oaths made a joyous clamor over the throng. This was softened into a universal sigh as the doors swung open at last and Hot Biscuit Slim, in spotless cap and apron, appeared wearing the impressive mien of a conquering general. He lifted an iron bar with a majestic gesture, paused for dramatic effect amid a breathless hush, and then struck a resounding note from the steel triangle that hung from the wall. At the sound a heaving torrent of men began to pour through the doors in a rush that was like the roaring plunge of water when the gate of a dam is lifted. The chief cook continued to pound out clanging rhythms until the last impatient logger was inside.

When Hot Biscuit Slim reentered the cookhouse he was reminded of a forested plain veiled in thin fog as he surveyed the assemblage of darkly clad figures, wreathed with white and fragrant blooms of steam. His impression was made the more vivid when the loggers plunged their spoons into the deep bowls of oyster soup, for the ensuing sounds seemed like the sighing of winds in the woods. The chief cook marched to the kitchen with dignity and pride, glancing to right and left at the tables that held his masterwork. He asked for no praise or acclaim; the ecstasy that now transfigured the plainest face was a sufficient light of glory for him.

The soup bowls pushed aside, the loggers began to fill their plates, which were of such circumference that even a long-armed man could hardly reach across

one. The black ducks, of course, received first attention. And great as the plates were, by the time one was heaped with a brown fried drumstick, a ladle of duck dumplings, several large fragments of duck fricassee, a slab of duck baked gumbo style, a rich portion of stewed duck, and a mound of crisp brown dressing, all immersed in golden duck gravy, a formidable space was covered. Yet there was room for tender leaves of odorous cabbage beaded and streaked with creamy sauce; for mashed potatoes which seemed like fluffs of snow beside the darkness of duck and gravy; for brittle and savory potato cakes, marvelously right as to texture and thickness; for stewed tomatoes of a sultry ruddiness, pungent and ticklish with mysterious spices; for baked beans, plump peas, sunny apple sauce and buttered lettuce, not to mention various condiments. Squares of cornbread and hot biscuits were buttered and leaned against the plate; a pot-bellied coffee-pot was tilted over a gaping cup, into which it gushed an aromatic beverage of drowsy charm; a kingly pleasure was prepared. More than one logger swooned with delight this day when his plate was filled and he bent over it for the first mouthful with the joy of a lover claiming a first embrace.

In the kitchen the chief cook, the baker and their helpers watched and listened. At first the volume of sounds that filled the vast room was like the roar and crash of an avalanche, as dishes were rattled and banged about. Then the duck bones crackled like the limbs of falling trees. At last came a steady sound of eating, a sound of seventy threshing machines devouring bundles of wheat. It persisted far beyond the usual length of time, and Hot Biscuit Slim brought out his field glasses and surveyed the tables. The loggers were still bent tensely over their plates, and their elbows rose and fell with an energetic movement as they scooped up the food with undiminished vigor.

"Still eatin' duck," marveled Hot Biscuit Slim.

"They won't be more'n able to *smell* my cream puffs," said the baker enviously.

The loggers ate on. They had now spent twice their usual length of time at the table.

"Still eatin' duck," reported Hot Biscuit Slim.

That no one might see his grief Cream Puff Fatty moved to a dark corner. He was now certain that none of the loggers could have room for his pastries. They ate on. They had now spent three times their usual length of time at the table. The baker was sweating and weeping; he was soaked with despair. Then, suddenly:

"They're eatin' cream puffs!" cried Hot Biscuit Slim.

Cream Puff Fatty could not believe it, but a thrill of hope urged him to see for himself. True enough, the loggers were tackling the pastries at last! On each plate cream puffs lay in golden mounds. As the spoons struck them their creamy contents oozed forth from breaks and crevices. Stimulated by their rich flavor, the loggers ate on with renewed gusto. They had now stayed four times as long as usual at the table. Other enchantments still kept them in their seats: lemon pies with airy frostings, glittering cakes of many colors, slabs of gingerbread, soft cinnamon rolls, doughnuts as large as saucers, and so soft and toothsome that a morsel from one melted on the tongue like cream. So endearing were the flavors of these pastries that the loggers consumed them all.

Cream Puff Fatty and Hot Biscuit Slim solemnly shook hands. There was glory enough for both of them.

V

At last there were no sounds at the tables save those of heavy breathing. The loggers arose in a body and moved sluggishly and wordlessly from the cook-house. They labored over the ground towards the bunkhouses as wearily as though they had just finished a day of deadening

toil. Soon Onion River Valley resounded with their snores and groans. . . .

At supper time, when Hot Biscuit Slim rang the gong, Cream Puff Fatty stood by his side. This was to be the supreme test of their achievement. For five minutes the chief cook beat the triangle, and then a solitary logger appeared in the door of a bunkhouse. He stared at them dully for a moment and then staggered back into the darkness. This was indeed a triumph! Great as other feasts in the cookhouse had been, never before had *all* of the loggers been unable to appear for supper. This was a historic day. Cream Puff Fatty and Hot Biscuit Slim embraced and mingled rapturous tears. . . . They had intimations of immortality. . . .

For five weeks the loggers lay in a delicious torpor, and then Johnny Inkslinger brought them from their bunks with doses of alcohol and Epsom salts. By this time the Big Swede had recovered from his injuries, and Paul Bunyan waited no longer to move his camp. The buildings, which rested on skids, were connected by cables, and the blue ox hauled them over the hills to the new job.

Nothing marred the beauty of that Summer; stirring breezes blew all the days over the loggers as they felled the Leaning Pine trees in perfect lines on the grassy

slopes. The blue ox waxed fat with the ease of his labor. Weeks passed without the Big Swede having a serious accident. Dust gathered on Johnny Inkslinger's medicine case. Hot Biscuit Slim never once failed to remember meat. And a record number of logs were piled above the roll-ways. Paul Bunyan planned a great drive with prideful confidence that it would be the glorious climax of a historic season. But here fortune deserted him, for after driving the logs for nine days, and seeing an exact repetition of scenery three times, he surveyed the placid river and found it to be round; he had been driving the logs in a circle!

Nothing daunted, he thereupon determined to saw the logs and transport the lumber overland, and he erected his famed sawmill, which was nineteen stories high, with each bandsaw running through all the floors. A description of the original machines and devices used in this mill would fill the pages of a mail order catalogue. It is needless to say that it operated perfectly. The only great difficulty Paul Bunyan had to overcome originated from the smokestacks. He was compelled to equip them with hinges and drawbridge machinery so that they could be lowered to let the clouds go by.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

CONTRIBUTION to the American language by the estimable *Daily News* of San Francisco:

Our grossness is tragically painful to men and women from the cultured East. What has never seemed to penetrate their high-class mentality, however, is that to a yokel in the Corn Belt *an intelligentsia* may also be funny.

COLORADO

WORKING of the Holy Spirit in Colorado, as described by Captain S. V. Broas, of the Salvation Army, in the *Loveland Reporter-Herald*:

Charlie was a young man of wonderful possibilities, but he was different from most men. God seemed to have designated him to be a preacher or Salvation Army Officer, for he could not get these things out of his mind, but

HE FOUGHT AGAINST THE CALL.

I met him first at L—, my second appointment, and he came to the mercy seat for salvation. Soon afterwards, however, he went to Chicago, whether to get a job or to get away from God's call, I can't tell.

A year later, by special ruling of God's providence, I was sent back to L—. God had a hand in this matter, for He blessed the work more than you or I could even ask or think. Charlie had

RETURNED FROM HIS WANDERINGS, having had many experiences in which God always spared his life. In one of these narrow escapes he was almost killed. This put him in a hospital for several months.

When I returned to L— he was there, and by a special appointment of God, He led me to Charlie's home. His brother was anything but friendly to me when I left a few months before, but now they were all good friends.

That night Charlie and some others

CAME TO THE MERCY SEAT.

He was saved and seemed to do well for a few days when he became convicted for holiness. This he could not get because he had a brother in Chicago whom he would not forgive. However, on Sunday, after we had dismissed the meeting and had the prayer meeting, Charlie came back and the comrades

ASKED HIM TO SURRENDER.

He told a dream that he had. He saw a ball of fire circling around his head; then it bursted

and he saw the angel sounding the trumpet and following that he saw the whole Salvation Army. His mother, who was also dealing with him, told how she had seen a streak of divine fire come down near her while she was working. This frightened me, for I knew it was

THE JUDGMENT OF GOD.

I told them that Charlie should either get saved that night or go to hell. I then went to the penitent form and knelt in prayer. The comrades stood around him and sang "Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me" and "Listen to Her Pleading." He

COULD STAND IT NO LONGER,

but came and knelt at the mercy seat. He even then would not give up a grudge he had in his heart. When he refused, God seemed to strike him as with a thunder bolt. He saw hell and heaven.

THEN GOD SAVED HIM

and after being under the power of God for nearly an hour behold old things had passed away and behold all things had become new.

Charlie is going to The Salvation Army Training College as soon as he can raise the money to buy uniforms and other things that he needs. We are now praying for his brothers.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

FROM an advertising folder of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, issued just before Doheny, Gaston B. Means, Roxie Stimson, Archie Roosevelt and Al Jennings took the stand:

Washington must be seen; it must be understood; it must be felt by contact to realize its greatness. It is an inspiration. It is the soul of America—the spirit of sacrifice, the vision of the future. . . . To see Washington is to have a deeper reverence for the principles of government and a loftier patriotism.

FLORIDA

STEADY progress of Fundamentalism in the South, as revealed by Concurrent Resolution No. 7 of the Legislature of Florida, 1923:

Be it Resolved by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring,

That it is the sense of the Legislature of the State of Florida that it is improper and subversive to the best interest of the people of this State for any professor, teacher or instructor in

the public schools and colleges of this State, supported in whole or in part by public taxation, to teach, or permit to be taught, atheism or agnosticism, or to teach, as true, Darwinism, or any other hypothesis that links man in blood relationship to any other form of life.

ILLINOIS

TRIUMPH of science in Chicago, as reported by the estimable *American* of that city:

At least two Chicagoans, perhaps more, got England last night in the inter-continental radio test. They were L. Johnson and C. G. Vlahos. Mr. Johnson said: "I had my tube lights low and my potentiometer about three-quarters of the way on. The dials were set at 31-31-28. I heard the orchestra in England playing 'Barney Google.' A few minutes later I heard 'Yes, We Have No Bananas.'"

CURIOUS sentence from *Social Progress*, a forward-looking periodical published in the same city:

Marie Meyer was carefully trained from her earliest years to play the part of Mary Magdalene in the Passion Play at Oberammergau—a truly wonderful experience.

INDIANA

FROM a go-getting pamphlet issued by Wabash College, at Crawfordsville:

A Wabash man is one of the best-known authorities on trust estates in the East.

For six years one of the Senators from Colorado was a Wabashian.

The director of the Y. M. C. A. in Manila is a Wabash man.

A Wabash man gave the Turks one of the finest translations of the Gospel.

A Wabash man is a leading editorial writer on the most important newspaper in Indiana.

The president of the Motion Pictures Producers and Distributors of America is a Wabash man.

A Wabash man is forester of the State of Utah.

The best-known golf architect in the Middle West is a Wabash man.

IOWA

THE metaphysical basis of Rotary, as expounded in an address before Waterloo, Iowa, Rotarians by the Hon. Carl Weeks:

Rotary is not the right of a Rotarian; it is the privilege. The world and men are thinking as they never thought before. Men elected as presidents of Rotary are put there to think. Men have sought to define what Rotary is—what is the secret of its hold upon men. I say Rotary is a manifestation of the divine.

KANSAS

PUBLIC bull issued by the Mayor of Pomona, from the *Pomona Republican*:

WARNING!

Notice is hereby given that the practice of

pitching horseshoes anywhere near or upon the public streets and alleys in the city of Pomona, Kansas, on the Sabbath day must be stopped. Any person violating this order will be vigorously prosecuted. J. S. LARGENT, Mayor.

KENTUCKY

EVIDENCE of a renaissance of Christianity in the blue grass, taken from a press dispatch from Frankfort:

Representative Lee Simons, of Louisville has introduced into the Legislature a bill providing for the suspension of the State Volstead Act during Home-Coming Week, and for the planting of mint-beds. The measure also provides for a special admission-free race meeting at Churchill Downs, and for the refunding of all losing wagers made by home-coming Kentuckians. The bill stipulates that any Prohibition officer who interferes with any home-coming Kentuckian shall be forever prohibited from sampling any liquor he may confiscate.

MAINE

DISPATCH from Orono, seat of the University of Maine, in recent public prints:

If Henry James, society novelist and short story writer of the late Nineteenth Century, were to reappear today one-fifth of the University of Maine freshman class would expect him to be arrayed as a two gun bandit, according to the results of a questionnaire made known today. Martin Luther was the son of Moses; the author of "Vanity Fair" was William Shakespeare; Disraeli was a poet; and Moses was a Roman ruler, according to some of the other answers submitted in reply to questions. Three hundred and fifty students took the tests.

MARYLAND

RISE of the scientific spirit among the amphibious Fundamentalists of the Maryland Free State, as shown by an advertisement of University Baptist Church in the Baltimore *Sunpaper*:

Dr. Melvin G. Kyle, one of the world's greatest archaeologists, will conduct a School of Biblical Research in this church this week. Dr. Kyle has just returned from explorations in Palestine. His purpose was to dredge the Dead Sea in search of the ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah.

MASSACHUSETTS

FROM a solemn guarantee issued by the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, LL.D., in February, 1921:

Senator Fall is a thoroughly upright and high-minded man, and utterly incapable of using his office for his own financial interest.

FROM a St. Patrick's Day oration at Boston

by the Hon. W. T. A. Fitzgerald, an eminent historical scholar of those parts:

The Father of his Country placed unbounded confidence in the patriotism and loyalty of his Irish generals and soldiers, who compromised approximately one-half of the entire Revolutionary Army.

MICHIGAN

How the study of comparative religions is carried on at the University of Michigan, as described by the *Michigan Daily*, the official students' paper:

The students will meet for supper and the consideration of Mohammedanism and Buddhism at 6.30 o'clock. Believers in these oriental faiths will speak of them from affectionate knowledge. Maurine Bauer is a whistling artist of great ability and will assist in the program. Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart," will illustrate the religious service at 7.30 o'clock. Bring nothing less than a dime for the collection.

MINNESOTA

SPREAD of the ideal of Service to the lumber barons, as revealed by a harangue before the Northwestern Lumbermen's Association at Minneapolis by the Hon. Charles D. Marckres, of Perry, Iowa:

As I sometimes wonder about the problem of life and the reason that we lumbermen are permitted to live and enjoy the blessings of this earth, the thought has occurred to me that we are expected to do something more than accumulate wealth for ourselves or build up large business enterprises, or just have all the fun that we can. I sometimes think that our real purpose is to build and create the desire for building homes. And as my thoughts have rambled along that direction, I have wondered whether, when the time comes that we stand before the Great Judge, we could gain anything more than a judgment that would be pronounced something like this: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. As you have provided homes on earth for my children, even so have I provided a home here for you where everlasting happiness and eternal peace shall be your reward in Heaven."

MISSISSIPPI

OBSCENE effects of Negrophile infection among the Ku Kluxers, as reported by the *Tennessee Fiery Cross* of Memphis:

It was our privilege to watch one day recently upon the streets of Jackson, Miss., the impressive greeting of a white professor of Tougaloo University to a Negro couple who were evidently upon his calling list. Rushing wildly across the street to greet them and removing his hat, he grasped them successively by the hand, calling them Mr. and Mrs. and assuring them of his delight at the meeting, and his

desire for further and closer association. To the everlasting credit of the Negroes let it be stated that the demeanor of the sheep-killing dog was a model of heroism compared with the manner in which they looked right and the left, and frantically departed. Their discomfort eloquently bespoke their realization of the impropriety of the entire proceedings and was a rebuke of a nature to make the flesh of a Southern white man crawl.

NEW JERSEY

IMPROVEMENT in mortuary technic in Camden, as reported by the esteemed *Post-Telegram*:

Funeral Directors B. F. Schroeder & Sons have instituted a new plan in the publishing of death notices. The new departure carries the name of the pastor conducting the service, as well as the name of the church. The new idea has met with the approval of many, according to the phone calls, letters and personal congratulations which have been forthcoming.

NEW YORK

PROGRESS of the Higher Learning at Columbia University, from a list of "subjects covered by the Home Study Courses" in a paid advertisement of the university in the estimable *Dial*:

Philosophy
Photoplay Composition
Biblical Literature
Fire Insurance
Foreign Exchange
Greek
Typewriting
Scouting
Composition of Lyric Poetry
Public Speaking
Modern Drama
Sociology
Psychology of Advertising
Latin

NORTH CAROLINA

EXCHANGE of amenities between church and State in North Carolina, as reported by a news dispatch from Raleigh:

The ball room of the governor's mansion was the scene of a prayer service this afternoon, when more than 100 people, mostly State officials and employees and their wives, attended services conducted by the Rev. M. F. Ham. The evangelist highly praised Governor Morrison for the character of his administration, mentioning specifically the action of the executive in throwing out books on evolution from the accredited list of school books.

NORTH DAKOTA

HANDBILL distributed among the freemen of the rising town of Harvey by Pastor

Albert H. Crombie, the local Dr. John Roach Straton:

Fellow Citizens:

Everybody knows that it is the work of Ministers of the Gospel to preach against and fight sin—not simply picture the joys of heaven for the few. I'm not much good at preaching about the sins of Jerusalem or Moses but I try to preach practical sermons against the sins of Harvey and her Citizens. And so—in the CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—

NEXT SUNDAY NIGHT—AT 7.30 O'CLOCK SHARP, I AM GOING TO PREACH THE PLAINEST, STRAIGHTEST AND HOTTEST SERMON ABOUT THE SINS OF HARVEY THAT I KNOW HOW TO PREACH.

Judge what it will be like by my sermons on dancing, card playing, movies and tobacco. I haven't room here to tell you much about it but if you want to know what my subject will be—here it is:

“UNDER THE LID OF HARVEY—THE SINS OF OUR CITY”

In that sermon I am going to tell you about the Officers and certain Citizens of our City and show you just what people believe is going on, such as home brewing—bootlegging—gambling—cigarette selling—and worse things. I'm not going to abuse anyone but I'm going to try to show you the real Harvey—the City that blindfolded the Governor of the State and fooled the Soo Railroad Officials and made them believe that Harvey is a decent city.

You have heard the gossip—I challenge you to come out and hear the facts. If you love God and hate the devil—or vice versa—come early and get a good seat.

Don't forget the place and date and come if you think I will deliver the goods. CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH SUNDAY NIGHT.

REV. ALBERT H. CROMBIE.

OHIO

THE Higher Education at the Ohio State University, as described by the Columbus *Dispatch*:

Wary Wade, a high ranking student at Ohio State, has the right angle on boxing. Every time out he is determined to learn something new, and he is making one beautiful effort to educate his already smart left hand. It is going to spell bad news for a lot of his future opponents. This boy trains daily and his improvement has been so remarkable that many of the smart people in a boxing way predict a great future for him. His clean-cut appearance is attracting attention on the campus and groups of co-eds are becoming unusually talkative.

OKLAHOMA

SIGN over a popular restaurant in North Main Street, Oklahoma City:

EVERY ONE OF OUR COOKS IS A MOTHER.

OREGON

JURISTIC news from the eminent Portland *Telegram*:

S. B. Davis, a Lane farmer, who was arrested recently for trapping duck out of season, sent a letter to Federal Prosecutor Joseph Stearns, asking to be allowed to plead guilty by mail. He inclosed a check for \$50 to cover the fine.

“That's all right,” said Judge Wolverton. “I'll accept the plea by mail—and as long as he has sent a check for \$50, that will be the fine this court will impose.”

The usual fine is \$10.

PENNSYLVANIA

PROGRESS of Christian thought in Philadelphia, as reported by the *Public Ledger*:

Protesting because the most popular picture at the Academy of the Fine Arts exhibition, as decided by vote, for the third time was a nude, the Rev. G. E. Nichols, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Seventeenth above Walnut street, asks that in the future there be a contest to decide the most liked painting, excluding nudes.

“Does it not seem unfortunate that the most popular picture decided by popular vote, at the exhibition recently closed at the Academy of the Fine Arts should again be a nude?” he asks. “It is the third time that the choice of the public has been given to that subject. Might it not be well the coming year to make the contest one among the other pictures put on exhibition, excluding the nude?”

PROGRESS of 100% American jurisprudence in Pennsylvania, as reported in a dispatch to the New York *World* from Doylestown:

Joseph Franzen, an unnaturalized Austrian who was arrested and fined for having in his possession nine dogs on his farm near Wismer, wept as he was ordered by State Dog Catcher Leo L. Lynn to destroy them all. The family of dogs consisted of two adults and seven puppies, all beloved by Franzen and his children. Aliens are forbidden to own dogs in Pennsylvania.

SOUTH CAROLINA

FROM a circular sent to members of Congress by the go-getting sales manager of the Saroco Laboratories, Union, S. C.:

Gentlemen of Congress, we sympathize with you; yours is a difficult task. Instead of pouring oil on troubled waters, you are to take troubled oil out of the waters.

For weeks now the Ship of State has been rocking from the tempest in a Teapot Dome. Yours is the task to take the “dough” from Doheny, examine the “sin” in Sinclair, and investigate what the “clean” in McLean means.

Ours is a different mission. While you are washing Washington clear of oil scandal, allow

us to suggest to you a capital dome-cleanser for every "coco" beneath the Capital Dome. Not only do we need clean hands, but a clean scalp. We have a Sham Poo that is real; it will meet your vital needs. Cocoa Oil for coco nuts.

Remember, that when Samson lost his hair, he lost his strength; Caroco will help you avoid his fate. It is made in Union (S. C.) for all the Union.

Gentlemen of Congress, your mental activity withers your hair roots; we offer you the antidote.

TENNESSEE

PROGRESS of the New Jurisprudence in Tennessee, as reported by a news dispatch from Chattanooga:

M. B. Partain, a farmer, was awarded \$2 damages in the Circuit Court here today against R. B. Alexander, a subscription solicitor for the *Chattanooga Times*, for "mental anguish, worry and loss of sleep" caused by his failure to receive the paper after he had subscribed for it.

TEXAS

APPLICATION of theology to scientific salesmanship among the Texas Baptists, as reported by the *Dallas Times-Herald*:

More than 100 men attended the opening lecture of the Y. M. C. A. salesmanship course in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium Wednesday evening, marking the beginning of a sixteen-week session given by the *Dallas Institute of Technology School of Commerce*. Frank Moran, addressing the group on "Salesmanship as a Profession," mentioned that salesmanship dated back to Biblical times. Among other things he said that Christ Himself sold Christianity to His disciples and His disciples sold it to others, and that it had been so well sold that nobody else had ever been able to sell any other form of religion.

PROOF that the apostolic spirit still lives in El Paso, from a sermon by the Rev. W. B. Hogg, of Trinity Methodist Church:

If I had plenty of money and time I would like to take a whole gang of men to some quiet spot down the valley where they could watch the river flow by and hear about Jesus.

WASHINGTON

FROM a proclamation issued to the citizens of Seattle by the Sons of the American Revolution, the American Legion, the Knights of Columbus and the Jewish Welfare Board jointly:

1

George Washington and others of the Continental Congress were "quarrelsome, pettifogging lawyers and mechanics."

2

Our MOTHERS of Colonial days were "hideous women," clothed "in rags."

3

The Declaration of Independence is still debatable.

4

The purposely empty niche in the Saratoga Monument "should contain THE STATUE OF BENEDICT ARNOLD."

5

THE COLONISTS WERE A BAD LOT

This is exactly what is being taught to your children in MUZZEY'S HISTORY in use in Seattle Public Schools today.

IT CAN BE STOPPED

SATAN IN THE DANCE-HALL

BY GREGORY MASON

WHEN John Barleycorn, hamstrung and a fugitive, was driven to adopt the covert existence he now leads in this great moral Republic, the forces of Christian purity looked about them for new enemies to conquer. For a while a division in council beset them. One wing advocated an onslaught on tobacco, with the cigarette as the first victim. Another proposed an immediate campaign against Sabbath-breaking. A third nominated the dance for the slaughter. The debate went on furiously, and is going on, in fact, even yet. But gradually the third party seems to be prevailing. The anti-tobacco campaign, though it continues, is anaemic and ineffective. The battle for a graveyard Sunday is going badly. But the war upon the dance is rapidly accumulating captains and troops, and pretty soon, I believe, it will break out violently. On all sides volunteers step forward. The eminent Dr. John Roach Straton, the New York Savonarola, makes a round of dance-halls gathering material for a gaudy Sunday sermon. Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, founder of "The Door of Hope," announces gravely that 70 per cent of the fallen girls in the Metropolis were ruined by jazz. One Faulkner, a favorite moral snouter of Los Angeles, says that 163 out of 200 bad girls out there, or 81½ per cent, slipped, as his report has it, "From the Ballroom to Hell." And from almost every other State come bulletins describing other such investigations, crusades, denunciations, appeals to Christian indignation.

Nevertheless, the dance-hall seems to be prospering; it is, indeed, rapidly building up a patronage comparable to that of the

old-time saloon, now extinct. There were more saloons, true enough, but who ever heard of one accommodating 3,000 customers? Worse, the dance-hall is working its wicked will upon the young, innocent and tender. The majority of patrons of saloons, as every reader of pious literature knows, were tottering and senile wrecks, bleary-eyed, palsied and with bad kidneys. But the majority of those who now fling their legs nightly to the strains of jazz are in the full flush of youth. The Sunday-schools invite them in vain. Disregarding the warnings of Holy Writ, the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the moral sentiment of Christendom, they seek a dreadful, perilous delight in hoofing the light fantastic, cheek to cheek.

II

Darwinians, atheists, antinomians, enemies of revelation—in brief, men of science—tell us that the dance, historically, is coeval with mankind's emergence from apehood. "The socialization of man," says Grosse in his "Beginnings of Art," "was due to the dance." And Havelock Ellis declares that dancing was the father of morality. If scholars and scientists are so respectful to the dance, why are all the bourgeois eyebrows lifted? Of course, so long as the Catholic Church was Christendom the dance was tolerated and even fostered, for the heads of that sagacious organization saw its uses as a safety value, as they did those of the theatre. But with the first withering blast of the Reformation the dance became taboo among the devil-chasers of Protestantism.

Then came the Industrial Revolution. Driven into the monotonous uniformity of factory-town life, the plain people forgot their folk-dances. In America, where the fangs of both Puritanism and the Industrial Revolution shot their poison deep, the dance and the whole play instinct atrophied. To sum up in the words of Miss Maria Ward Lamb, a sociologist who has exhaustively explored the subject, and to whom I am indebted for many pertinent suggestions:

Relegated to the dive by religion and custom, the dance became the scapegoat for many of the social problems of the Nineteenth Century. The consequences of youth, inexperience and adventurous spirit were laid, not to the blindness of the community, indifferent to the need of youth for joy and play, but to the dance-hall—to the very dance itself. When the community finally took action on the dance its attitude was so colored by this point of view that only repressive legislation resulted. . . . The dance-hall, instead of being studied for what it revealed of people's psychic needs or the flux of customs in the New World, was violently denounced and came close to annihilation by legislation.

Of course, actually to annihilate dancing by legislation would be just as impossible as to annihilate drinking. (One has a vision of padded halls with noiseless pianos flashing rhythms in colored lights and couples dancing gum-shod!) But the danger is not yet past that the Constitution will be embellished with a further expression of the neuroses of Methodism—an amendment, not directed alone at rhythmic cuddling and pelvic pivoting, but one as sweeping as the Eighteenth Amendment—a ban which will exclude even the gossamer girls hurdling barberry bushes whose legs make popular the Rotogravure Sections of the newspapers. No, the danger of this Twentieth Amendment is not past. For the dance-hall habit is increasing, and with it the indignation of the lobbyists of Puritania. Statistics bravely gathered by agents of powerful moral organizations who have risked their senses of smell, hearing and decency in the cause show that in New York fourteen per cent of the males between the ages of

seventeen and forty and ten per cent of the females of the same ages attend public dance-halls at least once a week. Twenty-five per cent of the youth of San Francisco have the dance-hall habit. These statistics are more arresting when you bear in mind that they omit large numbers outside of the age limits stated as well as all the less habitual visitors within them; moreover, they take no account of the sons and daughters of the rich, or of any of the others whose terpsichorean libido is discharged privately or in any milieu but that of the 100 per cent public dance-hall. For this term, as I shall explain, does not include cabarets, restaurants, or any other institutions in which dancing is incidental to eating or other sports.

The dance habit, alas, is no more firmly rooted in large cities than it is in small ones. Such remote burghs as Boise, Idaho, offer the light-footed stranger entertainment at a modest price. Even in such strongholds of Christian sentiment as Olean, New York, one may find, at least on certain nights of the week, open oases of oscillation, and doubtless they reach as large a percentage of the local population as do the 653 hopping palaces of the Metropolis. But before we scrutinize the dance-halls themselves one more glance back at history will be helpful. This is recent history. Before the Volstead Act, yet not more than fifteen or twenty years ago, the pleasures associated with Terpsichore and Bacchus began to be separated. Canny adventurers of the sort who profit by the sinfulness of the masses—that is the lesser magnates of the circus, the saloon, the ten-, twenty-, thirty-circuit and the six-day bicycle race—discovered that it paid to give the slaves of the Greek muse temples where their worship would not be interrupted by the swash of suds and the righteous roar of the bouncer. From that discovery dated the modern public dance-hall movement, a phenomenon which has by no means attained its height even today.

III

It may be well to define terms. The American public dance-hall, for the purposes of this paper, and for all practical purposes whatsoever, is confined to three chief manifestations: 1, halls rented by "clubs"; 2, so-called "dance-palaces"; and 3, places best described by the nickname of the moral crusaders as "closed halls," *i. e.*, dance-halls open only to men, who therein take their exercise with hired "hostesses" or "instructresses."

Of these three forms of public dancing that found in the "clubs" is less stereotyped than the other two, and more like ordinary private dancing. In many instances these "clubs" resemble the old-fashioned German, Irish, Polish and Bohemian dance-halls, of which some "clubs," in fact, are direct outgrowths. A few are actually social in organization, the members sharing the expenses. Such "clubs" still show a good deal of local flavor. Thus, on the lower East Side of New York one finds many a solidly Jewish organization a-shimmying, while elsewhere one may stumble on the soirées of Italian spaghetti vendors, Pullman porters and Bohemian buttonhole-makers. But though there is foreign color remaining, in nearly every case the members have abandoned their tribal steps for the rhythmic walking and wiggling which have become the national dance of the United States. The fêtes in such "clubs" are in some instances virtually private, but more frequently it is made quite easy for the lonely and casual stranger to gain membership. A large number of these "clubs," indeed, are frankly commercial. The method is for a promoter to hire chambers and defray all the expenses, counting on the sale of "membership" tickets for reimbursal and his profit. The "club" fiction is used because in many cities this brings easier terms from the License Commissioner and greater liberality as to late hours from the police. Such a club (of the black-and-tan sub-species)

is the Capitol Palace in Harlem's Little Africa, in which I gained all the rights and privileges of membership for 1924 by the payment of one dollar and fifty cents to a courteous gateman of color.

The dance-palace is the form of public dance-hall best known to the public at large. The palaces are huge, brilliantly lighted and electrically advertised structures occupying desirable sites on the realty maps of our larger cities. The first, or one of the very first, established in the whole country was opened in Grand Central Palace, New York, in 1911. Dance-palaces pay tremendous rents and accommodate from five hundred to three thousand patrons, who are of both sexes. In general, their habitués are lower in social rank than the patrons of good cabarets and restaurants, but on Saturdays and Sundays (when they are open on the Sabbath) one often finds also the sleek and semi-civilized type of business man with his wife or stenographer. Some dance-palaces charge a flat admission fee, usually of from fifty cents to a dollar and a half; others charge an average of five cents for each dance; still others require tickets of their "guests" both downstairs at the door and upstairs at the many gates in the embellished fence which divides the polished parquetry from the space used for smoking, imbibing, taking the weight off the feet, or pursuing amorous adventure. The latter purpose, by the way, is one which draws many men and women to the palaces, and it is an even stronger factor in filling the "closed halls" with the seedy type of male. Attempts to change human nature by legislation never do more than change its means of expression. There is no doubt that to a large extent public dance-halls cater to the lamentable instincts that were formerly satisfied by Raines Law hotels and Venus Pedestris.

The philandering which goes on is of different varieties. Some of it is between male and female patrons, some of it between male patrons and "hostesses." These ladies are provided in the palaces as well as in

the closed halls. Naturally they do more business in the latter establishments, where, to dance at all, a man must dance with *them*. Yet, as they are chosen with an eye to pulchritude, they are generally busy enough in both sorts of halls. During the fiscal year 1922-23 the twenty-two "instructresses" in a typical Manhattan palace trotted with 57,221 men at the rate of thirty-five cents for each three dances, the hall netting \$20,027.35 from this source alone. To dance with a hostess in a palace a man must pay more than to jig with a lady patron, the usual price being from thirty-five to forty-five cents for three dances. Of this sum the damsel gets fifty per cent or a little more, and the hall gets the rest. However, as one of these sirens confessed to me frankly, "the most of what we make we get on the side." But these tips to hostesses do not invariably connote "immorality," as some excited reformers profess to believe. Often they are as unencumbered with obligation as a tip to a barber. It would be a great mistake, indeed, to conclude that all the hostesses are plying two professions. The types in this work range all the way from the classical honest working girl, not averse to teasing, down to the scarcely disguised prostitute. In the better halls the latter are very scarce; in the scurvier dives they are in the overwhelming majority.

The third class of pirouetting parlor, the closed hall, is more frankly commercial, primitive and sordid than either the club or the palace. It is a direct descendant of the mining camp joint. The men far outnumber their hired partners, who must be of athletic fibre to endure the ceaseless trotting. The admission fee, of from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a quarter, includes six or eight dance tickets. When these are exhausted the eager male may buy further rounds at ten cents apiece or three for a quarter. The palace is usually decked out with rococo murals, chandeliers, and carved railings; the closed hall is in a dingy, bare room above a cheap store or moving picture theatre. The palace

often has two orchestras, and occasionally they are of some excellence; the closed hall contents itself with one overworked band. The palaces give you ten or twelve whirls around the floor for your money; in the closed halls the music lasts but from forty to sixty seconds. In some halls the intermission between the brief curvets is so short that the enamored male finds that his mercenary partner has snatched seven or eight tickets from his fist before he realizes that his first dance is concluded. Then, "You'll have to get some more tickets, dearie,"—and the gate is indicated.

A considerable proportion of the girls in the closed halls have regular daytime employment—say in five-and-ten-cent stores or hash-houses—and serve Terpsichore only two or three evenings a week. In that case they are usually paid about four cents a dance. When they work five or six evenings out of every seven each wobble around the floor brings them five or six cents. To make twenty to twenty-five dollars a week a girl must submit to the embraces of truck-drivers and soda-water clerks four hundred times, or seventy times an evening. Certainly this is earned increment—more earned, surely, than the income of the instructresses in the palaces who, dancing with neater, sweeter males, average about seven dollars an evening week-days, and fourteen dollars Saturdays and Sundays. The chief *raison d'être* of the closed hall is to provide amusement for worthy but unattractive men who are unable to compete against the perfumed haberdashers and bank clerks of the palaces. Orientals and Negroes are pointedly discouraged from entering the big open halls, so they and the halt, blind and pockmarked among the Caucasians seek the elevating companionship of white women lower down the scale. The managers of the "men only" resorts insist that their hostesses shall trip with whomsoever asks. Curiously enough however, one almost invariably observes that the conduct of these Chinese, Japanese, Filipino and African revelers is more restrained and orderly than that of the low

white males with whom they rub elbows. Often there is something of awe and devotion in the attitude of the Chinese laundryman or Negro chauffeur toward the tawdry fair-skinned lass who receives his largess. A fitting thing this, in the eyes of the preacher of Nordic supremacy, but somehow tinged with pathos for the unprejudiced anthropologist.

With the growing strength of feminism what is virtually a new type of closed hall has made its appearance, to wit, the "refined" resort where ladies of means may charter a cavalier for the afternoon or evening. There is a hotel in Fifth Avenue which thus caters to the lonely lady's need of masculine companionship in dancing, shopping and theatre-going. A personable youth who "works" there when theatrical managers are cold to him avers that fifteen or twenty dollars is his usual tip for the afternoon, but he once received a *pourboire* of fifty dollars. The clientèle is small and exclusive, and only two or three "hosts" are on hand. Indeed, the casual tea drinker would not know of their presence unless she gained the confidence of the woman manager.

IV

Now that we have glanced at the three chief classes of public dance-halls, some general observations may be in order. The man who knows his United States knows that radio, the chautauqua, the syndicated news feature and the comic strip have made us an homogeneous people. The dance hall shows this homogeneity, too, from Broadway to the Barbary Coast. One geographical difference which I have observed, however, is that the Far West is more partial to the waltz than the East. In Seattle, in 1923, one prominent dance-palace was offering as many waltzes as fox-trots, a taste which would not be tolerated by connoisseurs along the Atlantic Coast. Another safe generalization is that the tango is rarely danced in the small town hall, whereas in the big cities it is done much more frequently and more skil-

fully than a half decade ago. Of course, the small town sport enjoys himself more than his cousin in the metropolis. A blind man could not miss the universal boredom of the patrons of the dance emporia in the urban centres. Ennui mars the faces of them all, a bovine apathy in harmony with their perpetually jerking jaws, champing chicle. You ask a girl to dance; if willing, she does not risk losing mandible motion by uttering a word, she rises negligently; if unwilling, she vouchsafes no sign save a slow wagging of the head, carmine lips and pale muzzle still devoted to her munch. Let the unhabitual male visitor be not offended by this unresponsiveness; it is ordinary dance-hall manners. In fact—and here's a hint to some earnest reformers—the most immoral thing about the public dance-hall is probably the dead, pallid boredom that it begets, the absolute crushing out of any such slight spontaneity as these young male and female products of our industrial civilization may have yet possessed when they entered its doors. The very steps of the fox-trot and one-step are appallingly monotonous. Any cretin could learn them in one evening.

Spontaneity, indeed, is the very deadliest of sins to the average floor manager—that censor of morals employed by even the lowest dance-hall. He will often tolerate the suggestive undulation of a nearly stationary couple locked in the shimmy, he will always tolerate the disgusting and awkward waist-lock of the "collegiate" position—for that is good form on the East side of Fifth Avenue—but he will squelch instantly the rare soul whom the hackneyed music stimulates into a little improvised leaping or whirling. "Dat rough stuff don't go, see?" Fairness demands the chronicling of an exception. The New York palace called Roseland sets aside one evening each week for the "Paul Jones" and other forms of *ensemble* dancing and stunts. Then, for a short while, the pale, languid clerks and cash-girls take on the semblance of young humanity enjoy-

ing itself. This is the only place where I have ever seen a genuine play atmosphere in a public dance-hall. And the rare tangoes are the only forms of saltatory exercise ever beheld which pique the aesthetic sense.

One thing that reduces the fun is the fact that the patronage of public dance-halls is hardly ever local. Though attendance becomes a habit with most of the participants, they drift from hall to hall, and in the larger places nearly everyone is a stranger to everyone else. A considerable proportion of the clientèle consists of mature or middle-aged men away from home. Usually a low ceiling and a thick atmosphere mean low, murky standards. But there is a difference between scurviness and what the pure mean by "immorality." Often there is less of the latter in a dirty warren below the pavement level than in the pretentious, flamboyant *jardin de jazz*. The term *jardin* is not used here carelessly. Dance halls love to call themselves gardens, witness Clover Gardens, Terrace Gardens, Tango Gardens, etc. This casual fact reveals one of the two chief reasons for the success of the public dance-hall. That reason is that the institution caters to the normal man and woman's love of being socially significant. As our humdrum civilization is organized, the average youth and maiden of the working classes find little stimulus to *amour propre* and normal egotism in the environment where bread is won. There he and she are just numbers on the payroll, cogs in the human machinery of a vast office or vaster factory. But in the dance-halls such youths and maidens become Somebody. To the same music they dance the same steps as their luckier cousins in Newport and Tuxedo. The *décor* of the dance-hall is their idea of affluent taste. The very pretense of moral strictness soothes their selves which would be socially distinguished while offering little hindrance to their other selves which would be amorously lax. The frequent signs, "Gentlemen Must Not Dance With

Ladies Until They Have Been Properly Introduced" lend a social "tone" to the hall, and at the same time add a tiny zest to the universal disregard of that warning. And probably the many admonitions against feminine smoking give the fair smokers more pleasure than they take away.

The second factor in the success of the dance-hall is that it offers sexual stimulation in a pleasant and relatively civilized form. There is no doubt about this. Indeed, there is no doubt that the modern dance—in or out of public halls—is sexually titillating. Ask ten honest men if this be true, and nine will answer in the affirmative. Ask ten women . . . well, women may be less susceptible or they may be less honest. The obvious fact has been seized upon by reformers and moralists with avidity, and their indignation has enhanced the normal tendency of dance-hall magnates to simulate a proper fastidiousness. But, being clever business men, they remember that although their patrons relish an appearance of purity they do not enjoy the actual state. The result is an amusing two-mindedness on the part of managers, well illustrated by the Chicago proprietor who admonished his subordinates to "keep this place clean, but not too clean." The houris who are hired to lure men into the *salons* of syncopation are torn by this duality of aim. On the one hand, ever alert for furtive investigators, they seek to impress the stranger with the propriety of their background. On the other hand, they have to make a living, and their prey is not attracted by prudery. By referring to a recent investigation I sought to draw out an instructress in a big palace on this point.

"This place is absolutely proper," she declared. "We have a very refined class of patrons. Besides, there's a policewoman here every night."

"Is she in disguise?" I inquired.

"Oh yes, disguised as a lady patron."

"I should think you might resent that."

"Oh no, we hostesses coöperate with

her. We tell the men where to get off. Of course, I never allow men to dance close with me." She studied me earnestly. "That is, not *all* men," she added.

The same girl observed that the technic of amour is really very little understood among the forlorn gallants who have to use dance-halls as hunting grounds.

"The average man," she remarked feelingly, "don't seem to understand that a lady falls quicker for a man who keeps the talk on a high plane than for the bird who comes across with some crude proposition."

V

Her implication that it is the woman rather than the man who determines whether dancing shall be *intime* or formal offers confirmation of the charges of all the official censors. In Cleveland, where dance-halls are regulated by city ordinance, one of the rules says:

Male dancers are not permitted to hold their partners tightly—generally this is the fault of the gentleman's partner. Both dancers should assume a light, graceful position.

Other orders of the city dance-hall inspector there are as follows:

Vulgar, noisy jazz music is prohibited. Such music almost forces dancers to use jerky half-steps and invites immoral variations.

Partners are not permitted to dance with cheeks close or touching. When dancers put their cheeks together it is simply a case of "public love-making."

So-called "neck-holds" are prohibited. The gentleman's arm should encircle his partner's waist, his hand resting lightly at her spine, just above the waist line; the lady's left arm should not encircle the gentleman's shoulders or neck.

Dancers are not permitted to take either exceptionally long or short steps. . . .

Don't dance from the waist up; dance from the waist down.

Flirting, spooning, and rowdy conduct of any kind is absolutely prohibited.

All men must remove their hats while in the dance-hall.

"Moonlight" dances are not permitted, unless there is sufficient light in the building so the patrons can be easily seen.

Gentlemen must wear coats while dancing. During the hot Summer months, shirt-waists must be worn with full-length sleeves, cuff links fastened and belt.

So pure is Cleveland! And yet the city which forbids dancers to take "either exceptionally long or short steps" has perhaps more noticeable prostitution on its streets than any other large town in the country save Kansas City. Though the Barbary Coast long ago became a synonym with the pious for lurid sin, the women's organization which set out to clean up San Francisco was much more temperate than the reformers of Cleveland. Here we had the strange spectacle of politicians and police welcoming the coöperation of the reformers and cheerfully surrendering censorship to them. At the request of the women a female inspector appointed by them but *paid by the dance-halls* was put in every den of fox-trotting. The police made the issuance of licenses dependent on the presence of these moral matrons. The latter soon earned the sobriquet of "Mother," and apparently the moguls of amusement are now quite reconciled to their maternal supervision. The reformers, with unusual wisdom, were temperate in their demands, being content with the elimination of the places "for men only." The abolition of these primitive haunts helped the other halls and now the proprietors of the latter are piously chanting that "purity is the best policy."

The directors of Chicago's danceland gave ear to that hymn and welcomed the army of asepticity with disarming smiles. Hear the praises of the local managers sung by the Juvenile Protective Association:

. . . the Association of Ballroom Managers . . . accepted our suggestions in raising the standard of music, dancing, and general regulations, barred suggestive pluggers and songs, employed women supervisors, and finally . . . gave a benefit for us, advertising it as "Correct Dance Night" and there demonstrating all the standards we stand for. About \$800 was cleared and contributed to our organization from this dance, but the spirit in which it was done and the general advertising of what it was and what they were trying to do meant more to us than the money. It is interesting to note that many of the smaller, badly regulated halls have closed because they can not get business and there is a gradual growth of the larger, very well regulated ballrooms like the New Trianon on the South Side. We have supplied women supervisors and chaperons for

many halls and dances, including high schools and manufacturing establishments as well as the regular halls.

Again—as in a novel by Harold Bell Wright, purity and profits go hand in hand! Soon, perhaps, we shall have employment agencies which specialize in supplying certified chaperons. But in New York the police so far have not entered whole-heartedly into the service of the new uplift. Each inspection district has its policewoman, but there are many demands on the time of these ladies, as, for instance, the important duty of alluring and apprehending street mashers. Each of five of the city's inspection districts also has its "morals squad" of twenty policemen. But these men are practically monopolized by the directors of certain private foundations for moral prophylaxis, which gentlemen, to be quite frank, make their living at the pleasant sport of prostitute hunting. The private sleuths who work for such organizations are paid according to the number of public women they can induce to solicit them. The public dance-halls offer them less remunerative hunting than the streets, and so they do not, at the moment, devote much of their time to Terpischores. But the New York dance-halls have been lately investigated by the Women's City Club and the City Recreation Committee, an inquiry meriting mention because of the exceptional sanity with which it was conducted, some newspaper headlines to the contrary notwithstanding. The investigators, led by Miss Lamin, whose tolerant views have been quoted, actively encouraged such proprietors as showed the slightest appreciation of the value of spontaneity and originality in merry-making. And the restraint of the generalissimo of the investigation, Mrs. Henry Moskowitz, deserves to be recorded, so unique it was. Reading her report to a

roomful of rich women eager to be frightened—and the more they were frightened the more they would have contributed to the uplift—she reached the calm conclusion that only twenty per cent of New York's dance-halls were morally scrofulous!

Nearly always, however, the attempts to censor dancing are conceived in hysteria and carried out to absurdity. The beadles of Rochester have attempted to define precisely the position which dancers may hold. The town fathers of Oshkosh have declared it black sin for prancing men and women to look into each other's eyes. Other extremists have even proposed the compulsory wearing of Sir Galahad belts of four inch daggers and electrically charged wires to make sin perilous and painful. Baseball masks would hinder cheek-to-cheek dancing. (One would have been appreciated by a lady I know, who, trying to draw back from a too proximate partner, found that his inexpertly chewed gum had entangled her hair-net!) Alas for the pure! Their ideal of a man and woman ambulating about the floor in immaculate aloofness will never be realized so long as convention still allows the man to put his arm around his partner's waist. Some day, perhaps, zealots will propose to cut off his arm. . . . The worst of it is that in this godless age a wicked scientist may always be found to defend the normal instincts. Here, for example, is a medico named B. S. Talmey. Writing in *American Medicine* of the sex problems of nubile, he says:

In the interest of hygiene . . . the enthusiasm for dancing ought to be encouraged and fostered as an outlet for sexual tension. . . . The only safety valve for the repressed emotions is either auto-eroticism, promiscuity or the dance, and the latter is the least harmful of the three.

But let us quote no more of such satanic stuff!

CLINICAL NOTES

BY H. L. MENCKEN AND GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Science and Art.—Every time science and invention make another step forward it is at the expense of art. Thus the moving picture takes its pound of flesh from the drama, the phonograph its pound of flesh from music, and the radio its pound of flesh from the reading lamp and literature.

The Ghostly Fraternity.—Around no class of men do more false assumptions cluster than around the rev. clergy, our lawful commissioners at the Throne of Grace. I proceed at once to a crass example: the assumption that clergymen are necessarily religious. Obviously, it is widely cherished, even by clergymen themselves; the most ribald of us, in the presence of a holy clerk, is a bit self-conscious, reticent and awed. I am myself given to criticizing Divine Providence somewhat freely, but in the company of the rector of my parish, even at the *Biertisch*, I tone down my animadversions to a level of feeble and polite remonstrance. I know the fellow too well, of course, to have any actual belief in his piety. He is, in fact, rather less pious than the average right-thinking Americano, and I doubt gravely that the sorceries he engages in professionally every day awaken in him any emotion more lofty than boredom. I have heard him pray for Coolidge, for the heathen and for rain, but I have never heard him pray for himself. Nevertheless, the public assumption that he is highly devout, though I dispute it, colors all my intercourse with him, and deprives him of hearing some of my most searching and intelligent observations.

All that is needed to expose the hollowness of this ancient delusion is to consider the chain of causes which brings a young

man to taking holy orders. Is it, in point of fact, an irresistible religious impulse that sets him to studying exegetics, homiletics and the dog-Greek of the New Testament, and an irresistible religious impulse only, or is it something quite different? I believe that it is something quite different, and that that something may be described briefly as a desire to shine in the world without too much effort. The young theologian, in brief, is commonly an ambitious but somewhat lazy and incompetent fellow, and he studies theology instead of medicine or law because it offers a quicker and easier route to an assured job and public respect. The sacred sciences may be nonsensical bores, but they at least have the vast virtue of short-circuiting, so to speak, the climb up the ladder of security. The young doctor, for a number of years after he graduates, either has to work for nothing or to content himself with the dregs of practice, and the young lawyer, unless he has unusual influence or complete atrophy of the conscience, often teeters on the edge of actual starvation. But the young divine is a safe and distinguished man the moment he is ordained; indeed, his popularity, especially among the faithful who are fair, is often greater at that moment than it ever is afterward. His livelihood is assured instantly. At one stroke, he becomes a person of dignity and importance, eminent in his community, deferred to even by those who question his magic, and vaguely and pleasantly feared by those who credit it.

These facts, you may be sure, are not concealed from ambitious young men of the sort I have mentioned. Such young men have eyes, and even a certain capacity

for ratiocination. They observe the four sons of the police sergeant: one a priest at 25, with a fine house to live in, invitations to all christenings and birthday parties for miles around, and plenty of time to go to the ball game on Summer afternoons; the other three struggling desperately to make their livings as piano-movers, tin-roofers, motormen or bootleggers. They observe the young Methodist dominie in his Ford sedan, flitting about among the women while their husbands labor down in the yards district, a clean collar around his neck, a solid meal of fried chicken in his gizzard, and his name in the local paper every day. They observe the Baptist dervish in his white necktie, raiding saloons, touring the bawdy houses and raising hell generally, his tabernacle packed every Sunday night, a noble clink of silver in his collection-plates, and a fat purse for him now and then from the Ladies' Aid or the Ku Klux Klan. Only crazy women ever fall in love with young doctors or lawyers, but every young clergyman, if he is so inclined, may have a whole harem, and with infinitely less danger than a struggling lawyer, a bootlegger or a bank clerk runs every day. Even if he is celibate, the sweet ones bathe him in their smiles; in truth, the more celibate he is, the more attention he gets from them. No wonder his high privileges and immunities propagate the sin of envy! No wonder there are still candidates for the pastoral shroud, despite the vast growth of atheism among us!

It seems to me that the majority of the young men who are thus sucked into holy orders are not actually pious at all, but rather somewhat excessively realistic—that genuine piety is far more apt to keep a youth out of the pulpit than to take him into it. The true *dévoté*, frequenting the sacred edifice constantly, becomes too familiar with the daily duties of a clergyman to see any religious satisfaction in them. In the main, they have nothing to do with religion at all, but are basically social or commercial. In so far as a clergyman works at all, he works as the general

manager of a corporation, and only too often it is in financial difficulties and rent by factions among the stockholders. His specifically religious duties are of a routine and monotonous nature, and must needs depress him mightily, as a surgeon is depressed by the endless snaring of tonsils and excision of appendices. He debases spiritual exaltation by reducing it to a hollow and meaningless formality, as a politician debases patriotism and a lady of joy debases love. He becomes, in the end, quite anaesthetic to religion, and even hostile to it. The fact is made distressingly visible by the right rev. the bench of bishops. For a bishop to fall on his knees spontaneously and begin to pray to God would make almost as great a scandal as if he mounted his throne in a bathing suit. The piety of the ecclesiastic, on such high levels, becomes chiefly formal and theoretical. The servant of God has been lifted so near to the saints and become so familiar with the inner workings of the divine machinery that the sense of awe and wonder has oozed out of him. He can no more undergo a genuine religious experience than a veteran scene-shifter can laugh at the wheezes of the First Gravedigger. It is, perhaps, well that this is so. If the higher clergy were actually religious some of their own sermons would scare them to death.

True piety survives, not in the pulpit, but in the pew. The young man who is genuinely devout does not risk spiritual suicide by undertaking the study of such subjects as sermon structure, extemporaneous speaking, Bible class management, canon law, elementary Hebrew and the archeology of Asia Minor; he remains on his knees, his soul yearning for kingship with God.

Reflections at Forty.—1. Nothing is more offensive to me than the affability toward me of men for whom I have no respect.

2. There is something wrong with the man who tries to make an impression by recourse to protracted periods of silence.

3. I often notice, with a pardonable degree of amusement, that among those critics who are most hostile to me and to what I write are a considerable number who very plainly are imitators of my own style and method of critical attack.

"*Abie Krausmeyer's Irish Rose*."—Although it would doubtless take fifty head of clairvoyants full of opium and working day and night over the glass balls for a month running to root out the true secret of the amazing success of the play called "*Abie's Irish Rose*"—a success that has caused innumerable music show comedians to allude to that opus as the fourth biggest industry in the United States—a few speculations may be permitted one who has set his pet bloodhound to sniffing the trail for a year or more. To those persons who are closely acquainted with American burlesque shows, the huge success of the Nichols play is not as confounding as it is to others. In burlesque, there is a sketch or act or what not called "*Krausmeyer's Alley*." This "*Krausmeyer's Alley*" has enjoyed the longest consecutive run of any theatrical exhibit in American history. It has been playing in the burlesque houses, without interruption, for more than two generations, and, of everything in burlesque, it is the one thing that never fails to amuse its audiences. These audiences see it regularly, and have been seeing it regularly, for many, many years, and in all that time nothing has been hit upon to take its place in their affections. The act is well known to most American men of the present time from their boyhood days. Probably one American male out of every three is familiar with it and has paid it, at one time or another, the tribute of his hearty laughter.

"*Krausmeyer's Alley*," as these will recall, deals with the hostility that exists between the German family Krausmeyer on the one hand and the Irish family Grogan on the other, of their prejudices and the contumely which they heap each upon the other, and of their final more or less

affectionate coming together. This theme is, of course, in view of the nature of burlesque audiences, handled very crudely; it is developed with a slapstick, numerous references to Limburger cheese and showers of dead tomcats; it is related in terms as elemental as A, B, C. And, as I have noted, it regularly tickles more persons annually than any other one thing in the native theatre. What Anne Nichols has done in "*Abie's Irish Rose*" is simply to elaborate the "*Krausmeyer's Alley*" sketch into a three act play and to doll it up a bit—a very small bit—for the two and a half dollar trade. She has kept Grogan as he is in the burlesque perennial and given Krausmeyer the name of Levy. The basic fabric remains exactly the same. What has resulted is the unparalleled success of "*Krausmeyer's Alley*" lifted over from the burlesque houses to the legitimate theatre.

By turning the German character into a Jew, Miss Nichols has plainly widened the box-office appeal of her play—although one ventures the guess that had the late war not occurred she would have kept Krausmeyer just as he was in the burlesque piece and scored not much less of a success. For the burlesque house audiences, filtered through the moving pictures, have overflowed into the legitimate theatre, at least on such occasions as that theatre contains something that is within the range of their taste and intelligence. "*Krausmeyer's Alley*," alias "*Abie's Irish Rose*," is within that range, and under its new title it has captured them just as fully as the stem-play has these forty years and more.

"*Abie's Irish Rose*" is, according to the standards of the legitimate theatre, every bit as elemental as is "*Krausmeyer's Alley*" in the measure of the burlesque theatre. And while Miss Nichols, true enough, is not the first playwright who has tried to carry over the golden success of "*Krausmeyer's Alley*" from burlesque to the legitimate stage, she *is* the first who has had financial sagacity enough to carry over the comic flavor of the theme. In the last twenty years we have had no less than a

dozen attempts to make a drama out of the "Krausmeyer" theme, and none of these attempts has made any money. Making the theme dramatic, treating it seriously, has taken the box-office juice out of it, for there is no difference between the kind of person who likes "Krausmeyer's Alley" at one dollar and the kind who likes it at two and a half dollars. Miss Nichols has kept it in its virginal form, simply deadening the sound of the slapstick to a degree. But though she calls her "Abie's Irish Rose" a comedy, it is a burlesque show for all that. Every single one of its effects—take, for example, the dubbing of Murphy (as she calls Grogan) Murphiski, by way of making Levy think that the Irishman is a co-religionist—is achieved by obvious burlesque show means. If the authors of "As A Man Thinks," "The House Next Door" and all the other dramas of a kidney had related their theme in the low comic manner of Miss Nichols, instead of growing solemn over it, they would undoubtedly have achieved at least a portion of her success. For the theatrical taste of a people changes only on the higher levels. The lower levels remain always set. "Krausmeyer's Alley" will please hundreds of thousands of theatre-goers forty years from now as it pleased them forty years ago.

Market Tip.—The next great fortune to be amassed in the art of letters in the Republic, I venture to guess, will be the reward of that novelist, male or female, who writes a genuinely realistic novel about a happy marriage. Most of the current Zolas and Flauberts, and especially most of the good ones, seem to be desperately afraid of the subject; they appear to believe that dallying with it would convict them of sentimentality and drop them to the level of Harold Bell Wright. Thus they keep on describing marriages which resemble nothing so much as a series of raids by Prohibition enforcement officers, with a leap off the Brooklyn Bridge as climax. Dreiser's heroes imitate the

colossal adulteries of a guinea pig, a movie actor or a Wall Street broker; Hergesheimer shows us a married lady in good circumstances posturing indelicately before another woman's husband and telling him that she longs to be outraged; Anderson admits us to the soul of a Rotarian who strips off his clothes and cavorts before his wife and daughter in the altogether; and even Miss Cather deals with husbands who flee to the wars to escape their wives, and wives who forget the honor of their husbands. I do not allege, of course, that such novels are at odds with the known facts, or that they are immoral and ought to be put down by the police. It must be plain, indeed, that many marriages among us turn out badly, and it must be plain likewise that they are often amusing to the spectator and that they thus deserve to be depicted in our national fiction. But it must be just as plain that for every marriage of that melodramatic and bellicose sort there are at least ten that work out more or less peacefully, and endure until the mortician departs with the party of the first part. What I argue is simply that these relatively happy marriages are just as interesting, taking one with another, as those that end in disaster, that they are enormously commoner, and that they thus deserve more attention than they get from the appointed social historians and psychological histologists of the nation. I daresay that most American husbands, at some time or other, are tempted quite as sorely as John Webster was tempted by Natalie Swartz, and that most wives, on blue days, toy with the dreadful idea voiced by Savina Grove, but the point is that nine-tenths of them somehow get over it—that the average marriage, even in New York and Chicago, somehow muddles through.

It is my contention that this process of muddling though ought to be investigated at length by the more talented of our novelists, that the novel, in their hands, may be brought into closer contact with normal American life. I am not pleading here, of course, for anything so banal as the con-

ventional happy ending of the novelists below the salt. A novel ending peacefully is not necessarily one that ends happily; both parties, in their secret hearts, may long for another epidemic of the flu. Moreover, a novel ending with a smash is not necessarily one that ends unhappily. John Webster, having resumed his clothes and departed with Natalie, is depicted as heaving a tremendous sigh of relief; one fully expects to meet him again in Greenwich Village, leading his own life and master of his soul. But this, obviously, is not a situation that is typical of America—and the more novels get away from what is typical the less substance and vitality they have. The odd, the strange, the fantastic—these things belong to the romance, not to the novel. The charm of even so outlandish a story as Anderson's "Many Marriages," in so far as it has any charm at all, lies in what is typical in it, not in what is far-fetched and astounding. It would have been a far better novel if Anderson had hauled up at the point where John begins to take off his clothes, and made him keep them on, and get rid of Natalie, and come to some sort of *modus vivendi*, happily or unhappily, with his wife. That, one can't help feeling, is what the man Anderson tells us John is would have done—that is what a respectable Rotarian in a small Wisconsin town would have done.

Sinclair Lewis, I sometimes think, is the most intelligent of all American novelists, living or dead. There is no messy artiness in him, no temperament, no posturing; his mind, indeed, is basically scientific, not aesthetic. Lewis, as everyone knows, sticks to normalcy. More, he knows it when he sees it: he is never carried away by the fustian of his own characters. I commend to his prayers the project of a novel dealing at length with the history of a typical American marriage, as aloof in its manner as his "Main Street" and as relentlessly realistic as "Babbitt." Let him show the genesis of the alliance in the intelligent self-interest of the bride-to-be and the dull stirring of romance in the ganglia of the

bridegroom. Let him show it achieved, and then let him show it going through the wash. I doubt that such a marriage offers much of what is commonly called drama; of melodrama it is certainly bare. Its conflicts are not vast armed assaults, with dishpans beaten, women ruined and the house afire, but small irritations. It is not adultery that makes the average American wife grit her teeth, but her husband's prejudices about victuals and his appearance after he has cut himself shaving; it is not the influence of Guillaume Apollinaire or Margaret Sanger that makes the average husband look at his wife with far-away eyes, but the influence of some woman around the corner, met casually in a delicatessen store. These frictions, long continued, make plenty of smoke, but not often, I believe, any actual fire. Let Lewis examine them with his achromatic eyes, and report upon them scientifically. And if he lets the chance go, then let some other novelist embrace it.

On the Husband.—The institution known to civilized society as the husband vouchsafes to the student-connoisseur of the *comédie humaine* a source of much profitless but none the less diverting speculation. Why, for example, should this husband, as he is called, in nine cases out of ten be to the woman whom he has taken unto his bosom a comic figure, one to snicker at silently or to razz more or less openly after the second cocktail has got in its fine Italian vermouth hand? This husband's wife is certainly not a comic figure, as he himself is, nor does he even for an instant so regard her, yet there he stands a target for her internal derisions and for the derisions, perhaps more amiable, of persons removed from his own hearth and home. My long pondering of the problem in behalf of this unfortunate fellow creature has brought me to various conclusions, some of which I have the honor here to divulge.

Courtship, as everyone, including the parties thereto, knows, is a show, a spectacle. This show devolves largely upon

the man, for, while it is not a new business for the woman—since woman is in the show business from the cradle to the grave—it is a comparatively new business for the man. Finding himself in love, as the phrase is, he synchronously finds it necessary for himself to take on the emotional and mental attributes of an actor, and to conduct himself much after the manner of a mime cast for the leading rôle in a romantic drama. In the degree that he succeeds in this is he successful in impressing, captivating and winning the heart and hand of his lady love. For it is customarily this actorial projection of her suitor that the lady becomes enamored of and, enveloped in the purple haze it gives out, capitulates to. But no man not an actor by profession can keep up, or feels like keeping up, the performance once the show is over. Some husbands, true enough, go bravely on with the grease-paint comportment and proscenium behavior for a variable number of years after the wedding bells have rung, but soon or late they lapse back into the *status quo*, into the plain, unromantic fellows they were before the divine passion, as the phrase also is, beset them. The moment the husband thus goes back to normal, that moment does his wife, with the wisdom of safely married women ever, translate her disillusion, usually calmly anticipated, into comfortable comedy. The lover's mask is off and he is revealed as simply a poor clown who is often still lovable but who, for all that, is yet a poor clown: a human being who is half a Rudolph Rassendyl with a two-day's growth of beard and half a neatly shaved meal ticket.

But while this process of actorial disintegration is going on in the husband, the actorial talents of the wife increase in proportionate ratio. As if realizing that the two of them are cast for a single rôle in the tragi-comedy of the matrimonial relation and that one of them has, so to speak, forgotten his lines, the wife appreciates that it is her duty to carry on the show alone, single-handed. In this, her

long and natural training in romantic artifice stands her in good stead. And thus, while her husband appears to her as a once handsome cuspidor from which all the enamel has been chipped, she continues to appear to the old spittoon a relatively theatrical and effective figure. The average husband is approximately as romantic to his wife as a cow. But, despite all the published cynicism to the contrary, the average wife, I fully believe, is a more or less romantic figure to her husband. By romantic I do not obviously necessarily mean the creature of starshine and wild white clover that she was before, during and directly after the woo period, but romantic as a man's close possessions remain ever romantic in his eyes, as the scrapbook of his university days, or his old meerschaum pipe, or his dog. It is for the reason that everyone outside of himself is privy to him that the husband is viewed more or less generally as the pitiable figure in an extravaganza: an actor who once played the leading rôle in romantic "Old Heidelberg" condemned now by ironic nature and by homely fate to the permanent rôle of butler in a hinterland stock company.

Eugenic Note.—Has anyone ever given credit to the Black Death for the Renaissance—in other words, for the whole of modern civilization? I can find no mention of any such theory in the books; most of them try to make it appear, vaguely and unpersuasively, that the Renaissance was somehow set off by the fall of Constantinople in 1453. But how could the fall of one of the most civilized of cities have stimulated the progress of civilization? Somehow, I detect a *non sequitur* here. Other authorities allege that the Renaissance began when scholars from the East appeared at Rome, some of them from Constantinople and some from other places: this, we are told, was about the year 1400. But there is really very little evidence for the fact. Scholars from the East had been familiar to the Romans for at least a thousand years, and yet they had left few

marks upon Italian thought. Moreover, the Renaissance, when it got under weigh at last, was carried forward, not by scholars from the East, but by Italians. All the great names of the time, in all fields from architecture to politics, are Western, not Eastern. There is, indeed, no more evidence in the records that scholars from the East had anything to do with the business than there is that Sioux Indians had a hand in it. The Renaissance was thoroughly occidental; its greatest achievements would have been utterly unintelligible to an Eastern pundit. It did not revive and carry on a work dropped at Constantinople when the Turks approached; it began a work that Constantinople knew absolutely nothing about.

But if Italians launched the Renaissance, with Germans and Frenchmen following after, then why did they wait until the Fourteenth Century to do it? If they were barbarians in the year 1300, how did they manage to convert themselves into highly civilized men—perhaps the most civilized ever seen on earth; certainly vastly more civilized than the grossly overrated Greeks—by 1450? Are we to assume that they were suddenly inspired by God? Or that large numbers of them began to mutate in a De Vriesian manner, highly astonishing to the biologist? I do not believe that it is necessary to dally with any such theories. The Renaissance, it seems to me, is easily and sufficiently explained by the fact that the Black Death, raging from 1334 to 1351, exterminated such huge masses of the European proletariat that the average intelligence and enterprise of the race were greatly lifted, and that this purged and improved society suddenly functioned splendidly because it was no longer hobbled from below. For a thousand years the population of Europe had been steadily increasing, and its best men had been forced, in consequence, to devote themselves to the wasteful business of politics—the grabbing of new territories,

the opening of markets, the policing of the proletariat. Their ability thus had no opportunity to function in a dignified and splendid manner; they were condemned to such dull, degrading tasks as harass United States Senators, generals in the army, Tammany bosses, college presidents and captains of industry. Then, like a bolt from the blue, came the Black Death. In less than twenty years it reduced the population of Europe by at least fifty per cent—and yet it left substantially all of the wealth of Europe untouched. More, it killed its millions selectively; the death-rate among the upper classes, as every schoolboy reading the *Decameron* of Boccaccio knows, was immensely less than the death-rate among the submerged. The net result was that Europe emerged from the pandemic with the old pressure of population relieved, all the worst problems of politics in abeyance, plenty of money, and a newly-found leisure. The best brains of the time, thus suddenly emancipated, began to function freely and magnificently. There ensued what we call the Renaissance.

E. W. Howe.—E. W. Howe's *Monthly*, doubtless well known to readers of these pages, has more common sense in it to the square inch than almost any other American publication. But every once in a while the estimable Ed slips up and negotiates what in the common tongue is known as a bone. It is Howe's monthly animadversion that the difference in circulation between the *Saturday Evening Post* and such a periodical as the *Nation* is proof enough, and proof self-sufficient, of the superior fundamental wisdom and sanity of the former's editorial point of view. Howe has more wisdom and sanity in his little finger than the *Saturday Evening Post* has from crown to toe. Yet his admirable *Monthly*, I venture to say, hasn't half the circulation of even the *Nation*.

THE ENGLISH OF THE NEGRO

BY GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP

THE FIRST Negroes were brought to Virginia twelve years after the settlement at Jamestown and one year before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. The three hundredth anniversary of their arrival is therefore but recently past. The occasion was not celebrated with pageant and rejoicing, but it was nevertheless an anniversary of no little significance. For the twenty black souls that became the chattels of Virginia planters in 1619 are now represented by ten millions of their kin—nearly a tenth of the total inhabitants of the country. Yet they are still outsiders, and time has done little to make them less alien than they were in the beginning. Great numbers of Frenchmen, Germans, Irishmen, and Dutchmen, and not a few Indians have been absorbed by the original stock so completely that only an expert genealogist can discover the fact of their foreign origin. But once a Negro, always a Negro. He is officially an American citizen; in many places he can even vote; but beyond that, let him insist never so violently, he can claim nothing.

In one very important respect, however, the Negro is not a foreigner and an outcast: his language is finally and completely English. Unlike the Indian, who has never been at home in our speech, he has for generations had but one language, and that one the English. Into this, the most intimate social possession of the American people, he has been taken without reservation or qualification. The physical, political and social differences between black and white have not closed the gate. The Negro speaks English of the same kind and, class for class, of the same degree as the English

of the most authentic descendants of the first settlers at Jamestown and Plymouth.

The Negroes, indeed, in acquiring English have done their work so thoroughly that they have retained not a trace of any native African speech. Neither have they transferred anything of importance from their native tongues to the general language. A few words, such as *voodoo*, *hoodoo*, and *buckra*, may have come into English from some original African dialect, but most of the words commonly supposed to be of Negro origin, e.g., *tote*, *jazz*, and *mosey*, are really derived from ancient English or other European sources. The native African dialects have been completely lost. That this should have happened is not surprising, for it is a linguistic axiom that when two groups of people with different languages come into contact, the one on a relatively high, the other on a relatively low cultural level, the latter adapts itself freely to the speech of the former, whereas the group on the higher cultural plane borrows little or nothing from that on the lower.

II

Many of the characteristics of Negro English which are assumed to be the peculiar property of the Negroes are merely archaic survivals of good old English. Such survivals might reasonably be expected, for a people more or less isolated from the central developments in the life of a race always retain cultural characteristics that the main body loses. This isolation may be geographical, like that of the Tennessee mountaineers, or it may be social, as with the Negroes. The traditional Negro pro-

nunciations are all of good English origin. The Negro's *watermillion* for *watermelon* was common English usage everywhere in America as late as the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century. When the Negro says *drap* for *drop*—which he now does only in dialect literature or on the vaudeville stage—he says what many a Yankee always said a hundred years ago. Even the Negro's *guine* for *going* is good archaic American English. This pronunciation was current in New England in the Eighteenth Century, and it has lingered in the Negro speech simply because the Negro, being socially backward, has held on to many habits which the white world has left behind. As a phenomenon in language the pronunciation has an honored place in the history of English. The pronunciation of the word *choir* as though it were written *quire* is of the same category, and so is that old pronunciation of the family name *Burgoyne* which made it *Burwayne*.

The construction *I is* and the use of the third singular present for all three persons and both numbers of the present tense of *to be* seems as characteristically Negro as anything in the language. But it is not abnormal or unparalleled English. From the Thirteenth Century, forms like *I is, you is, we, you, they is* are on record in the northern dialect of English, and Wright's Dialect Dictionary contains numerous examples from remote localities in modern England. This usage seems practically to have disappeared in American English, except in Negro speech. But it is a common observation that even illiterate speech in America is less rustically dialectal than similar speech in England. The construction *I is* has been levelled out of American white speech, but it still lingers on the tongues of illiterate Negro speakers. So with all similar or apparently similar forms. Generalizations are always dangerous, but it is reasonably safe to say that not a single detail of Negro pronunciation or of Negro syntax can be proved to have any other than an English origin.

The statement is often made that some-

thing in the physical structure of the Negro's organs of speech gives to his English an unmistakable and distinctive quality. People say they can always tell a Negro by his voice, even on the telephone, or through ten feet of concrete. By the evidence of experiment, however, this is found to be simply not true. When the voices only are heard and the speakers are not seen, Negro speakers cannot be distinguished from white speakers merely by the quality of their voices. Of course they may be distinguished by other things, by vocabulary, by subject matter, or even by cadence and lilt, just as a Scotsman, an Irishman, a Londoner may be distinguished by his speech tunes. Every social group is likely to have more or less characteristic speech rhythms. But these are not strictly matters of tone quality in the voice. They are melodic variations of pitch and they must be abstracted before one may profitably compare the voices of Negroes and of white speakers. Obviously another condition necessary to make this a fair experiment is that the speakers, black and white, must be on approximately the same cultural level. To compare the speech of an extravagantly illiterate Negro with that of a conventionally educated white person means nothing at all.

Negroes are supposed to have rich, melodious, easy voices, but this supposition is nothing more than a convention, and has no necessary connection with reality. By a similar convention the New Englander is supposed to have a drawling, whining and nasal pronunciation, and the Westerner to have a hard, flat pronunciation, whatever that may be. But all New Englanders do not drawl and dribble their words through the nose, all Westerners do not talk like a cart going over a cobble pavement, nor do all Negroes have soft and mellifluous voices. Joel Chandler Harris was remarkably painstaking in his use of dialect, both that of the Southern whites and that of the Negroes; nevertheless, the speech of Uncle Remus and the speech of rustic whites as Harris records them are so much alike that

if one did not know what character was speaking, one would often be unable to tell from the record whether the words were those of a white man or of a Negro. Similar evidence from direct observation has been given by another competent Southern observer. "If one happened to be talking to a native with one's eyes shut," says Professor Harrison, "it would be impossible to tell whether a Negro or a white person were responding."

An exaggerated impression of the special character of Negro English is often produced by the methods employed in attempts at its literary transcription. After commenting on the impossibility of an exact reproduction, in a prefatory note to "In Ole Virginia," Thomas Nelson Page gives certain rules as aids in representing the Negro speech of Eastern Virginia. "The final consonant," he says, "is rarely sounded. Adverbs, prepositions and short words are frequently slighted, as is the possessive. The letter *r* is not usually rolled except when used as a substitute for *th*, but is pronounced *ab*. For instance, the following is a fair representation of the peculiarities cited: The sentence, 'It was curious, he said, he wanted to go into the other army,' would sound: 'Twuz cu-yus, he say, he wan(t) (to) go in (to) 'turr ah-my.'"

English thus transcribed undoubtedly looks very different from the kind of English that ordinarily meets the eye. But it is a legitimate inquiry how far this difference is due merely to a completer carrying out of a phonetic method than is customary in transcriptions of the speech of cultivated or uncultivated whites. Thus 'twuz for *it was* might be heard in any rapid colloquial speech, white or black, cultivated or uncultivated, and *ah-my* for *army* would not seem strange anywhere in the South or in New England. Even *cu-yus* for *curious* looks stranger than it sounds. The loss of the *r* in this word is a very natural development in the speech of all those persons who omit their *r*'s finally and before other consonants. As for the pronunciation

wan(t) (to) go for *want to go*, the record is certainly not quite adequate. For the Negro pronunciation *he wan go* is not merely equivalent rhythmically to *a man go*. After *wan* a pause occurs, the position for *t* being formed and held momentarily, though no explosion is made. This pause therefore separates the word *want* from *go*, and in the Negro *wan* the final *n* may be said to be long. But under no circumstances in colloquial English would the phrase *want to go* be pronounced by anybody with more than one *t*. The natural pronunciation would be something like *wan t go*, and the difference between this and the Negro *wan go* is much less than the apparent difference between *want to go*, the Negro's simplified grammar for *wanted to go*, and *wan go*.

In other words, literary transcriptions of Negro speech are likely to approach more nearly to scientific exactness in the recording of the shadings of pronunciation than literary transcriptions of other forms of English ordinarily do. The Uncle Remus stories, for example, are burdened with a mass of phonetic detail which is quite commonplace from the point of view of the scientific transcription of English speech, but which serves nevertheless to make the language of Uncle Remus seem very markedly different from other forms of familiar English speech. The phonetic spellings merely emphasize what ordinarily would pass unnoticed. One's ears are tuned differently for the hearing of Negro speech from the way they are tuned for the hearing of white speech. If one started without any anticipatory expectation, Negro English would seem like any other English. It would have its variations, but practically all of them would have their correspondences in white speech. For Negro English is not a peculiar species of English; it is only English spoken by Negroes.

III

The assimilation of the language of the Negroes to the language of the whites did not take place all at once. Though the his-

torical evidence is not as full as might be wished, the stages can be followed with some certainty. When the Negroes were first brought to America they could have known no English. Their usefulness as servants, however, required that some means of communication between master and slave should be developed. There is little likelihood that any masters exerted themselves to understand or to acquire the native language of the Negroes in order to communicate with them. On the contrary, from the very beginning the white overlords addressed themselves in English to their black vassals. It is not difficult to imagine the kind of English this would be. It would be a very much simplified English—the kind of English some people employ when they talk to babies. It would probably have no tenses of the verb, no distinctions of case in nouns or pronouns, no marks of singular or plural. Difficult sounds would be eliminated, as they are in baby talk. Its vocabulary would be reduced to the lowest elements. In short, it would be a language of very much the same kind as those which have developed elsewhere under similar circumstances. It would have resemblances to the Beach-la-Mar of the Western Pacific, the Pidgin English of China, and the Chinook jargon of Western America. As the Negroes imported into America came from many unrelated tribes, speaking languages so different that one tribe could not understand the language of another, they themselves were driven to the use of this infantile English in speaking to one another.

We are not left entirely to inference in this matter. In one group of Negroes, probably the most primitive alive today in their cultural development, clear traces of it still survive. These are the dwellers along the South Carolina coast known as Gullahs. The Gullah dialect is a very much simplified form of English, with cases, numbers, genders, tenses reduced almost to the vanishing point. Many of the grammatical and phonetic characteristics that appear in other jargons, Beach-la-Mar,

Pidgin English and Chinook, are found also in Gullah. Very little of the dialect, however, perhaps none of it, is derived from sources other than English. In vocabulary, in syntax and in pronunciation, practically all of the forms of Gullah can be explained on the basis of English, and probably only a little deeper delving would be necessary to account for those characteristics that still seem strange and mysterious.

Two hundred years ago all the Negroes in America must have spoken a language very similar to Gullah. All the forms recorded, indeed, for the earlier periods bear its mark unmistakably. The written records do not begin, however, until the latter part of the Eighteenth Century, at which time Negroes speaking in character first appeared in American literature. As a literary achievement the Negro is exclusively an American invention. British literature possesses no successful Negro characters and very few unsuccessful ones. The Elizabethan drama has no Negroes speaking in character. Defoe has some passages of Negro speech in his "Family Instructor," and in "Robinson Crusoe" Friday speaks the same kind of language as Defoe's Negro, though Friday must have been an Indian. But in Defoe's mind the proper speech for all savages, Negro or Indian, seems to have been merely an infantile English. One characteristic both of Defoe's Indian and his Negro speech is the adding of a vowel at the ends of words, particularly verbs, for example, *teachee* and *talkee* for *teach* and *talk*. Robinson Crusoe is made to comment on the difficulty he experienced in assisting Friday to get rid of this habit, and Defoe seems to have been of the opinion that this adding of a vowel at the ends of words was an inherent weakness of the savage nature. The custom is still markedly present in Gullah dialect, and all early records of Negro English make a great deal of it. Perhaps it is older than its specifically Negro uses, and perhaps the whole or the greater part of the Negro jargon is older than the slave trade. It may

have been in existence as the commercial language of English traders in their intercourse with Italians, Portuguese and other Continental peoples from very early times and thus have been ready at hand for use in the slave trade.

The earliest records of Negro speech appear in American plays of the period of the Revolution. The completeness and the success with which Negro English is employed in these plays naturally varies with the inclination and the ability of the authors of them. But there can be no doubt that the Negro characters of these early dramas are drawn from life. They share with the rustic Yankee the distinction of being the chief contributions of early American literature to the gallery of English literary characters. One of the earliest of these plays is John Leacock's "Fall of British Tyranny," published at Philadelphia in 1776; it contains a passage of Negro dialogue that may serve for purposes of illustration. The action takes place on a British man-of-war near Norfolk, Virginia, and Lord Kidnapper, who is enlisting Negroes in the British service, converses with Cudjo as follows:

Kidnapper—Well, my brave blacks, are you come to list?

Cudjo—Eas, massa Lord, you preazee (please).

Kidnapper—How many are there of you?

Cudjo—Twenty-two, massa.

Kidnapper—Very well, did you all run away from your masters?

Cudjo—Eas, massa Lord, eb'ry one, me too.

Kidnapper—That's clever; they have no right to make you slaves, I wish all the Negroes would do the same, I'll make 'em free—what part did you come from?

Cudjo—Disse brack man, disse one, disse one, disse one, come from Hamton, disse one, disse one, come from Nawfok, me come from Nawfok too.

Kidnapper—Very well, what was your master's name?

Cudjo—Me massa name Cunney Tomsee.

Kidnapper—Colonel Thompson—eigh?

Cudjo—Eas, massa, Cunney Tomsee.

Kidnapper—Well, then, I'll make you a major—and what's your name?

Cudjo—Me massa cawra me Cudjo.

Kidnapper—Cudjo?—very good—was you ever christened, Cudjo?

Cudjo—No, massa, me no crissen.

Kidnapper—Well, then, I'll christen you—you shall be called Major Cudjo Thompson. . . .

Cudjo—Tankee, massa, gaw bresse, massa Kidnap.

Cudjo's English seems very different both from the actual speech of Negroes to-day, and from Negro speech as it would be used for literary characterization. The stages by which it was outgrown are clearly traceable. To the middle of the Nineteenth Century, the only kind of Negro English that was used in literature was English of the type of Cudjo's. But Irving, Cooper and other writers possessed of literary skill and discrimination used it very sparingly. Cooper's "Pioneers," published in 1823, might be described as an experiment in dialect, with its German English, French English, Irish English, British English, homespun American English—to say nothing of the impossible English of the genteel characters and of the Indian characters. But there is also Negro English in the speech of Agamemnon. Cooper speaks of Agamemnon's Guinea blood, therefore he was supposedly a Guinea Negro, though by the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century the local origins of a particular Negro must have been a matter of very uncertain inference. But whatever his origins, Agamemnon speaks a language akin to the Negro English jargon of the Eighteenth Century. His dialect is less elaborated, however, than the speech of Cooper's other dialect characters, a little of his outlandish English in Cooper's opinion apparently going a long way to supply all this kind of color that was needed.

It is interesting to note that Irving in the "Tales of a Traveler," published in 1824, avoided an obvious opportunity to employ Negro dialect. In "The Adventure of the Black Fisherman," the principal character is Black Sam, but he speaks no dialect, only conventional English. If one may hazard a guess to explain this fact, it would be that the only Negro speech that had any literary tradition in Irving's day was the barbarous dialect that survives now in Gullah, and that this speech was so unlike the speech of Negroes as Irving knew them that he preferred avoiding dialect altogether to using an English so untrue and

so outlandish. Jupiter in Poe's "Gold Bug," published in 1839, speaks a language which belongs to the older tradition, so far as it has any distinctive dialectal characteristics at all, but here again it is significant that Poe elaborated the speech of Jupiter but slightly.

In the decade before the Civil War a considerable body of slavery and anti-slavery imaginative literature was published, but very little of it has any realistic value, the world of nature having been lost for the time in the world of controversy. The most famous Negro character in fiction was presented to the public when Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared in 1852. But Uncle Tom expresses himself with very little dialectal color, hardly more than enough to enable the reader to place his speech on the level of colloquial English. Other Negro characters upon whom the weight of doctrine rests less heavily are allowed to speak more dialectally. Aunt Chloe makes use of as complete a Negro speech as Mrs. Stowe had at her command. But the illusion even of Aunt Chloe's speech is very imperfect. Assisted by a bandana turban and charcoal it might pass, but as literary workmanship it is crude. The significant thing about it, however, is that it is no longer the primitive jargon of Eighteenth Century Negro English. By the

middle of the Nineteenth Century this older Negro English had ceased to be possible as a generic representation of Negro speech. The newer tradition had not yet established itself, but when literary artists like Page and Harris put on record the contemporary Negro speaking, everyone recognized that Negro English was no longer a grotesque mutilation of the English language, but merely one of the colloquial forms of our many visaged mother tongue.

For this progress up from the barbarous and infantile English dialect first presented to them by their masters to fellowship in the genuine English language, the Negroes deserve much credit. They might very well have remained content to speak a special tongue; their acquisition of mature English proves that they have been eager to assimilate a higher culture when the way has been open. The white man likewise deserves credit for the black man's progress. In the three hundred years since the first Negroes reached America, the white man also has grown. One cannot quite say that the relations between the two races have become genial, but at least they have become more kindly and humane. Progress has been slow and the barriers to overcome have been great, but the Negro's achievement of the English language encourages hope for the future.

THIS CITY WIND

BY LEONORA SPEYER

*THIS city wind with puny strength to crawl
The town's wet streets, with furtive touch to tease
Loose doors and windows, making sport with these,
Comes bruised from battered jetty and sea-wall;
Comes as one limping from far sailors' brawl,
Skulking along the houses' iron lees,
With tale of dark disaster on loud seas:
This city wind that is not wind at all!*

*Because of door uncertainly ajar,
Clapping its fretful word of Autumn storm,
I sense these distant tumults half-asleep,
I know ships founder where black waters are.
What of land-lubbers, lying safe and warm,
Drowning in dreams as bitter and as deep?*

PASSING

BY DAVID MORTON

*HIS life has wandered out in desolate lands,
On wastes of twilight . . . and the dark comes down;
Behind him, now, the lighted tower stands,
And thinning noises follow from the town;
The far-off musics that the living make,
With feasting and the sound of song and strings,
Fainter and fainter falling in his wake,
Are as a tale of half-remembered things.*

*He is as one who shuts the city gate,
And takes the way that claims him for its own,
Seeing how time has left him desolate,
He walks into the coming dark alone. . . .
The night will close behind him like a door,
And at his feast his name be heard no more.*

AMERICAN JOURNALISM TODAY

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

WHEN Frank A. Munsey lately sold the New York *Herald* to the *Tribune* he announced formally that the traditions of James Gordon Bennett went with it. They had been safeguarded throughout the Munsey ownership, it appeared, and were not to suffer by their second sale. Mr. Munsey could have sold the traditions of Charles A. Dana just as easily, for he also owned, it will be recalled, the New York *Sun*; in fact, he had combined the *Sun* and the *Herald*. But so dexterously had this combination been managed that the Bennett and Dana traditions had been kept distinct and separate, and now the former could be recovered in all their pristine purity, and conveyed to a new owner. The Dana traditions were retained by Mr. Munsey, and continue to exist and function in his *Evening Sun*. There they have the traditions of the *Globe and Advertiser* for company, and both await the next conveyance. Meanwhile, the traditions of the *Evening Mail* are trying to make themselves at home in the office of the *Evening Telegram*, where more traditions of James Gordon Bennett still linger.

To the casual reader of these great journals it is probably somewhat confusing. Nor will this reader get much light if he consults a New York newspaper man, for most newspaper men, when they read the latest of Mr. Munsey's apparently endless series of announcements, have a way of breaking into raucous laughter. Between Munsey on the one hand, and Dana or Bennett on the other, there are many striking differences, whether they are viewed as publishers or as persons, and these differences, seen closely, probably account for part of

the laughter. The elder Bennett was a tempestuous and adventurous soul of the type often awarded greatness after death, but more frequently feared and hated while living. During the Civil War the *Herald* maintained a staff of sixty-three special correspondents in the field at a cost of more than half a million dollars for the four years. It received the first full report of a speech ever sent by telegraph—Calhoun's on the Mexican War. Its editorials were trenchant and cynical, and often lashed out with hair-raising accusations; the populace marveled that Bennett wasn't shot. Frequently rumors circulated that someone or other had horsewhipped him. He introduced the modern newspaper headline. Nothing seemed to delight him more than spending money recklessly on news gathering. Nevertheless, he amassed what was, in his time, the large fortune of nearly a million dollars. Dana had many similar characteristics. He knew the newspaper business from the editorial end only and never hesitated to spend money freely for its development. So little did he care for the business office that he might have failed in a poorer field than New York. He was terribly intense and aired all his prejudices through the columns of his paper. His vivid style, vigorous, cocksure mind, and scorn for personages made him a man to be feared, hated and respected. Among newspaper men he is revered because he believed that newspapers should and could be written in correct English. He introduced the humorous "human interest" story.

Now, the dominant characteristic of Munsey's newspapers—according to news-

paper men themselves—is their printing of stodgy, witless, featureless news by the bale, including both the important and the trivial. Munsey makes few public issues, and the few are not important. The news in his papers becomes simply something to fit around the advertisements. Their business administration is tight-fisted and their general tone ultra-conservative. Their employes are not permitted to smoke while on duty. If Mr. Munsey happens to observe one reposing with his feet propped on his desk he asks the man's name in a tone of voice that bodes no good. Saving traditions and reducing expenses seem to be his functions in metropolitan journalism. He modestly refrains from proclaiming that there is any such thing as a Munsey tradition, but there is. Distressing as it may be to his sensitive regard for departed heroes, truth compels the assertion that the only tradition he has actually carried forward is that of Munsey. What else could he do, being human? But his reference to historic personages who probably wouldn't be competent to serve today as city editor on the newspapers they founded—if, indeed, they could recognize them—suggests the timeliness of a general survey of the metropolitan press. Which way is it heading, and why? One hears such queer things. Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, formerly of the National City Bank, says it is shameful that the newspapers do not print the real inside stuff about political corruption. Below Fourteenth Street, if one knows the proper addresses, one may hear talk of the Capitalist Press. The popular attitude may be summarized and dismissed, perhaps, with the statement that John Doe buys two or more papers daily, makes critical remarks about them—and then settles his bets without argument on the basis of what they contain. Yet Mayor Hylan flourishes in Manhattan, Brooklyn, the Bronx and Queens, thumbing his nose at the largest circulations upon this continent. Godkin, of the *Evening Post*, made fame fighting Tammany and enlisted many others who

won distinction on that gory field, but at last accounts Tammany was still taking nourishment. Evidently this matter of the power of the press is a subject offering opportunity for much to be said on both sides.

II

Until a decade or more after the Civil War it was extremely easy to launch a newspaper in a big American city, and not much more difficult to set up business in a small town. The presses generally in use were of the type known as flatbed, which means that only one side of a page could be printed at one operation. A strong man could carry almost enough type to issue a four-page newspaper. Newsprint was comparatively cheap and most publishers made a small profit from circulation, something that very few do today. Advertising was not easily obtained; in consequence, any sort was accepted. The patent medicine industry which flourished in this country for more than half a century—and is not yet dead—depended for its success almost entirely upon newspaper advertising, and it received the active personal coöperation of editors. The manufacturers staged "clinics" in newspaper offices and gave away samples over the publishers' counters. On the front pages they were hailed as benefactors of the human race. Public service corporations advertised and gave passes to editors because they were afraid not to. A publisher, in those days, was very likely to be a printer. Out in the brushwood many such men operated their presses by hand. Even today, among every hundred printers, you will probably find one gray-haired veteran with an enormous right arm. Examine that arm and you will wonder if it is deformed; instead of its most prominent muscular development being on the upper side it is on the lower side. That man has operated a hand-press; if he is under the age of ninety engage in no wrestling matches with him.

Three inventions wrought sudden and drastic changes in all editorial offices.

First, the telegraph ceased to be a curiosity and began to deliver news, and then the linotype banished setting type by hand. Meanwhile, the rotary press had made it possible to print an entire newspaper at one operation. The linotype and rotary press greatly reduced printing expenses, but they increased capital outlay enormously. With a linotype the publisher could get more columns of matter set in less time and at a lower cost than by hand, but it made him print a larger and larger paper. Today the period of the editor-publisher with a plant representing an investment of ten thousand dollars is often referred to as the Golden Age of American journalism. Seen through the haze of memory and tradition its notable figures stand out brilliantly. Courage and independence were their dominant traits. Having started with nothing, poverty had no terrors for them. If failure overtook a publisher in one city a dozen others beckoned to him as promised lands. But the newspapermen of today seem to have forgotten the horde of blackmailers, grafters, political heelers, sots, and mendicants who flourished during that facile period. Two or three months before every election, national or local, newspapers sprang up like toadstools. Some were founded with no loftier mission than to act as press sheets announcing public entertainments.

As improved printing equipment and the telegraph gradually made newspapers more expensive and useful, editors became less rakish and more responsible. It was no longer possible for one overcome by debts to clap on his hat, pack up his type, and take leave. The editor now became identified with the commercial interests of his community. Retail establishments were becoming vastly larger and felt the need of advertising, and a publisher with linotype machines, rotary presses and the second class mailing privilege could obviously spread the news about Friday's bargain sales much more cheaply than any job printer. But the retailer wanted to be sure that he could depend upon the newspaper

to perform this service for him through twelve months of the year. He demanded a known and dependable circulation. After making elaborate arrangements over a period of months for his annual sale of cotton goods, he wasn't pleased to see an editor switch from McKinley to Bryan overnight and lose fifty per cent of his circulation. So editors began to settle down. Also they began to have boards of directors to deal with. On account of the larger and larger capital investment that they required many newspapers were forced to incorporate, and today very few remain under individual ownership. When a parlor Socialist tells this part of the story he raises one eyebrow in a knowing manner; you are to understand that when that change occurred sinister interests obtained a toehold if not a strangle-hold. But my observation points to the conclusion that most successful publishers of the era of transition were extremely cautious in selecting their stockholders. Moreover, they had very little difficulty in finding them, for most men of wealth took and take a great pride in owning a few shares of stock in a newspaper. Their motives, so far as I know from experience and reliable hearsay, were often considerably higher than one might have expected. Even the nuisances were far more likely to meddle with the society news than with political and economic policies—and they still are.

Within a few years the old-time editor who used to compose his leaders at the type-case became extinct, and meanwhile the political issues that had engaged him steadily declined in public interest. Presently every newspaper had a dozen departments, each with an editor. Sports, stocks, railroads, organized labor, shipping, amusements, crops and real estate—all became departments. Where once the editor knew not only all of his own assistants but also all the printers and some of the newsboys, now he could scarcely keep up with his heads of departments. Formerly, when he walked down Main Street, people pointed him out as the man who

wrote the editorials; now he wasn't recognized by half of his own reporters. The departments are coördinated today by the managing editor. The number of pages to be printed depends upon the volume of advertising; a bulletin announcing it is furnished daily by the business manager. Over the latter as well as the managing editor stands the general manager or executive director. Frequently the owners are acquainted only with this general manager.

III

There is a very general belief that big business controls the modern American newspaper, but with a few exceptions, I believe that the papers of this country are actually quite independent. So far as my information goes, indeed, they are decidedly more independent than in any other country. The conditions of their existence and not any sinister influences dictate their usual conservatism. Americans are not nearly so much interested in politics as they once were. Excessive partisanship is generally rebuked by the public through the circulation department. To put the matter bluntly, an editor can take his choice between gaining a thousand subscribers by publishing the latest market quotations or losing ten thousand by lambasting a candidate for mayor. One metropolitan newspaper recently added twenty-five thousand by announcing a special supplement devoted to radio. With a similar opportunity confronting him, I wonder if James Gordon Bennett or Charles A. Dana wouldn't have done the same. Bennett boasted that he had never been in a minority and never would be. Ralph Waldo Emerson, commenting on the London *Times*, noticed that, in spite of its magnificent independence, it never joined a minority—unless the editors felt sure their influence would convert it into a majority. I observe no tendency in our press to suppress news. Even Mr. Vanderlip's rumors and gossip—offered as such—were published. They were printed conspicuously in the New York

Tribune—and they related to a Republican President. The modern newspaper is primarily a newspaper; it has to be. Even Colonel Henry Watterson, last of the old timers and nationally cherished, did not have the largest circulation in Louisville during his later years.

Is the news accurately reported? In the main, I think it is. The Associated Press and the United Press are the two outstanding national news agencies. I have been in close touch with both for fourteen years. It is my solemn testimony that they can neither be frightened, bought nor influenced; that they have both the money and the enterprise to go after any news that the American public wants, anywhere it may exist upon this planet. But they serve all sorts of newspapers, and so they are forced into a rather flabby neutrality. This is carried to such a point, especially by the Associated Press, that newswriting has evolved a vast repertoire of standard phrases, and becomes a study in dullness. Of the Associated Press correspondent I would say: "His not to reason why; his but to tell the barest facts and shut up." I am not assailing him. How could he do otherwise? In big cities it is possible to have rewrite men who put a modicum of humor and even a little grace into these reports, but out in the sticks news pouring over the A. P. and the U. P. wires like gasoline from a pipe is printed as it comes in. Unless you are interested in the subject matter and furnish your own background the bare facts bring you very little information and no thrill. There comes an earthquake in Japan. Lists of names are wanted, not affecting literature. Can business go on? What of the silk warehouses? Are the banks open? Will the ships sail? Is help required? We have business with Japan. The rotogravure section will attend to description. What we want to know now is whether those quake-proof buildings erected by American contractors stood the test.

As the Associated Press grew more and more conservative, there entered a livelier

rival, the United Press, but now it, too, is conservative. Leaping into the breach, William Randolph Hearst has begun to sell the news service of his string of papers to editors in cities where he does not compete. His news has a little more kick in it. There is yet another news service, the Scripps; it serves the Scripps afternoon newspapers. They specialize in heart throbs: Mother Rushes Into Burning Building! Citizens Demand Better Street Car Service! What of the closing stock-market quotations? Not much of that. J. P. Morgan fires his cook? Hot stuff! But give these newcomers a two hundred per cent increase in the number of papers they serve and they will both be like the Associated Press.

When Frank A. Munsey laments the enormous cost of issuing a modern newspaper he utters only the literal truth. Worse, that burden is proportionately heavier in towns of fifty thousand than in New York City. It accounts for the large amount of canned stuff that now goes into newspapers outside of the metropolitan centres. The truth is that an experienced man can get out a daily paper in a town of fifty thousand today without employing more than one old head and four or five boys. Many publishers do. The Newspaper Enterprise Association, of Cleveland, will furnish sport news, features, pictures and everything that is needed except a wire service and local news. Funny papers are issued on the same day from Wilmington to Seattle. The New York *American* Sunday magazine section, with its gaudy illustrations and engaging headlines, appears simultaneously in New York, San Francisco, Chicago, and Fort Worth. Mutt and Jeff cavort nationally. All these coöperative efforts are aimed at reducing expenses. If they ended with the features and comic strips it would make very little difference, but they do not. Many newspapers of fairly large circulation and considerable importance to the communities they serve do not feel able or willing to support Washington correspondents. The result is

syndicated Washington dispatches. Mr. David Lawrence makes a name for himself while serving the New York *Evening Post* and presently he is a syndicate. Mark Sullivan, formerly of *Collier's Weekly*, is another. Many other correspondents have gone the same route. Necessarily, they must keep in mind that they are now serving scores of papers where formerly they served one. But they are only a part of the syndicate industry in Washington. There are dozens of reporters there who represent smaller groups of from three to twenty-five papers. It comes about in this way: Jim Scoop of the *Evening Flash* is called home to report a State election and requests Bob Click to "take care of the *Flash*" while he is away. Click does so for fifteen dollars a week. He has never been in the State where the *Flash* is published but he knows how to look after news routine—and there are enough press-agents' bulletins placed on his desk every day to fill ten papers. The managing editor of the *Flash* observes that the drool supplied by Click at fifteen dollars a week is just about as good as that Scoop sent at sixty-five. Therefore, Scoop doesn't return to Washington. Eventually Click is representing five newspapers. Then he gets a job as press-agent and turns his string over to Henry Pad, who already represents eight others. Thus it goes on and on.

There was a day when, if the mighty Senator Bumfuzzle was to orate in Cosey Corners, no one thought of the reporter; he had to fight for a chair on the platform and use his knee for a desk. Today Senator Bumfuzzle sends in an advance copy of his speech. Not more than half a column of it is used; the rewrite man digs out a few paragraphs. The reporter's job is simply to make sure that Bumfuzzle doesn't drop dead before delivering it. Sometimes he takes a chance—and amusing things follow. In Manhattan the City News Association covers all such routine news. It isn't even necessary for the reporter to be on the scene. In the event that Bumfuzzle is to speak extemporaneously and his

speech promises to be important, a battery of shorthand experts will be on hand, working in relays, all at the expense of the association. A mimeographed copy of Bumfuzzle's remarks will be delivered, page by page, to each reporter at the press table. Does President Geezer of the International Amalgamated consent to be interviewed? His statement is distributed in typed form by his press representative. Any questions? None.

IV

Opportunity to rise in modern American journalism barely exists. Very few reporters of today earn as much as a union bricklayer. College men are preferred—at thirty to fifty dollars a week. Stars and staff men achieve up to one hundred. To rise means to get out of the so-called profession altogether. Newspaper work offers magnificent opportunities in that direction. One meets all the Geezers and may land as the press representative of one of them. If the urge to write sizzles in the young reporter's breast he soon accumulates plots and incidents enough to last a life time. Most of our successful writers for the magazines came out of newspaper offices. Two things forced them out; first, the desire to write something beside dull routine news, and second, the desire to advance by merit without waiting for the managing editor to die. As long as a reporter remains in the organization he must write according to the pattern of the shop. There is no place for genius. Why schools of journalism exist to prepare men for such drudgery I do not understand.

In spite of all this, we hear constantly of the yellow press, the jingo press, the sensational press. It is largely imaginary. For the most part, it is so stupid that telegraph operators nearly go to sleep taking dispatches that cost publishers as much as a dollar a word. The only ground upon which the charge of sensationalism can be sustained, I think, is this: that a generous space is given by most newspapers to

divorces, murders, and other lapses from our moral code, and to florid nonsense. Professor Gadzooks says that all girls with bobbed hair should be boiled in oil. Emma Puff, the noted feminist, says Gadzooks is an old no-such-thing. Sensational? Buncombe! But people like it. They vastly prefer it to Teapot Dome. If they find it sensational, so much the better for the publisher, for it is easily obtained and inexpensive. He has his costs to worry over, and he must prevent violent fluctuations of circulation. If the people like it they may have plenty of it. Hence the columns and columns and more columns of utterly idiotic "news" that are published in our American dailies. Every European expresses astonishment when he reads them. But ask the average American tourist what he thinks of English newspapers. (It is no use asking him about the newspapers of the Continent, for he cannot read them.) He thinks English newspapers are a net loss.

The editorial writer gradually succumbs to the news editor. I daresay that most editors know that their editorial pages are filled, for the most part, with junk, but they see no way to avoid it, save by dispensing with editorials altogether. Few of them seem to have guessed how easily that could be done. The editorial column came down to them with other traditions and they now hesitate to toss it aside. But who really cares what a corporation thinks? Can a corporation really think at all? Perhaps not, but it can at least welcome the Shriners, applaud the Rotarians, boost for a new million dollar hotel, and declare in unequivocal terms that the murderer should be apprehended. So that much is done. Does anyone wish it done? I should know, who have done it. Complimentary letters by the bale come for just such eminent public services! If that is what the public wants why burn the midnight juice—and add to the publisher's already heavy expense—by trying to fashion phrases that shall envision, beautifully and intelligently, our chaotic world?

Greeley and Dana could do it because their world was smaller and less complex. But the editorial writer of today cannot. Our newspapers show the world in vast detail in their news columns—but the editorial writer is stricken dumb by the diversity and number of facts before him. I know what it is to plow through a hundred pages of a Sunday newspaper, looking for subjects for editorials. It is staggering! Perhaps the best service an informed man can render in the editorial columns today is to explain the meaning of a small part of the news for the benefit of those who might otherwise fail to note its significance. Hundreds of earnest men are endeavoring to do precisely that. The editorial column is not of their devising; they are doing the best they can with it.

But despite the general flattening, the general dulness, two striking examples of editorial vigor remain in New York. They are presented by the *World* and the Hearst papers. Nailed to the masthead of the *World* is the Pulitzer credo just as the founder set it down. As a newspaper man I rank Pulitzer far above Horace Greeley, and offer in support of my view the fact that Pulitzer never ran for President. He was a newspaper man, first, last and all the time. The *World* lives up to that tradition today. It attacks corrupt business just as readily as it challenges the Ku Klux Klan. It not only prints the news, but makes issues by dragging hidden facts into the light; it goes out and fights for what it conceives to be the public welfare. More than any other New York newspaper the *World* endeavors to present its news spiced with wit and to show a point of view. It is decidedly the most readable newspaper in this country. But, shocking as the statement may appear, it seems to me that the old traditions of American journalism are best preserved by the Hearst papers. Do not their editorials scream? What other newspaper would print a cartoon of the Hon. Al Smith, New York's most popular governor, parading between two booze containers labeled "Al's Pals"? Isn't that in

the good old fashioned manner? People said all manner of things about the elder Bennett, but they read his paper. Isn't that true of Hearst? What other living American publisher is given credit for having actually fomented a war?

Hearst's policies may be summed up by saying that he wants the peepul to have direct power over everything. Let them elect their Senators by direct vote! Let them do all sorts of other things in primaries! Is that very terrible? You may be against it, but after all it scarcely constitutes treason or Bolshevism. And wasn't Hearst rather brave to get himself in bad during the early days of the war to make the world safe for democracy? Never mind whether he was right or not. I'm simply asking if he didn't show something of the grand old spirit? And since the war hasn't he fought valiantly for the bonus? Never mind whether he's right or not. No one else ever discovers such noble heroes and heroines or such dastardly villains as Hearst. I frankly confess to a positive professional affection for his newspapers; they say something. You don't read down to the last paragraph of one of his editorials and then wonder which side he's on. You find out in the first paragraph! Biff! Bang! What he mainly purveys is simply a good show. On the front page somebody's baby is lost and you feel all the terror and grief of the stricken mother. Hearst offers the finder a reward in cash. Next headline: an atrocious murder has been committed. Hearst offers another reward. On the back page is a scientific article ratifying the theory of evolution, and just above it a quotation from the Bible suggested by a Fundamentalist. The Uplift is generously represented by pleas for a sturdy concentration upon mental development—and several pages of idiotic comic strips are offered as means to that end. You can find almost anything you like. Mr. Hearst, incidentally, has the old-fashioned idea that his employes ought to receive living wages. Many of them own automobiles.

Sharing somewhat the general tone of

the Hearst papers, though much smaller, are the Scripps papers. They are numerous out in the hinterland. Wherever the Scripps managers can find a city of a hundred thousand population with a newspaper more or less like the *New York Times* in tone they know that the pickings for them will be good. They set up shop and begin publishing six or eight pages—no advertising, none accepted until the circulation can be guaranteed at so many thousands. Then, at last, the advertising office opens. Do the people like it? They do. Formerly all they could get was the bare facts that Bessie, the beautiful telephone girl, had drunk something from a bottle and died. Now they get all the details, with a portrait of Bessie. Within recent years a paper of much the same sort has begun to appear in the big cities. It is commonly called the *Daily News*, and it contains principally pictures. One paragraph of type reports the event; seldom does any article exceed a short column. The chief merit of the *Daily News* seems to be its size. One can turn the pages even in a crowded subway train; no danger of losing one's place when jostled. There will be more of these small newspapers. They meet a genuine public demand. To be successful as the editor of such a sheet you have to guess what will most interest the lady filing clerk, on her way to work. The editor in New York guessed right: he waged a campaign for cheaper ice cream sodas! Congress gets three or four short paragraphs daily.

V

Summing up, I should say that the American newspaper of today compares with its predecessors about as follows:

I. It is more useful to the average run of readers than ever before in its history.

II. It is more accurate.

III. It is fairer.

IV. It has less imagination, initiative or purpose (barring profit).

V. It is without equal for honest advertising and is struggling to raise its standard even higher.

VI. It has very little influence and doesn't give a damn.

VII. The quality of its writing grows steadily more sloppy and threatens to reach a point where translation will be necessary.

VIII. It is absolutely free of official domination, a fact so generally recognized that no mention would be made of it here except to invite comparison with Europe.

IX. Financial and advertising influence, when exerted upon it at all, usually results in something that is silly rather than sinister.

Our social, economic and political organizations are undergoing dramatic changes. As a nation we are today not much more closely related to the United States of 1840 than modern Italy is related to the Roman Empire. These changes ought to be made clear to us in flashing phrases and incisive opinions. The lack of that very necessary service accounts in large measure for the fact that our modern mechanical civilization engulfs us instead of rendering us humble service. We have a machine and each of us holds to some part of it; the newspapers describe it cog by cog and crank by crank, but they don't get the whole of it into the picture. Consequently we find it difficult to orient ourselves. Just about the time we have mastered a cog that renders us bread and meat along comes another to give us a bloody ear. It is a marvelous machine we have constructed, but it really isn't ours; on the contrary, we belong to it. I cannot suppress the idealistic hope that the truth would make us free; that if shafts of light were shot through and through the framework of this great engine we could master it, to our gain in happiness and comfort. And because I am a newspaper man it seems to me that the newspapers ought to perform that service. In fact, I wonder what may be the result if they continue to fail. Suppose the peepul grow angry at this machine some day and begin tearing it to pieces?

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Bibliography

WALT WHITMAN AND THE *ARISTIDEAN*

BY THOMAS OLLIVE MABBOTT

It is not likely that many people would think of a literary association between Thomas Dunn English and Walt Whitman. A search of available works does not reveal any mention of one by the other in later life. A note by Whitman in the Brooklyn *Eagle* acknowledging receipt of the first number of English's paper, the *John Donkey*, reprinted in "The Gathering of the Forces" is merely perfunctory. It is thus hardly a reflection on Whitman's editors and biographers that they make no mention of his four contributions to English's magazine, the *Aristidean*. Indeed, even had the existence of these contributions been suspected, they could hardly have been consulted, for a tolerably thorough search by Poe specialists failed to locate a complete file of the magazine, and it is only recently that I have been enabled to examine one in the hands of a private collector in New York.

In 1845 English, who had come to New York a year or so previously to edit a Tyler newspaper, the *Aurora*, with which Whitman also may have been associated, was inspired by the success of the *American Whig Review* (which published Poe's "Raven") to found on a somewhat similar plan a five dollar magazine called the *Aristidean*, with a motto from Bulwer's "Richelieu" "Men call me cruel, I am not—I am just." The next year Poe quarreled with English, and in "The Literati" suggested that the motto might have been improved by the addition of the words "an ass," but if unfriendly to the editor, he was accurate enough in describing the

Aristidean. "This work," he wrote, "although professedly a monthly was issued at irregular intervals, and was unfortunate, I fear, in not attaining at any period a very extensive circulation." All the contributors were originally anonymous, but with the last number was issued an index, wherein initials followed most of the titles, and an accompanying card gave the names in full. Of these names two are notable—that of Poe, who had contributed three reviews, of great interest to the specialist, but in two cases partly accessible in other versions, and that of Whitman, who had written four pieces of unusual interest.

Since Poe's contributions are unknown to his editors, it is perhaps worth while to list them. In March appeared a review of a strange book written to prove the American Indians to be a remnant of the Lost Tribes of Israel, George Jones' "Ancient America." This review, in Poe's tomahawk style, he himself said in the *Broadway Journal* "might have been written by Aristides himself." In April appeared "Longfellow's Poems," an elaborate attack, similar to more accessible articles of Poe's, but with emphasis on the "Poems on Slavery." Finally, in November, came "American Poetry," largely made up of the earlier review of Wilmer's "Quacks of Helicon."

Whitman's writings for the magazine include some of the most interesting of his early work, and his second longest prose narrative is among them. Two of his contributions appear in the first issue, that of March 1845—the longer a story of nearly seventeen thousand words, entitled "Arrow Tip." This is in some sense a plea for the abolition of capital punishment, to which both Whitman and the editorial

policy of the *Aristidean* were at the time opposed. The story takes its name from an Indian chief, friendly to the whites, who accompanies his pioneer neighbors on a hunting expedition. Alone with a certain Peter Brown, the Indian is angered and knocks his companion down, apparently killing him. Other settlers take Arrow Tip a prisoner to the village, charged with Brown's murder, but returning for Brown's body, find no trace of it. As a matter of fact the victim has not been killed but stunned; coming to himself he is taken to the secret haunt of a hermit, who cares for him and sends a message of explanation to the settlers by a deformed half-breed named Boddo. But Arrow Tip is hated by Boddo, who does not deliver the message, and Brown, at last learning of the treachery, arrives at the settlement a moment too late to save the unfortunate chief, who has been condemned and hanged for murder. The tale is interesting as a hitherto unknown example of Walt's Indian stories, of which "The Death of Wind-Foot" is the most familiar. It shows that he was at this period of his life capable of telling a long story with a fairly well managed plot. "Arrow Tip" is very different from the chaotic "Franklin Evans," which alone exceeds it in length. Some of the minor characters are well drawn, and one of them, Caleb, the village teacher, is perhaps a self-portrait of the former Long Island school-master.

A companion piece, "Shirval, A Tale of Jerusalem," is a brief and reverent expansion of a portion of the seventh chapter of St. Luke, and relates how Christ raised the son of the widow of Nain. Whitman gives the anonymous Bible characters curious names of his own choosing—Shirval, Unni, and Zar—and opens with a passage on the presence of the dead throughout the world which recalls the sixth and seventh sections of "Song of Myself." The thing is written in a style of much dignity, of which the concluding sentences may serve as an example:

His limbs felt the wondrous impulse—he rose, and stood up among them, wrapped in his shroud and the white linen. "I have slept!" said he, turning to his mother, "but there have been no dreams."

And he kissed the widow's cheek, and smiled pleasantly on Zar. Then the awe of the presence of the Stranger gathered like a mantle upon him—and the three knelt upon the ground and bent their faces on the earth-worn sandals of the Man of Woe.

In the issue for April appeared "Richard Parker's Widow," a sketch of the wife of the celebrated admiral-mutineer who led the sailor's rebellion in the British navy at the Nore in 1797. This article, admittedly derived from "English authorities" in large part, nevertheless raises a most important question for the consideration of the biographer, for in the course of it the writer mentions having himself seen the woman in London in 1836. There are three possible solutions of the problem—first, that Whitman was not the writer, and that W. W. was an error for C. W. W. (C. Wilkins Webber) another contributor to the *Aristidean*, a somewhat unlikely hypothesis; second, that the remark is mere local color, though the narrative has no fictional element and gains nothing by this touch; third, that Walt really sailed to England as a boy of seventeen, in a year during which we know nothing of his doings.

The last issue of the magazine, that for December, 1845, contained "Some Fact Romances," five narratives of varied lengths, some of which were later reprinted by Whitman in the *Eagle*, whence Mr. Holloway gathered them for his recent volumes. These serve to confirm Whitman's authorship of the whole series of contributions, should anyone demand confirmation. One of them throws no little light on the genesis of such poems as "You Felons on Trial in Courts." The episode is as follows:

Saunders, that unhappy boy, now in the State's Prison for his forgeries on his employers, Austin & Wilmerding, once boarded in the same house with me. Soon after his arrest, I visited the Centre-street "Tombs," and went into his

cell to see him. He gave me a long account of the commission of the crime, and of his doings down to the time of his capture at Boston. It was all a disgusting story of villany and conceit. He was a flippant boy, whose head, I think, was turned by melo-dramas and the Jack Sheppard order of novels—all but one little item. When he had received the money, and every moment was worth diamonds to him—

he intended to sail in the *Great Western*, it will be remembered—he spent an hour in going up to a pawnbroker's shop in the Bowery, to get a little piece of jewellery he had in pledge there—a *keepsake from his dead mother*. He told me in his cell that he would have given a thousand dollars for another half hour, *yet he could not go away without that locket*. That half hour cost him the doom he afterwards had meted out to him.

Ethnology

WHAT IS A RACE?

BY MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

THERE are two fundamental assumptions which all the current protagonists of racial superiority make, both of which are unproved and probably completely fallacious. The first is that race and culture can be related, one to the other. The second, upon which the first should rest, is that we are able to give a reasonably complete definition of the term "race."

The books that have dealt with the subject of late range all the way from the fulminations of Madison Grant, Lothrop Stoddard and Professor MacDougall, to Dr. Carl C. Brigham's careful "Study of American Intelligence." Dr. Brigham, in this work, utilizes the result of the Army Intelligence Tests to argue, first, that the Nordic "race," when compared to other groups, is superior in intelligence and in adaptability to our culture, and, second, that the general intelligence of the immigrants who have come to this country has decreased with each five-year period for the last twenty years. No one can read his book without admiring the cleverness with which his hypotheses are advanced and maintained; nevertheless, his fundamental assumptions must be questioned. For example, consider the table he prints, purporting to exhibit the percentages of Alpine, Nordic, and Mediterranean blood in each of the countries of Europe. The figures range from Sweden, with 100 per cent Nordic, to Portugal, with 95 per cent Mediterranean. Where this table was procured, and how it was worked out, I do

not know, for Dr. Brigham merely says that it was compiled "in collaboration with students of the subject." If one may judge from quotations, the principal authority was probably William Z. Ripley, whose work on the races of Europe was standard until his methods were attacked and shown to be fallacious. Ripley, and those who follow him, have used a scheme of classification which is roughly this: One trait, that of head-form, is determined for as many of the peoples as there are data available, and they are then classified as to whether, on the average, they are round-headed (brachycephalic), long-headed (dolichocephalic) or medium-headed (mezzocephalic). The obvious presumption is that there is a constant relation between race and the distribution of this trait. But it has been shown by Dr. Franz Boas in his investigation for the Immigration Commission of 1910 that head-form tends to change under a changed environment. Moreover, we do not really know just how head-form is inherited—that is, whether it assumes the form of a Mendelian unit-character or not. Thus, race classification based on the distribution of this one trait cannot be sustained.

A recent attempt by Dr. Roland B. Dixon to use the three criteria of head form, head-height, and nose-form has had the surprising result of revealing Negroid characteristics among the Iroquois Indians, and Mongoloid traits in the heart of the Congo. Dr. Dixon's work, indeed, was received with almost unanimous adverse criticism in anthropological circles on the ground of the method employed.

But, since that method is essentially the one used by Ripley, on whose work Dr. Brigham presumably based his classification, it is interesting to note what Dr. Dixon says about the racial purity of Sweden, to which Brigham allots 100 per cent of Nordic blood. "In Southern Sweden," says Dixon, "and especially in the district of Skåne, and also in the whole of the North, the long and round headed elements in the population are almost evenly balanced. . . ." Again, "We can only guess that the tall, blond, dolichocephalic group, the typical 'Nordic' stratum, is here, as in Northern Germany, a blend primarily between the Mediterranean and the Caspian types." Dr. Dixon's method of arriving at his conclusions, of course, and his conclusions themselves, are not necessarily acceptable. They are merely quoted to show what one student who utilizes the same method, now largely discredited, that Ripley used, has to say about the Nordic stronghold.

To what extent, in fact, is race really defined today? To speak of racial intelligence, or of a more or less desirable race, or of a race as having a culture that is better or worse than that of another race, obviously presupposes knowledge that the group spoken of actually *is* a race, and that a definition of a race can be constructed which will be scientific. Up to now, unfortunately, this has never been accomplished. I do not argue, of course, that there are not certain physical differences between the Negro and the Indian, or the white man and the Australian, or that it is not convenient to classify peoples in some such fashion. But when we contrast all of them with the apes, let us say, they always turn out to be overwhelmingly alike, just as when we contrast the Negro with the European the difference between groups of Europeans becomes insignificant.

Work which is of great significance in this study of race has been going on for some time in the Anatomical Laboratory of Western Reserve Medical College,

where there is a vast store of skeletal material. Dr. T. A. Willis has recently published a comparison of the number of thoracolumbar vertebrae found in Negroes and white men with the number found in the giant anthropoid apes. The modal numbers of the various species range from 16 to 18, man having 17, but when we consider the range in each case, we find that man is amazingly more stable than his lower brothers, 96 per cent of the human cases having 17 of these vertebrae, while the next most stable, the orangs, exhibit only 78 per cent which have the modal number, 16. When the human cases are separated into Negroes and whites, we find that the mode in both cases is overwhelmingly the same, 17, 89 per cent of the male whites having that number, 84 per cent of the male Negroes, 92 per cent of the female whites, and 93 per cent of the female Negroes. Here, as in so many cases, we have a demonstration of the point just noted, that in comparison with the lower forms of the Primates, even the two types of man that are farthest separated, whites and Negroes, are overwhelmingly alike.

Anthropologists who do not utilize the classificatory method employed by Dr. Dixon and Dr. Ripley commonly use the general concept of variability, treat a group of individuals as members of a class which may be described in statistical terms, and compare averages in establishing differences. But that this is not sufficient must be obvious, for two groups may have the same average and still be very different in distribution; again, two averages may vary considerably, and yet there may be a great amount of overlapping. This fact is of main significance in the study of race, for it has been found that no two human groups can be studied without overlapping becoming apparent. Thus, the population of Europe shades gradually from North to South in the matter of skin-color, and this gradual change continues as one works one's way down into Africa. Similarly, there are

Scandinavians who have darker hair than some Italians, as there are Italians who are taller than some Scandinavians. In studying race, what criteria are to be selected? It is said that the Nordic is pre-eminently the dolichocephalic, blond, tall type, yet the people with the longest heads in the world are the Hottentots, while the tallest live in East Africa!

Let us take skin color. It is the first thing we notice, and the most prominent. Professor T. Wingate Todd, also of Western Reserve, has made an exhaustive study of skin color in Negroes and whites, and has reversed an opinion which was long held as a result of Dr. Davenport's study, that there is no overlapping between Negroes and Caucasians with respect to this trait. Skin-color is studied by means of a top with adjustable disks, which are colored in accordance with the elements which go to make up all human pigmentation, red, white, black, and yellow, and which can be so arranged that their proportions blend, when the top is spun, so as to approximate very closely the color of the skin before the student. Dr. Davenport used this top in his study of Negroes, and came to the conclusion that "the untanned skin-color formula of the Caucasian contains from 0 to 7 per cent black, and probably, in brunettes, as much as 10 per cent." However, Dr. Todd showed later that the red disk which had been used was really 59 per cent black, so that Dr. Davenport's own tanned wrist, instead of being but 8 per cent black, was really 37 per cent! Dr. Todd tested the skins of several Italians and Mexicans, and found that the black factor reached well into the Negro range. Thus, we have an illustration of the manner in which overlapping may take place in a human trait, and how, for example, Caucasians living in the South of Europe may be darker than some Negroes.

When two races are crossed, what happens? Does the "superior" dominate over the "inferior," or vice versa? For years it has been maintained that the Negro is

breeding out in this country as a result of crossing with the white, but Dr. Todd's work on skull capacity shows that the average capacity of the brain-cases of a series of mixed Negro-white skulls is within seven cubic centimeters of that of a series of African skulls, while both differ largely from the white average. This would appear to indicate that in this trait, at least, the Negro element is dominant, and will survive in spite of crossing. Again, in a recent study by Dr. Wissler of the distribution of stature in this country, in which the variability of this and other traits is presented, he remarks:

At the outset, we assumed that the less variable the characteristic, the purer the race. If this principle holds, then the Italians and Poles can make the best claim to such distinction. But, if we turn to . . . chest circumference, we meet with quite a different line-up: the Negroes have shifted from the highest to the lowest rating. . . These shifts are rather surprising, for, interpreted according to the accepted principle, it would follow that as to chest circumference the Negroes are the purest race, but in stature the most mixed.

Professor Boas has pointed out that in a consideration of racial groups it is important to determine the family variation as well as the individual variation. In a pure group, one that had been inbred over long centuries, every family would fairly well represent the population as a whole, while in a very heterogeneous population the variation in family strains would be relatively tremendous. He has shown that the Missisauga and other Chippewa Indian tribes have family strains of relatively low variability, whereas among the Bohemians, a more mixed group, and the central Italians, it is very high.

One point which is usually overlooked in the consideration of the various types of *Homo sapiens* is the fact that human beings are the oldest domesticated animals. The significance of the fact is brought out by the study of the lower orders of domestic animals. It has been found that the domesticated types are more variable as to physical form than their wild cousins, and much less stable. This is also char-

acteristic of human beings. Inbreeding will develop a specialised local type which soon disappears when an extraneous element is introduced. This study, which has been carried on chiefly by German anthropologists, has brought out the curious fact that wild forms rarely develop extreme blond or brunette types. We must therefore draw the conclusion that the blond Nordic and the brunette Negro represent the farthest removals from the original form of man.

One might go on to mention other studies which have been made of different characteristics of "races," but enough has been said to indicate that the anthropologists who are working steadily at the problem are far from a solution. It will only come, of course, when infinitely more material than is now available is in, when the mechanism of heredity in man has been uncovered in all its infinite complexities, and when the presuppositions with which an unfortunately large number

of scientists commence their work have been overthrown. On returning to the question of the long-headed Nordic, whose purity and special fitness for the culture of the United States are so freely assumed, and to such practical problems as those of immigration and racial discrimination, we may well ask ourselves how all the current assumptions can be made in the face of this anthropological bewilderment. How, indeed, can we speak so confidently of psychological differences between the Nordic and Mediterranean when even the physical differences between the two have not been established? How can we talk about the superior blondness of the Nordic when the amount of black pigmentation in many whites is known to be greater than that in many Negroes? How can we speak of a "pure" strain when even the most arbitrary classification according to selected traits does not show purity anywhere?

Military Science

THE TRAINING OF THE SOLDIER

BY ARLINGTON B. CONWAY

THERE is a saying, attributed to Napoleon, that in war the importance of moral factors is to that of material factors as three is to one. The professors at the *Kriegsschulen*, and even regimental officers, have a good idea of what he meant, which is that an army, though it be directed magnificently, though it have excellent armament provided by the resources of an immensely rich state, though terrain and fortifications favor it, and though it be largely superior in numbers to the opposing forces, will not be victorious unless the will to fight is strong in it. While the late war was in progress, amateur military experts wrote "morale" almost as often as they wrote "enemy hordes." Good morale, in brief, is simply a feeling in the mind of the soldier that, on even terms, he can

trounce his enemy. He may have had the worst of battle after battle, but if he is still able to make excuses for himself, and is willing to have another go, his morale is all right for practical purposes. But once troops admit that the enemy may have, man to man, some advantage over them, that he possesses some aptitude or weapon denied to them, they become unreliable in battle and it will be a long time before they are of any use again.

Morale, obviously, is improved by victory and damaged by defeat. But it is sometimes hard to draw the line between victory and defeat, especially in modern war, and the soldier generally assumes easily that the side which has gained ground has won. Morale is helped if the soldier can be made to believe that he has a better weapon than his enemy. Hence the principal value of tanks, gas, eighteen-inch howitzers, Zeppelins, and so forth. Beside the direct advantage of superiority in

the air, there is a great effect on the elevation of the tail of the man in the trench. When Immelmann, Boelcke, the Richthofens, Voss von Crefeld and company shot down dozens of B.E.2C's in the late war, the *Feldgrau* began to believe that he belonged to a race of knights and heroes, and when Ball, McCudden, Bishop, Collishaw, Mannock and company showed half a hundred or more victims apiece, the British Tommy congratulated himself that a people which practised the manly arts of boxing and Rugby football must inevitably defeat the unathletic foreigner at the greater game. I have been told that when Freiherr von Richthofen was shot down, the German soldiers were thrown into profound gloom, and declared that the Kaiser's assassination would have been a blow far less terrible. It is also an axiom that a soldier who is not well fed becomes an easy prey to alarm and despondency. Napoleon said, "An army marches on its stomach." It fights on its stomach, too. *Ersatz Kaffee* and *Kriegsbrot* probably had a good deal to do with the defeat of the Germans in 1918. . . . Again, the troops must have confidence in their generals. In the late war, unluckily, the man in the trench seldom thought well of the general in the chateau. Propaganda may do its best, but it will probably be impossible hereafter to make the private cowering in a shell-hole believe that the fat brass hat, ten or a hundred miles back, sympathizes with him or understands anything about war.

There is a notion current that the soldier will fight his best against odds, provided he is defending his home or is convinced that he is doing battle for a just cause. This is the David and Goliath fallacy. The military interpretation of that fable is that a small, mobile force possessing fire power will defeat a larger force that depends on shock. If Goliath had pulled his helmet down over his ears and started heaving rocks, there would have been a different story to tell—or no story at all. If the quality of morale actually depended on a

sense of righteousness, generals would never have to worry about it, for if there is one idea sure to be in the head of the average soldier it is that the other fellow is wrong. A very exceptional man may be able to see the enemy's side of the question, but he will probably have sense enough to say nothing about his convictions or lack of them while the war is going on. As for troops fighting best when outnumbered, Napoleon's familiar epigram, "God is on the side of the biggest battalions," long ago disposed of this pretty conceit. A strong sentiment of patriotism is popularly believed to ensure the warrior's steadfastness and eventual triumph in the face of machine-gun fire, poison gas, trench feet, the stupidity of his superiors and the persecutions of *Pediculus vestimenti*, but this is obviously moonshine. The idea of patriotism itself is too recently acquired and still too superficial to have any effect on the actions of the normal human being under the fear of immediate death. The incantations and spells of orators, the flash and flare of flags and uniforms and the barbaric rhythm of martial music may work a man up to enthusiasm while his feet are yet on the asphalt, but let him spend five minutes in a trench listening to the blurred wailing of a comrade shot through the belly, and if he thinks of patriotism at all it will only be to curse it.

A man fights well simply because he feels a superiority in himself, and in the collective mass of those like him which he calls his nation, over his enemies—those who would deny that superiority. He is compelled, under pain of admitting inferiority, to prove his strength. He knows only one way of making that proof: by killing a large number of his foes, causing the remainder to run away, and then going to their capital, stealing their valuable property and carrying off the sightlier of their women. A man does not fight because he reasons, but because he does not reason. True enough, politicians, men of business, priests and the governing classes generally make and conduct wars for pur-

poses that are more or less clear in their minds, but I am writing here of the man one encounters as a common soldier, and trying to determine how to get him into the frame of mind that will make him an efficient instrument in the hands of his officers. Perhaps it will help to consider first what kind of man makes the best soldier.

It is sometimes assumed that, owing to the increasing complexity of war, the many semi-scientific appliances used and the great decentralization of command, the more individuality and education a soldier has the more useful he will be. He must be capable, it is argued, of comprehending the moral justifications his nation has for seeking to impose its will on the enemy nation. My experience has been that this is not actually the case. In the late war, it was my job to run the signal communications of a brigade. Among the men I had under me were five college students, neophytes of the Methodist ministry. They were full of the sense of duty and the righteousness of the cause for which they were fighting. They wrote interminable letters, which I had to censor, filled with the most elevated patriotic and humanitarian sentiments. But when we started to fight and Fritz plastered the approaches with five-nines and eight-inch shells, breaking all the wires, the men I depended upon to go out at all hours of the day and night, plough through the mud, and, under the menace of a sudden and sticky death, mend the cables (often an intricate and disheartening job in itself), were not the five theologians, but my red-headed Irish sergeant and two or three godless fellows who spent a great deal of their time in hospital recuperating from the wounds inflicted by lady snipers. The parsons found their true sphere of usefulness in acting as the army equivalent of hello-girls; their meekness enabled them to support the blasphemous assaults of the staff when communication was not so prompt as in the big cities at home.

The best soldier, I believe, is a primitive, honest fellow, uncomplicated by elaborate thought-machinery or superfluous ideas.

He makes a simple and reliable tool which, though perhaps limited in its applications by its simplicity, will not get out of order at critical moments or commence to function erratically. Kipling, writing thirty years ago in "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," said: "About thirty years from this date, when we have succeeded in half-educating everything that wears trousers, our army will be a beautifully unreliable machine. . . Speaking roughly, you must employ either blackguards or gentlemen, or best of all, blackguards commanded by gentlemen, to do butcher's work with efficiency and despatch." . . Noting an improvement in the morale of some of the native troops used by the British against the Ghurkas at the battle of Makwanpur, in 1816, an officer said: "It has been observed that these expeditions (out of the country) diminished the force of their superstitious prejudices and rendered the Sepoys more manly, careless, *profligate*, in a word, *more like European soldiers*." . . Bernard Shaw, who understands military matters very well, has described the Roman legion thus: "That legion was as a man with but one head, a thousand arms—and no religion." Plainly, it was a more efficient machine than one with the same number of arms and a thousand heads, each filled with a religion which promised that those who lived by the sword should perish by the sword!

In 1918, the Germans circulated a document giving their notion of how the various divisions of the British Army ranked in striking power. Their generals and staffs were warned that whenever any of the first flight were in the line opposite them, they must look out for offensive action and trouble generally. As I remember it, the list started like this:

51st Highland Division.
The Australians.
9th (Scottish Division.)
15th (Scottish Division.)
The Canadians.
2nd Division (Regular British Army.)

—and so on through sixty divisions. It will be noted at once that these formations were,

with the exception of the last named, recruited from the more primitive and barbarous parts of the Empire. The list was practically a table of comparative ferocity. That is the quality which is most desirable in a soldier—ferocity, the will to attack and kill. The power of resistance, of hanging on, is important too, of course, but it is an axiom of war that decisive success can only be won by relentless *offensive* action. Ricardo, in Joseph Conrad's "Victory," is an almost ideal type of fighter—if one could only keep him fighting all the time. Ferocious, and at the same time willing to be led. A man who "just doesn't care"—above all, who is not "tame." Such natural fighters, alas, do not come as often as once in a hundred men. The next best man is an unsophisticated, lusty fellow, not corrupted by notions of his own importance as a unit of the sovereign people or as the proprietor of an immortal soul—a fellow who will not unbalance, by faulty ratiocinations, the automatism in manœuvre that has been drilled into him.

The way to develop such a man seems to me to be to train him to respond as automatically as possible when he is commanded to perform the few simple manual operations connected with the employment of his arms in battle, to reduce his necessity for thought to a minimum, and to refrain from stuffing him with ideas except the simple idea that he had better kill his enemy quickly and ruthlessly, lest he be killed himself. He must be wrought upon with all the devices which build up subordination and discipline. Paternalism is a necessary complement of this discipline. In the British Army it is the rule that an officer must always look to his men's comfort first, and his own afterwards—that he must see that they have recreation and join them in it, and so on. The unit, in other words, must be led, not pushed. It is bad business if on the day of battle soldiers are divided between fearing and hating their enemy and fearing and hating their officer. In leading men, as everything else, one cannot get something for nothing.

Empirical rules for the training of soldiers have been developed which practically accord with these principles. To a man holding democratic notions, most of these military devices and conventions must be abhorrent to the last degree. Hence the outcry, from civilians in the late war, against saluting, shining of brass buttons, ceremonial drills, and so on. In justice to these civilians it must be said that the professional soldiers were ready with no good explanation of the value of such practices, but merely replied arrogantly that they had always been, and should therefore continue. Before real improvements in military training are possible, there must be a scientific survey of the human material available for the manufacture of soldiers, and a great deal of investigation into the functioning of the brain and nerves under battle conditions. It may be possible, to some extent, to inculcate ferocity. The demonstrations of Colonel R. B. Campbell, Director of Bayonet Fighting for the British Army, were very instructive. He would take a platoon of sheepish-looking, poorly-developed youths, and, by the exercise of his extraordinary persuasion, rapidly strip away the coverings of civilization from them, and turn them into fighting animals, eyes glaring, teeth bared, trembling, hating. He did not yell, or rant. He talked rapidly, evenly, in a low, confidential, compelling tone. "That's where the liver is, if he runs away. . . Two inches of steel, no more. . . And mind you get the right place. . . He's a dirty, greasy German waiter. . . You've often seen him scraping the dishes. . . He's raped your sister. . . Don't give him a chance. . . In the throat . . . right there . . . two inches. . . A-a-a-h-h- . . ." At the word the boys charged down on the row of stuffed sacks, stabbing madly but not blindly. As they lunged together the yell went up. . . "A-a-a-h-h- . . ."—a snarling, bestial sound that struck at the jelly of the spine.

It would be well if troops could be inculcated against the dangers of propaganda before they go to war, as they are

now inoculated against smallpox, dysentery and typhoid. On the whole, perhaps, it is an advantage for the private soldier to be able to read and write, but in war a little learning is a dangerous thing. The Germans, better educated than their enemies, were very susceptible to propaganda. The German soldiers I saw impressed me as rather moony and sentimental individuals. After having taken Fritz prisoner and relieved him of his watch, one removed the wallet in which he carried his letters from the tail pocket of his tunic. It would be filled with letters from home, from his little brother, recounting that "yesterday we had our Hindenburg holiday. . . I got sixty-five for algebra, and seventy for English . . ." and sometimes, as a concession to romance, there would be certain pornographic postcards. I remember, at Vimy Ridge, one poor fellow dying in a communication trench, trying to tell me about his wife and six little children. He seemed to take it for granted I would be interested in them, and all the time his comrades off to the flank were taking pot shots at me whenever I straightened up. . . Well, honest, sentimental Heinie would pick up the propaganda leaflet that came fluttering down from the clouds, read the speeches of Wilson and Lloyd George, and believe that all the Allies were trying to do was to rescue him personally from the clutches of a despotic government that was determined he should enrich a foreign soil with his carcase. So in the next attack he kept his head down until his deliverers got near, then elevated his hands and yelled "Kamerad!" and got a kick in the pants as an earnest of further fraternal rewards.

What else might be done to improve the morale of the men who will have to fight our future wars, to make them more useful instruments? If the status of the military profession could be improved, if it came to be considered more honorable to be a soldier than a white-wings or advertising

agent, better men might be enlisted into the corps of officers and the cadres of non-commissioned officers. The soldier of the National Army would then have better leaders in time of war and more confidence in them. However, I see no prospect of this happening. A military caste and a strong army are too dangerous to democracy. An efficient army is a wonderful weapon, but one which may be easily seized by a strong man and wielded with effects fatal to plutocrats and demagogues. Pacifism, antimilitarism, the imperative of the herd—"We wish that some day we may have nothing more to fear"—all combine against the soldier. There is not much he can do but hold his peace and die when the day comes. The man in the street believes that if he sees no uniforms about he is in no danger from war. He goes on believing it until one day he or his son is grabbed, clapped into khaki, given a rifle which he does not know how to use, bundled, bewildered and awkward, on to a field of battle, and bidden to uphold his country's honor with his life.

"How long have we got to dig tonight, sir?" asked the sergeant in charge of a working party going up to the front with me in 1917.

"About half-an-hour," I replied facetiously, and was immediately reproved by a war-shaken boy's melancholy voice coming out of the darkness.

"Don't kid the troops; you mustn't never kid the troops!"

But that is really what we did, and that's what we'll have to do in the next war. We'll kid them with the news that they are to die for the Glory of the Flag, for the defense of democracy, for their wives and firesides, to keep God's country inviolate, to save humanity from militarism . . . kid them with pictures of Christ on the Cross and a dead soldier at His feet . . . with the promise of the forgiveness of their sins and the hope of a glorious resurrection.

AMERICAN PORTRAITS

IV. Medicinæ Doctor

BY L. M. HUSSEY

THE morning office hours of Dr. Sinus, the popular general practitioner, were about over. No one remained in his waiting-room. On his desk lay the current issue of the *Journal* of the American Medical Association. He ran a bored eye over its contents. Here was a paper on auricular fibrillation—if his memory was not at fault, some sort of heart condition—or did it have something to do with the inner ear? Later on he might look it up. No matter; the author of the paper probably had nothing practical to say. As for heart conditions, the doctor knew how to treat them. He always prescribed a flat, brownish pill known in the catalogue of the pharmaceutical manufacturer as Cardiac Fortior. Dr. Sinus dispensed these himself; he bought them in lots of five thousand. The pharmaceutical manufacturer offered to reveal the formula on request, but Dr. Sinus had never requested it. It satisfied him to know that the pill was ethical, that is to say, non-secret.

For a moment his eye wandered over another paper, entitled "A Quantitative Determination of Bilirubinemia." His lip, elevating a neat moustache, curled scornfully. The laboratory men, who knew nothing of sickbed practice, were forever entertaining themselves with the invention of recondite tests and reactions. Here was a new one. Why, in the name of sanity, should a busy practitioner bother with bile pigments? If a patient had something wrong with his liver one prescribed a dose of calomel. Impatiently the doctor turned to the back pages of the *Journal*. There, sandwiched between the advertisements,

were several columns of excellent jokes. A satisfied, an intelligent glint revealed itself in his eyes. He read down the columns with occasional chuckles.

Having thus concluded his examination of what was new in medical science, Dr. Sinus glanced through some of the advertising literature in his morning mail. Topping the heap was a handsome circular from a pharmaceutical house dealing in what were called "intravenous specialties." The circular laid down a preliminary axiom: the swiftest way to get a drug into the blood stream is by injecting it into a vein. The doctor granted the truth of the axiom: it was concise and illuminating. Moreover, there was also something appealingly dramatic and romantic about squirting a drug directly into the blood instead of administering it by the dubious route of the mouth.

There followed, in this handsome brochure, certain intimations that presently plunged the doctor into an attractive problem in professional economics. He noticed, among the drugs advocated for administration by the vein, his familiar friend, quinine. Let it be presumed that a patient were in need of this drug. What did one do? As things stood, one simply wrote *Pil. Quin. Sulph.* on a prescription blank and pocketed a fee of two dollars. But suppose one were to issue to one's constituency a bull proclaiming that the swiftest way to get a drug into the blood stream was by injection into the vein? Under these circumstances wouldn't the patient receive his dose by a more impressive ceremonial—a bit of productive

surgery, in fact? A patient so treated would be gratified and impressed, even scared. He would have his quinine, he would have it in the blood stream in the quickest way, and he would have it in the grand manner. The fee would be ten dollars.

For a few seconds the doctor rubbed his palms together, entertaining a golden vision. Why should he not avail himself of this eminently practical advance in medical science? Then, with a gentle sigh, he dropped his hands. After all, there was the frustrating item of the technique. One must be gifted with a certain skill. It was no child's play expertly to lodge a needle within the lumen of a vein. Ineffectually to make a pincushion of a patient's arm might be misunderstood. He dropped the handsome brochure on intravenous specialties into the wastebasket.

In the empty waiting-room he heard the clock strike ten times. He arose from his swivel-chair and prepared for his visits to the sick. Assured that his stethoscope and prescription pad were in his pocket, he put on his hat and coat and walked briskly to the front door. As he emerged into the street his manner became, as by an unconscious reflex, almost pontifical. The mystery of the art of medicine became embodied in his person. The burden of occult learning found expression in the gravity of his face. At the curb he entered a neat, gleaming sedan. The engine roared; Paracelsus was abroad.

II

He had been summoned that morning to the home of one of his more prosperous patients. At certain lesser places it was his habit to enter informally, but at this house he always rang the bell and waited. A raw wind blew up the street and the doctor, musing agreeably, thought of influenza. The weather was propitious. A colored maid opened the door and stood aside respectfully.

As the doctor removed his hat and coat the colored maid retired with discreetly subdued footsteps. There was, it seemed, a sudden quiet in the house. A faint whispering emanated from the upper hallway. From these signs it would have been obvious to the most casual observer that the doctor had arrived. Only the doctor, the undertaker and the pastor are received into the home with this ceremonial of prudent hush. Presently a somewhat plump woman, the patient's wife, was coming down the stairs. Dr. Sinus greeted her gravely. In the presence of his gravity she lowered her voice, but became, nevertheless, voluble. In answer to a question she said that her husband was suffering with fever and a bad cough.

"This is a bad time of year," responded the doctor ominously.

His words produced their effect; a shadow of apprehension crossed the plump woman's face. Long ago the doctor had discovered it profitable subtly to alarm the family while cheering the patient. He had found that the real critic of his ministrations was the family at the bedside, not the patient. If actually sick, the patient was likely to be unappreciative, was either indifferent or querulous. But the onlookers, the anxious heirs and assigns, invariably estimated the seriousness of the case from the doctor's words and deportment. If, after he had looked grave, a cure resulted, they were desirably impressed, and if, on the contrary, his art failed and he had to make way for the mortician, they understood that he had labored heroically against hopeless odds.

"It's impossible," said the plump woman in a troubled voice, "to make George take care of himself. He says that if he wears woolen underwear he catches cold. Don't you think that's silly, Doctor?"

A bit aloofly, Dr. Sinus agreed. In his experience it was well to humor patients, and the wives of patients, but never with enthusiasm, always with mysterious reservations. Therefore he assumed a faint

smile, indicative of esoteric understandings. Unhurried, he followed the plump woman upstairs.

But upon entering the sickroom he suddenly put on a jovial aspect. This was a face worn, however, solely for the patient. With an apt histrionism he would be enabled, presently, to avert his countenance and turn upon the wife a glance of ominous portent. The patient lay with dull eyes staring at the wall. He greeted the doctor with these words:

"I'm sick!"

Then he coughed.

"I'm sick at my stomach, too," he added. "I've been—"

His explanation was interrupted by an access of coughing. His wife grasped this opportunity dramatically to whisper:

"He's been feeling awful."

"God, yes!" affirmed the sufferer, emerging from his paroxysm.

"Well," said the doctor in his jovial style, "you're up to a whole bagful of tricks, Mr. Richards. We'll have to patch you up. Let's have a look at you now!"

Erasing the smile from his face, he got out his stethoscope. The appropriate moment for levity had passed. The science of diagnostics, as embodied in the ritual of auscultation, was about to be applied. The patient's wife wondered what mysteries were revealed to him as, listening, he moved the bell of the stethoscope over her husband's chest. Meanwhile, certain wheezy sounds were being conveyed through the rubber tubing to the doctor's ears. From a habit acquired during his credulous student days he made a futile effort to classify them. Were the râles fine, or whistling, or crackling, or subcrepitant? Were they moist or dry? Inwardly he told himself that all this was only the impractical bookish nonsense taught to bedeviled students. He didn't know, and moreover, he scarcely gave a damn. Probably no one else knew. Those among the faculty who pretended to a knowledge of such distinctions were obviously trying to fool him with his own tricks.

But the fulness of the ceremonial itself was another matter. For the sake of it he requested the patient to utter the words one, two, three, and thereafter to breathe deeply. This accomplished, Dr. Sinus removed the stethoscope from his ears. Deftly he slipped a thermometer into the patient's mouth. Three minutes later he was taking the reading with contracted brows. Temperature, one hundred and four degrees! He turned to Mrs. Richards.

"You say he had a chill?"

The patient's wife nodded eagerly, but before she could gratify her instinct to elaborate, George broke in complainingly.

"I've got a pain down here," he said, rubbing his abdomen. "It's just about as sore as a boil. Doctor, do you think—?"

The doctor waved his hand soothingly. To a certain point he humored his patients, but at the same time he never wasted time on the minutiae of their complaints. Give a patient a chance and he will describe every ache in the symptomatology. He had gathered the essential facts; now he faced the ever-perplexing question of the diagnosis.

Here again he was haunted by the impractical teachings of his student days. Differential diagnosis! How he had struggled, years ago, with those dismaying lists of contrasted symptoms! But mercifully, for the sake of his own peace, he had in the course of time largely disencumbered himself of that cargo of undigested fact. What was a diagnosis, after all? A name. The important thing was to prescribe for the patient and get him out of bed. Putting aside irrelevant pains, this case was a plain chest condition. In other words, a cold in the chest. One might call it bronchitis—and again, one might hazard a description more grave, more alarming. For the benefit of his own credit the doctor presently determined to designate it broncho-pneumonia. This diagnosis he privately divulged to the patient's wife. Then he began to write upon his prescription pad.

It was the impression of the patient's wife that he wrote in Latin, a tongue in which she deemed him to be as facile as Cicero. He wrote fluently, from memory. Years ago, in medical school, he had been sorely frustrated by the difficulties of prescription writing. In his unsophistication he had been balked by the Latin genitives, the adjustment of total quantities to the individual dose, and the accursed and ever-present menace of incompatibles. Often it made him smile to review that early innocence. He had, in fact, sweated through the many tormenting months of the course before he ever realized that extemporaneous prescription writing was a myth. When the truly accomplished physician passed a fluent fountain pen over his prescription pad he but inscribed a piece committed to memory. In short, the secret of successful prescribing was—to memorize a few useful prescriptions. As for the Latin genitives, one avoided them by abbreviation. Furthermore, the druggist knew as little of Latin as the doctor.

In the present instance, as in every case of the sort, he wrote down the names of two drugs, *Mist. Glycyrrh. Comp.* and *Ammon. Chlor.* Once, in a moment of idle speculation, he had consulted his pharmacology to discover what might be the rational virtues of these drugs. He read in the book that *mistura glycyrrhizae composita* was needlessly complex; as for the ammonium chloride, he found nothing more enlightening than a carotid pressure-tracing from a dog—one more example of the idiotic amusements of laboratory men! He closed the pharmacology with disgust and put it back where it belonged—in a bookcase stuffed with dreadful volumes for the bemusement of hypochondriac office patients.

A little later, the saving prescription placed in her hands, he was telling the patient's wife that she had done wisely in summoning him so promptly. Her troubled face lightened a little as she listened to his words. In spite of the grave diagnosis

she had faith in his science. He was, in fact, a part of her secular religion.

III

Three days later, calling for the third time at the home of the patient named Richards, the doctor was pleased, but not surprised, to observe the efficacy of his prescription. The stethoscope revealed that all those wheezy sounds in the chest were gone. By the power of his drugs Dr. Sinus had caused a broncho-pneumonia marvelously to subside. But, unhappily, the patient himself remained ill.

For a moment the doctor suspected him of malingering. Beneath his professional suavity he was always a little hostile toward his patients. He resented their vagaries and knew their tricks. But in this case the thermometer showed that Richards unquestionably had a temperature of one hundred and four degrees. Remembering what he could of pulmonary conditions, Dr. Sinus could recall none that exhibited this strange anomaly of subsiding general symptoms and amazing hyperpyrexia. He was troubled with a discomfiting suspicion. Had he, perchance, erred in his diagnosis? Had he been hasty? But no; a patient could recover from one disease and forthwith contract another.

He began to question Richards concerning his symptoms. At once the patient's cheeks were touched with a flush of triumph. At last, after half a week of treatment, he was to be heard! He released his plaint. He spoke of an infernal pain in his gizzard. Gingerly he pressed upon his right side.

Slipping deft fingers under the bed-covers, Dr. Sinus began a cautious palpation.

"Not so hard!" cried the sufferer.

The doctor inspired a soft, whistling breath. Pain in the right iliac fossa! Unabated fever! Nausea! All thought of the bronchial symptoms now vanished from his mind. His eyes glittered. In them shone

the light of the geologist who has struck oil. . . . Appendicitis!

Gravely he turned toward Mrs. Richards.

"Mrs. Richards," he said, "I would like to have an ice-bag at once!"

For a moment he thought of relieving the patient's immediate discomfort by a hypodermic of morphia. He was partial to hypodermic injections. They gave to his ministrations an ineffably professional touch. They elevated him, with one push of the plunger, immeasurably above the plane of the corner druggist, his natural and unethical competitor. Moreover, a patient's family was usually proud of a case that demanded the intervention of the needle.

But from the welter of needless, bookish facts in which he had spent his student days a certain warning, strange as it may seem, returned to the doctor's mind. In appendicitis one avoids masking the pain with narcotics! Why? It seemed an irrational taboo. He hesitated. Why not pioneer boldly and take—that is, vicariously in the person of the patient—the consequences? But, still doubtful, he refrained.

As he left the bedside and walked toward the door, he beckoned to Mrs. Richards. She followed him downstairs. A grave whispering began. The doctor told her that the pulmonary symptoms had been routed by effective medication. But now there was pain in the right side. The question of nausea had been suspicious from the beginning. He was not one needlessly to alarm a patient or his family, but . . .

"You see, it is this way, Mrs. Richards: a pneumonia or a broncho-pneumonia is nothing but a kind of inflammation. I've seen a good many cases like this before. A sort of inflammation. What else is appendicitis? It's just a question what part of the body the inflammation shifts to. We cleared up the lungs—and it jumped lower down. It shifted. Do you understand? As for the question of an operation—I think I'd like a consultation over that."

As the doctor evolved this theory, his voice, although measured and didactic, acquired a lilt of enthusiasm. He had not only satisfied the patient's wife, but also himself. He had cleared his own uneasy doubts. Once more the ever-recurrent fear that there was in disease, and in the vagaries of the human mechanism, a mystery eluding his understanding was vanquished. As for Mrs. Richards, although she nodded her head, she was bewildered by the scientific complexity of his words, but her admiration of him and her confidence in him were augmented. At that moment her opinion of him actually surpassed his opinion of himself. How was it possible, she mused, for a single human brain to contain so many profundities? With humility she consented to all he advised. She agreed to the consultation. Presently Dr. Sinus and his cargo of learning proceeded homeward to their office.

For a few seconds the presence of an unexpected patient interrupted the major business in hand. This patient was a middle-aged gentleman, rather robust for a sick man, with a florid face and a nose delicately mapped with empurpled capillaries. He looked at the doctor, nodded, and smiled.

Dr. Sinus relaxed nothing of his professional severity. He had diagnosed his patient's need without the necessity of the customary questions and answers. After years of practice certain conditions were wholly transparent to him. He took up his prescription pad and wrote upon it the words, *Spiritus Frumenti*. As the paper was conveyed to the sufferer's palm he received in his own a silver dollar. With a parched but expectant air the patient departed at once.

Then Dr. Sinus reached for the telephone, but with hand outstretched, he paused to glance at the inevitable sepia print of "The Doctor," framed above his desk. As ever he was moved, touched, by this portrait of the elderly physician sitting faithfully at the bedside of his little

patient. Was this not a symbol of the profession, indeed the semblance of himself? Ah, the self-sacrifice of the doctor's life! The toilsome days spent ministering to humanity, and the sleepless nights so ill rewarded! Heaving a sentimental sigh, the doctor lifted the telephone and called the number of Dr. Rupert Ulnar, his surgical ally.

IV

Dr. Ulnar was a young man, but in spite of his youth he had conjured success, for he had found his necromantic phrase. He whispered it into the ears of general practitioners when their eyes were cast about for surgical help. It was an anodyne, an edulcorant to counteract the acid of misgiving. These were the words spoken by Dr. Ulnar: "Doctor, I'll take care of you!"

With intelligent ejaculations this Dr. Ulnar now listened to the explanations of Dr. Sinus.

"It looks like your diagnosis was correct, Doctor," he agreed.

"If you can meet me at the patient's home around four-thirty this afternoon we can have the consultation," suggested Dr. Sinus.

He went on to say that the patient would probably be a little easier now since he had ordered the continuous use of the ice-bag. The young surgeon permitted himself a brief cough.

"I'd suggest, Doctor," he remarked soothingly, "that you call up and have the nurse substitute the hot-water bottle in preference."

"Eh? How's that?"

"You see, Doctor," explained the young surgeon, suavely, "the best practice nowadays avoids cold applications in appendicitis. That adds to stasis. On the other hand, heat relieves stasis—and aids in the prevention of adhesions."

Dr. Sinus grunted, slightly irked by the pedantry of this youth. Whipper-snappers just out of school were ceaselessly bubbling with gassy innovations. What did the

fellow mean by stasis, anyway? For a quarter of a century, on good advice, he had used the ice-bag in inflammations of the appendix. But it might be that the science of medicine had advanced. It did, indeed, advance. What was cold today became hot tomorrow, black was white and white was black.

The young surgeon was speaking again. He would be present for the consultation at four-thirty. His voice added to its timbre a subtle color.

"And Doctor," he said, "I'll—take care of you!"

These words, this suave intimation of an honorable division of the just rewards of science, soothed Dr. Sinus. His thoughts grew impatient with those who sought to deny the ethical legitimacy of such arrangements between physician and surgeon. Medical ethics were a fine body of doctrine and he was ever ready to condemn any wanton infraction of them. No blandishments would ever suffice to lessen his stern disapprobation of such transgressors as the prescribing druggist, the self-medicating patient, the advertising practitioner, the faith-healer, the chiropractor, the napropath, the zone-therapist, the cultist of any kind. At the same time it was unreasonable to ask that the practitioner of scientific medicine should, like the lily of the field, take no thought of raiment. Even a scientist must live.

Shortly after four o'clock the two savants gathered at the bedside of the patient named Richards. Young Dr. Ulnar, in his brisk fashion, was making a rapid survey of the symptoms.

"Temperature one hundred and four and six-tenths. High, Doctor! A severe pyogenic process, I fear. I never delay the knife in these cases. Did he have the pain before the fever or the fever before the pain?"

"I've had a hell of a pain for a long time," growled the patient.

Dr. Ulnar nodded.

"A very important diagnostic sign, Doctor. I take it the pain preceded the

fever. Otherwise we would hesitate with the diagnosis. However——”

He began a deft palpation. Now it happened that this patient Richards suffered from that form of hyperaesthesia known as ticklishness, and as the young surgeon's fingers delicately explored his abdomen he defensively contracted his abdominal muscles. The surgeon found them hard and unyielding.

“Rigidity of the right rectus muscle!” he cried. He thrust a prodding forefinger into the flesh. Richards cried out in energetic complaint.

“Localized tenderness — McBurney's point!”

The two healers withdrew to the bathroom for consultation.

“There is, in my mind,” affirmed Dr. Ulnar, “no question of the diagnosis. Acute appendicitis. I'd like to operate, if possible, tomorrow.”

Curbing his enthusiasm, the surgeon accompanied the doctor downstairs, where a conference was held with the patient's wife and an older brother. For a brief space these representatives of the family were feebly reluctant. As against the brilliant technical language of young Dr. Ulnar their objections were, however, impotent. The older brother said that if it must be he would prefer a particular hospital. Against this choice the young surgeon lodged subtle objections. He suggested an obscure institution of which the elder brother had never heard. A slight discussion followed. The elder brother yielded.

An hour later the ambulance arrived and removed the candidate for appendectomy.

V

Early the following morning Dr. Ulnar appeared in the operating-room in the white shroud of his office. Similarly attired, Dr. Sinus was present as a spectator. He watched the procedure with somewhat envious eyes. After all, it was the surgeon and the specialist who skimmed the cream of medicine. Why had he continued all

these years in the shambles of general practice? If general surgery was a bit arduous—although probably half the anatomical nonsense of the surgeons was hocus-pocus—there were other specialities. Nose and throat, for instance. He had often thought of nose and throat. Largely, you did nothing more than squirt a few minims of colored oil up a patient's nose and collect a fat honorarium. Then there were the tonsils. It might seem that the good Lord had provided these organs that nose and throat men might live and wax. The doctor believed that he could snare out a pair of tonsils as well as anybody—and no one could deny that the patient was better off without them.

At that moment the patient Richards was wheeled in under the anesthetic. Dr. Ulnar poised his scalpel over the exposed abdomen. This patient had, he perceived, a sensitive skin. The energetic scrubbing with alcohol had brought out a splotchy, rose-colored rash. He lowered the scalpel and made a neat, transverse incision. A few seconds later the wound was fringed with artery clamps. After the application of retractors the surgeon's exploratory finger followed the parietal peritoneum until it met with the colon. Passing a finger down to the head of this obstruction, he lifted it, together with the appendix, into the wound.

Dr. Sinus, craning his neck, was unaware of anything untoward. He did not notice the smile that flickered upon the face of Dr. Ulnar's assistant. Nor did he see the expression of mild surprise on the surgeon's own features. Alas, this was not the first time that Dr. Ulnar had removed a perfectly healthy appendix—but this time the diagnosis had seemed really positive. As he crushed the stump of the pink little tube, unblemished by any evidence of disease, and as he applied the cautery, he wondered, irritably, what the devil *was* wrong with this patient?

It was not until he was suturing the wound edges that his attention was once more attracted by the rosy spots on the

patient's abdomen. A reaction to energetic disinfection? The surgeon's mind hesitated with a doubt. Leaning forward, he directed an oily orderly to bring him two microscope slides from the laboratory. When the slides were brought he received upon them several drops of the patient's blood.

A few minutes later, divested of his gown, he walked down the corridor arm in arm with Dr. Sinus.

"Well, Doctor," he remarked, "a neat operation. The trouble is, we were wrong!" The doctor stared.

"I mean, Doctor, that the appendix, as you doubtless observed, was perfectly normal. Whatever our friend Richards had, it was not appendicitis. However," he continued, "it's a fine thing for anyone to be rid of an appendix. Mr. Richards need never fear an attack of appendicitis now. And now that's off our hands, we'll keep him under observation for a few days until we can establish the diagnosis."

The doctor felt himself a bit affronted. Establish the diagnosis! He was certainly not niggardly of diagnoses, but he felt that it would be an impractical, an indelicate thing to go to the patient's family with still another name for Mr. Richards' illness. There was something light, flighty, about this young surgeon. Perhaps he had been trusted too far. Of this the doctor felt assured when, visiting his patient the following morning, he observed, indubitably, the return of the early chest symptoms! A swift suspicion crossed his mind. Originally he had diagnosed broncho-pneumonia. Had he been, after all, correct?

On the morning of the third day, as he was preparing to leave for the hospital, he was called by telephone. It was the Resident Physician speaking.

"Dr. Sinus," said the Resident Physician, "I'm sorry we weren't able to locate you earlier. Mr. Richards, your appendectomy case, just died. Unfortunate. We make the diagnosis post-operative pneumonia following the anesthetic. You'll be over, I suppose?"

Scowling, the doctor sat before his desk. Post-operative pneumonia! He sniffed. More than that! Pneumonia all along. His own diagnosis from the beginning. A flush of triumph mitigated his scowl. He had proved himself correct against that cock-sure whipper-snapper! Experience counted! A quarter of a century of medical practice went for something!

Again the telephone was ringing. The doctor heard the voice of the young surgeon.

"Well," said Ulnar, enthusiastically, "We've got the diagnosis!"

"The diagnosis!" exclaimed the doctor, sourly. "I guess we have. I had it from the beginning. Furthermore, I just had a call from the Chief Resident. Richards is dead. . . . Post-operative pneumonia," he went on. "Now, Ulnar, that diagnosis is a bit stale. I ——"

"I should say it is!" agreed the surgeon. "Did you notice the rose-colored rash on Richards' belly? Made me suspicious. Remember the blood I took? Had a Widal made. Doctor, it's positive!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Dr. Sinus.

"A positive Widal test on the blood, Doctor. That establishes the diagnosis. The patient's appendix was sound. He *died* of post-operative pneumonia, as some patients do, but what he *had*, Doctor, was —*typhoid fever*!"

The doctor heard no more. Silently he sat at his desk, pondering a new problem in medical economics, complicated by a problem in medical jurisprudence. Briefly, his dilemma was this: should he go to the Richards family and reveal the final, the correct diagnosis—that is to say, typhoid fever,—or should he suppress it and leave the family to the inference that the patient had died simply as a result of surgery? To suppress the diagnosis would be dangerous. The facts might leak out in some way. In the event of exposure he, Dr. Sinus, would be open to prosecution by those Board of Health scoundrels for his failure to report an infectious disease. On

the other hand, how would the plump widow and the patient's elder brother take it if he went to them now with a brand new diagnosis? Inevitably it must evoke their ire. He would lose his fee—and so would Ulnar. Neither would be taken care of. In effect, they were brethren in misfortune, victims of the barbarous prejudices of bureaucrats and the laity!

VI

As he wrestled with his perplexity the front door opened and his little son re-

turned from school. Met in the hall by the doctor's wife, he asked to see his daddy.

"Well, Jack," said his mother, "your papa is busy now."

"Mother, I've got to ask him something. We had words to define this morning, and there was one I didn't know."

"You needn't bother papa. Ask me, dear."

"What," demanded the lad, "does the word 'scientist,' mean?"

"Scientist? Don't you know what a scientist is, Jackie? A scientist is—Why, your own papa is a scientist!"

INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGES

BY ALBERT LÉON GUÉRARD

AN ESPERANTO enthusiast, we are told by Paul Gsell, was descanting before Anatole France on the charm and power of his *kara lingvo*. The old master listened with the same open-minded courtesy, we may be sure, as that with which M. Bergeret listened to the *vers libre* of M. Roux. But then he asked his visitor: "Please translate for us these two lines from 'Phèdre':

*Ariane, ma cœur, de quel amour blessée
Vous mourûtes aux bords où vous fûtes laissée!*

When the disciple of Zamenhof had offered his version, the smile of Anatole was more than ever fraught with irony and pity. "You can see for yourself, my friend," he said. "It can not be done!"

I can imagine literati the world over shaking their heads wearily, and repeating: "It can not be done!" Yet the international language problem can not be shirked, for this is a world of many nations and of tongues innumerable and illimitably vexatious. Shells, liquid fire and poisonous gases provide a means of exchanging international opinions which leaves nothing to be desired on the score of definiteness, but they still have their limitations, and even when we have nothing to say to our neighbors but "We hate and despise you!" we try to say it in more subtle terms. The international language question exists: that much is incontrovertible. Moreover, scientists are ready to tackle it: the International Research Council has a special committee for the purpose, and the Associations for the Advancement of Science in America, England and France have gone into the matter.

224

Commerce is cautious, but willing: big firms already advertize and correspond in Esperanto and do so without a qualm. Even diplomats are open-minded: some of the very best men in the Assembly of the League of Nations were among those who requested that the problem be investigated. The motion was carried, and Dr. Nitobe, Assistant Secretary General, brought in a highly interesting report. Colonel George Harvey, in the rashness of his youth, opened the columns of the *North American Review* to Esperanto before he scented the taint of idealism about the scheme. The most hide-bound of scholars—*Wir Philologen*—are beginning to move: and indeed, they could hardly help it after Max Müller, A. Meillet, and Otto Jespersen had cleared the path for them. Of all men, perhaps, literary artists will be the last to wake. Anatole France has only a sceptical smile for flag, church and code, but he believes in Classical French. He believes in it as hard as the goldsmith in Molière believed in the panacean virtue of jewelry: "*Vous êtes orfèvre, Monsieur Josse.*"

Word artists must needs be traditionalists, for their material is not, like the stuff science is made of, or even like marble, bronze, clay or paint, independent of the past. The cave paintings of the Crê-Magnons, the jar portraits of ancient Peru, are immediately intelligible; a language, on the contrary, is a system of symbols of which history holds the key. If the key be lost, as in the case of Etruscan, the symbols are valueless; if the key work heavily or capriciously, the symbols become faint or distorted. Or shall we say that a vocabulary is merely a blank check

book, of small intrinsic value—that all depends upon the amount of your deposit in the bank? An unknown language, foreign or artificial, will not honor at sight the signature of a stranger. So we go back with delight to the familiar place where we can get full value, in idea and sensation, for every one of our words.

A language, we have been told a thousand times, is not a mechanism, it is a sort of life, and therefore a growth. It is the life of an individual in communion with the life of a race. It is more than the garment of our mind and the veil of our soul; are we sure, indeed, that it is not our mind itself, and a substantial part of our very soul? Divorce the human body from its life, and you get simply enough iron to make a good-size nail, enough lime to whitewash a few square feet of wall, enough fat to fry a doughnut—a stock of materials which may well be worth thirty cents. Translate religion into “practical, sensible” terms—a theological Esperanto—and all true Fundamentalists will cry: “They have taken our Lord from us!” Do the same with love, and there remains only a series of psycho-physiological reactions. Do the same with literature, and “the multitudinous sea incarnadine” becomes just a choppy sea. We understand the shudder of mystic, lover and poet before a world of mere fact and sense, bereft of that glamor which alone is life. But the problem of language is neither fully nor fairly stated in such terms. The main conflict here is not one between the weaver of dreams and the practical man, with his single devotion to hard facts; it is a conflict between the letter and the spirit. On the one hand we have the verbalist, the literalist, the dogmatist, for whom certain symbols are endowed with unique and unchanging values; on the other hand we have the progressive, who believes that life and its glamor are eternal, that they will not pass away with any particular set of symbols, that they will, on the contrary, fill to the brim any new symbol that we may devise.

We may understand the shudder of the artist before an unfamiliar instrument, but it should not be accepted as a final condemnation. A shudder may be a warning: it may also be a challenge. We should say to our trembling minds what Turenne said to his body, quaking with fear at the first thunder of battle: “Tremblest, carcass? Shalt tremble with better cause where I am going to lead thee!”

II

So, with all reverence, I beg to challenge the decision of Anatole France, the visible head of the Holy Literary Church. I claim that his pronouncement was no judgment at all, but a mere expression of prejudice. Prejudice and Anatole France seem incompatible terms, but who can boast that he is wholly free? Roosevelt tells us that, in one of his cross-country hikes, the whole party, having to ford a river, stripped and carried their clothes above their heads. Attention was called to the fact that Ambassador Jusserand had kept his gloves on. “We might meet ladies, you know,” was the Ambassador’s explanation. Anatole France’s anti-Esperantism is his last shred of respectability. He stands in splendid freedom, one of Wells’s “men like Gods,” with a pair of gloves on!

Huxley once asserted that, in order to understand a crayfish, you would first have to be a crayfish. In order to pass judgment on Esperanto,¹ one should first know Esperanto—a precaution that most critics, including Anatole France, are apt to neglect. Had I been the Esperantist he challenged, I should have felt no scruple in playing a trick upon the Master. Instead of Esperanto, I should have quoted two lines at random from some literary language with which Anatole was not acquainted—Portuguese, perhaps, or Rumanian, or, if need be, Magyar. You may be sure that his verdict would have been

¹ Throughout this article the word Esperanto is used to represent any artificial auxiliary language.

the same. He would have damned a couplet from Camoens with as much assurance as Waxahachie applauded Sarah Bernhardt when she filled gaps in her overtaxed memory with the multiplication table.

No doubt the translation offered was disappointing to the translator himself. That the full charm of a literary passage can not be transposed into a different language is a fact sadly familiar to students of foreign literatures. George du Maurier obtained the desired effect of whimsical grotesqueness when he rendered, with perfect accuracy:

Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O sea. . . .

as

Cassez-vous, cassez-vous, cassez-vous,
O mer, sur vos froids gris cailloux. . . .

But I know French scholars, not conscious humorists, who rivaled that achievement in their attempts to translate such a simple line as

Ring out, wild bells, in the wild sky.

The professional translator is appalled, indeed, at the constant lack of coincidence between the vocabularies of languages as closely related as English and French. French, for instance, has no equivalent for *boy* and *girl*. It has but one word for *strength* and *force*, one also for *love* and *like*. On the other hand, there are many shades in French that are untranslatable into English. What subtlety can you expect from a language that turns *savoir-vivre* into *good manners*, and can not properly distinguish between *arrière-pensée* and *mental reservation*? If each language were to be judged by the standard of the other, both would be found wanting.

This difficulty, which is very real even with the simplest and most direct style, increases a hundredfold when, to the fundamental notes, we add all the harmonics of a long tradition. Much of our current English is based upon the Authorized Version of the Bible. Theology and literature, meeting at exactly the right

moment, conspired to give the Book in English a sonorous beauty that it did not achieve even in the German of Luther. So the grand tropes of Hebrew and Greek have lost in our familiar speech their foreign character without losing their majesty. On the contrary, the Bible has never permeated the French language. The version of the Psalms by Marot sounds childish, and the paraphrases by Racine are too nobly classical. In consequence, many Biblical allusions which, to us, are sublime commonplaces, strike the French as almost ludicrous in their oriental strangeness. Between Ezekiel and Voltaire, as literary artists, there is no conceivable bridge. For that reason, if a British Anatole France were to pick out at random a page from Carlyle or Ruskin, and to ask a young friend to turn it into French, he would have to say: "You can see for yourself that it can not be done."

In the lines that Anatole France selected for his test, the thought and the language are simple enough. Their unique beauty resides in their passionate and subdued harmony—a *lamento* in which the hushed vowels and the prolonged feminine rhyme work on our nerves like minor chords. But France's experiment proved only the vital connection between a great poet and his language, and therefore the impossibility of translation in the highest reaches of literature. For what other reason do we still attempt to read the classics in the text, when our store of knowledge so far surpasses that of Greece and Rome? In this case, let us grant, Esperanto had failed—but did it fail more utterly than a "natural" language? There is implied in France's contention a familiar theory which is open to challenge: it is that certain words have a suggestive music of their own. I believe that this is to a great extent a delusion. If a passage from a totally unknown language is read before you with level intonation, I defy you to guess whether it is a love scene or an engineer's report. The French word *cœur*, for instance, has a sentimental softness

which, by the way, does not fit in with one of its secondary meanings, *courage*. The German word *Herz*, in contrast, would seem to the French insufferably harsh. Yet it satisfies a people long noted for the music in their souls. The word *crêpe* suggests invincibly the tragic black veil of the French widow—until you remember that it also means *pancake*. There is hardly any name of more potent appeal than *Carmen*: those six letters exhale all the passionate fragrance of old Spain. Therefore, when I first read in big headlines: “Carmen Strike,” I was greatly puzzled. Then I suddenly realized that this magic symbol could also denote more prosaic beings than Mérimée’s *gitana*. Perhaps we should have a little less faith in the blessed word *Mesopotamia*.

Is there such a thing, indeed, as an ugly language? Is Volapük itself more hideous than Magyar? If I threw before you such a word as *sgbignazzandogli*, could you tell offhand that it belongs to the most musical language heard on the lips of men? I should be ungrateful indeed if I did not feel that French culture is in the marrow of my bones. But for that very reason, I confess that I feel some impatience when people dwell too heavily upon the beauty of French as a language. It is the same kind of irritation that M. Henri Bergson must feel, when admiring whispers reach him: “He is always so neatly dressed!” If French is worth studying, it is for the quality of French thought, not for the intrinsic excellence of the instrument. It is obvious that it possesses neither the sonority of the Mediterranean languages, nor the grand massiveness of German, nor the wealth and freedom of English. The instrument be hanged! I’d rather hear a true musician perform on a Jew’s harp than a third-rate fiddler scrape a Stradivarius. I’d rather read Renan in Malagasy, Tamil or Volapük than Georges Ohnet in his native French. Anatole France’s own style is a lovely music, at the same time aerial and grave. But does the music lie in the mere words? Take one of his most

exquisite pages, transpose a score of words, and you will get something which might be signed by Henri Bordeaux, of the French Academy, the nearest Gallic equivalent of Harold Bell Wright.

III

I have no desire to deny the magic of style. If you remove the elfin light that plays round certain lines of Shelley, a spell is destroyed that no wealth of mere sense can restore. But the grandest literature does not depend upon felicities of diction, any more than the keenest wit is expressed by verbal quips. The majesty of Genesis is elemental, not stylistic: “Let there be light!” will convey the same meaning and the same impression in Hebrew, in English and in Esperanto. The quiet, searching power of the Beatitudes borrows nothing from the skilful twist of a phrase, or the fortunate arrangement of vowels and consonants. If Shakespeare has jewels five words long that fade when you take them away from the charmed circle, the fact nevertheless remains that some of his noblest passages owe little to mere form. Nothing could be less “clever” than “To be or not to be: that is the question.” Yet, with such simple words he leads us shuddering to the very brink of the abyss.

It is unprofitable to argue about beauty: beauty is a miracle, unforeseen, unexplainable, subjective, the reward of faith, not of reason. Give us accuracy to start with, and we shall be satisfied. With accuracy and nothing else, we shall be able to deal with travel, commerce, government and science—a goodly portion of the purposes that a language can serve. When, through such services, the new instrument has become familiar to our ears and our tongues, why should we not discover in it a charm of its own? Why should not a genius arise who, from two dull words unexpectedly brought together, will extract the miraculous flame? That an artificial language can be made accurate will hardly be denied, even by Anatole France.

Accuracy is the essential quality of all codes and formulæ, and a medium like Esperanto aspires at first to be nothing else. The quaintnesses in our living tongues add nothing whatever to their precision. English might have the perfect phonetic spelling of modern German, and not suffer thereby. Or it might have the simple, absolutely regular accentuation of French, and be no whit the worse for it. If all its irregularities were eliminated, where would be the loss? Would *mouses* be any less evidently plural than *mice*, or *sinked* less manifestly past than *sank*? The people who find a magic virtue in odd survivals and anomalies must deplore the fact that such verbs as *love* and *believe*, which express the deepest things in life, should be so shamefully regular.

The accuracy of a language cannot be perfected, of course, save through actual use. But Esperanto has already a sufficient background of experience to possess a remarkable degree of precision, and Ido, the descendant of Esperanto, has inherited the same quality. So we are not now speaking hypothetically, as Descartes, Leibnitz, Max Müller or Nietzsche had to do when they argued that an artificial language could be made more perfect than a natural one. With both Esperanto and Ido an interesting experiment has been performed, which leaves no doubt as to their possibilities. Passages presenting serious difficulties were translated from, let us say, German into several natural languages, and then into Esperanto and Ido. Finally, these versions were re-translated into German by other scholars who had not seen the originals. The results were then compared with the initial passages. Esperanto and Ido came out with flying colors. There was nothing surprising in this result. Our historical languages, with all their charm and splendor, are the embodiment of much ignorance and loose thinking. If there clings about certain words a fascinating fragrance of the Seventeenth Century, there clings also an odor of Seventeenth Century

prejudice. Instead of giving rough and ready, or poetic, equivalents for the idioms of the text, the Esperanto translator was compelled to analyze the author's thought.

IV

If literary artists are successful in vetoing an artificial auxiliary language, what will happen? A world that needs international organization as tragically as ours does will not indefinitely tolerate the present linguistic chaos. The problem itself will not be denied. What then? One of the living languages will be adopted for international purposes. Will it be English? Such is the solution that many men in America seem to consider both desirable and inevitable.

Inevitable—perhaps. But not without a prolonged and painful process of competition and survival. The present giant's strides of English, by peaceful means and without opposition, should not lead us to believe that the language will irresistibly sweep the world. The moment supremacy is actually claimed on its behalf, it will be resisted tooth and nail. No doubt it would be infinitely wiser for the rest of the world to accept English at once as the second language of all civilized men. But nations are passionate rather than wise. If Mexico were wise, it would long ago have turned over the difficult business of governing itself to such an expert as General Wood. The League of Nations is now bilingual. There is little doubt that at present England is much more universally trusted than France. Yet if it were moved that English be made the sole official language of the League, the motion might conceivably be supported by the Scandinavian countries and by Japan, but certainly by no other. The British are old hands at the diplomatic game. Insular as they are, they know infinitely more of foreign peoples than we do. The isolation of a tight little island can never be quite so complete as that of a self-sufficient continent like ours: our parochialism is on the same gigantic scale as our sky-scrappers and the income

of our oil magnates. That is why the attitude of Great Britain in the language question is so different from ours. England, instead of attempting to force the adoption of English exclusively on the League of Nations, favored the recognition of Spanish as co-equal with English and French.

Let us suppose, however, that English were adopted as the international language. What then? The immediate benefits would be evident enough. We would be more impregnably entrenched than ever in our good-humored contempt for wops, frogs, dagocs, heinies, polacks, and all the others who can not talk United States as correctly as Ring Lardner. This would be a tremendous advantage, for contempt is an unfailing source of delight. Why do we want to achieve distinction, if not in order that we may despise the undistinguished? Our linguistic privilege would make us the recognized aristocracy of the world. We could travel from Spitzbergen to Tierra del Fuego and meet everywhere the same dear old bill-boards, and order ham and eggs in the language of God's own country. English alone would rule the radio waves. Our best novels, which now sell by the paltry carload, would then be marketed by the trainload. It is such a dream as to make all the Babbitts swell with joy.

We should win the world—but what of our soul? It would not be lost of course—but mightn't it be a trifle cheapened? For it is not without danger that a national language can be turned to international purposes. Cosmo-English, as Mr. Hamilton calls it, would lose much of the raciness and power of just plain English. If it becomes an Esperanto, it will develop the weaknesses of Esperanto—without acquiring at the same rate the basic virtues of Esperanto. The temptation will be overwhelming to simplify it—that is to say, to denature it. There is hardly any advocate of International English who does not take one or many steps in that direction. The most moderate—Professor

Brander Matthews, if I am not mistaken—is satisfied with spelling reform, as if the objections to English would be materially weakened if we wrote *thru* instead of *through*. I am not averse to spelling reform. I signed several pledge cards with every intention of keeping my promise—in a Pickwickian sense. We should not say with Sir Hall Caine: "Shakespeare's spelling is good enough for me," since we all know that Shakespeare could not spell at all. Let us remove many obvious absurdities, by all means. But spelling reform is only the time-honored thin end of the wedge. If we adopted it, we would next be asked to tackle more boldly the fundamental problem: that of patching up the present divorce between the spoken and written word in English. The result would be a dialect sufficiently close to our standard English to be confusing and yet too different to be spontaneous. Instead of meeting the international language difficulty in our relatively rare relations with foreigners, we should have introduced it into our very homes. I am ready to wager that the adoption of such a simplified English would be resisted more bitterly by English and American artists than the adoption of Esperanto. London would not object to a railroad station being built—with due precautions—opposite Westminster Abbey, but it would certainly object to Westminster Abbey being turned into a railroad station.

International English, in brief, would no longer be our own. It is the curse of dominion: a chain is a chain, whichever end you hold. If you impose your language upon the world, the world will retaliate by denationalizing your language. English is much more than a set of words connected by grammatical forms: it is a huge collection of idioms. This is the secret of its power: for each phrase is alive, tense and colorful. But it is also the reason of its extreme difficulty for foreign students: these innumerable idioms are not logical, are not intelligible through their component terms. "Mr. Britling sees it

through" was translated into French as "*Monsieur Britling commence à voir clair*," and "If you don't enlist, I shall cut you dead" became in German: "Ich hacke dich tot!" The user of English must handle sharp tools with lightning speed: only constant practice can make the performance safe. What will happen if English is turned over to the mercies of millions whose fundamental habits of speech are radically different from ours?

The safest thing for all concerned would be if International English were made logical and analytical—that is to say, unidiomatic. The alternative will be the free use of idioms by hordes of men who, like Hashimura Togo, do not have English in their bones. They will keep conscientious notebooks of "elegant expressions," as we used to do for our Latin themes: and they will reel them off whenever they have a chance, never doubting that, the more idioms you are using, the more idiomatic your speech. We do not have to imagine what such a language would be: it exists, for the delectation of the readers of *Punch*: it is the Babu English of half-baked Hindu students. Thus a turbaned gentleman announced his mother's death with these oddly matched jewels of speech: "The hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket."

V

If I were a word artist, I should therefore be strongly averse to the use of a national language—and particularly of my own—for international purposes. It imposes an unfair handicap upon the foreigners who have to use it in competition with the natives: but especially it imposes an undue strain upon the language itself—a strain which in time will impair its raciness and ruin its integrity. It is Esperanto alone that can keep English undefiled.

Artists abominate the thought of a standardized world, all of one language and of one speech, as in the days when, in the plain of Shinar, the sons of men builded their ill-fated skyscraper. A dream, and not even a beautiful dream, no doubt. But you are working for just such a dream when you want to impose upon all nations the language of one race and one civilization. The international idea deserves recognition, and must be free to grow; the national idea is dear to our souls, and must be preserved. You will best serve both by keeping them separate. Esperanto will have an ever-widening field, even in literature. But French will remain French, Irish will remain Irish, and English will remain English—thank God!

THE WAR AGAINST BIRTH CONTROL

BY MARGARET SANGER

... and priests in black gowns were walking
their rounds,
and binding with briars my joys and desires.
—*William Blake.*

“STRANGE,” exclaims a character in Aldous Huxley’s “Antic Hay,” “how long it has taken the ideas of love and procreation to dissociate themselves in the human mind. Even in this so-called Twentieth Century they are, in the majority of minds, indivisibly wedded.”

For ten years I have challenged this union of ideas, and in that turbulent period I have discovered that in this great commonwealth it is still considered “lewd, lascivious and obscene” to suggest their dissolution. When the diabolic words, Birth Control, first made their appearance in print, my obscure little journal was forbidden the mails, seven Federal indictments were lodged against me, and I was denounced, condemned and hounded out of the country. Since that time books on Birth Control have been suppressed, meetings called to discuss the underlying problem have been illegally broken up, and police officials, city councils, mayors, priests, archbishops, and other self-appointed meddlers have joined in obstructing and overriding all the constitutional guarantees of free speech. Their methods have been of infinite variety, their purposes audacious, and their organization and cohesion admirable.

These ten years of suppression and persecution have taught me many things. Despite the personal inconvenience I have undergone, I can now look with amusement and at times even with tolerance upon the incessant activities of this new

caste of thought controllers. Perhaps I really owe them a debt of gratitude, for I have come to see that they discharge a useful function in our great national pageant, enact a picturesque and perhaps even necessary rôle in our human-all-too-human comedy. Without the aid of their frenzied opposition the idea of Birth Control might never have been broadcasted to the remotest outposts of civilization.

It is not my purpose here to argue the cause of Birth Control. I wish merely to touch upon certain aspects of the psychology of these thought suppressors—aspects perhaps unfamiliar to many who have never incurred their enmity.

II

In the first place, let us recognize that in the ordinary acceptance of the term, morality is nothing but the sum total, the net residuum, of social habits, the codification of customs. Decent, conservative and altogether respectable cannibals find nothing immoral in anthropophagy. The only “immoral” person, in any country, is he who fails to observe the current folkways. Thus nothing can be so absolutely “moral,” as Samuel Butler suggested, as complete mental stagnation. To think about something new is as painful to the true conservative as to exercise an atrophied muscle. To doubt the wisdom of tradition is frowned upon. To introduce a new idea is to awaken a violent protest. More than once new inventions and discoveries of great value have been punished as crimes against the public good.

Contrary to a widespread illusion, no sort of conduct among primitive and barbaric tribes is more rigidly regulated than the sexual. Custom controls the sexual impulse as it controls no other, and infraction of the traditional rules is punished by the severest penalties. In contrast with this tyranny of the primitive *mores*, civilization has brought about the gradual extension of the sphere of individual liberty and of personal choice. It has substituted heterogeneity in behavior and thought for rigid and routine servility to custom.

But during the past half century in the United States we have been the witnesses of a counter movement. Manifestly, it has been impossible to enforce upon the ebullient and inchoate groups which make up our population any hard and fast set of rules for sexual behavior. It has been perfectly possible, however, to enforce a strict silence concerning sex, and to forbid, under the threat of severe punishment, any frank or open discussion of its problems. This counter movement, therefore, has been not so much an attempt to codify and ritualize sexual conduct among the population at large as an effort to control thought and speech upon the subject.

Fifty-one years have passed since Anthony Comstock, patron saint of our morality mongers, succeeded in having his psychosexual hyperaesthesia codified into State and Federal statutes. Section 211 of the Penal Code, which legally links contraception with obscenity, is based on his curiously morbid conception of human functions. The only lawful justification of love, he believed, was the procreation of children. Except for this avowed purpose, all intercourse should be made punishable by fine and imprisonment. Unless men and women could prove the virtuous motive of their cohabitation, they should be—and indeed I am informed that in certain sections of the United States they often are—thrown into jail. The Comstockian legislation against contraception was thus aimed at those who held that, inde-

pendent of prospective parenthood, sexual relations had a legitimate excuse and value of their own.

Comstock, though he is dead, remains the archetype of the successful moral censor. His fanaticism generated a terrific energy. Galvanized into incessant and frenzied activity by the intensity of his obsession, he discovered obscenity everywhere. He came to be a national pontiff of prurience. Congress quailed before his passion. He convinced sheep-like legislators that unless his last-minute measures were enacted into law, American society would be hurled over the cliff into the abyss of eternal damnation. He gained greater and greater authority. He swayed Congress and the state legislatures, he became the moral censor of the Postoffice, and finally he controlled even the port of New York.

Havelock Ellis has told us that anything that sexually excites a prurient mind is obscene to that mind. Obscenity dominated Comstock's mind. "Men think they know," some one has written, "because they feel, and are firmly convinced because they are strongly agitated." There was never any doubt in Anthony's breast and his certainty was always translated into action. He hounded men and women, regardless of their dignity and good intentions. Because, at the age of 75, Moses Harmon published an article discussing matrimonial relations without evasion, he was sentenced to hard labor at Leavenworth. Through the force of his fanatical zeal and the inexhaustible resources of his energy Comstock was able for years to terrorize and anaesthetize the American mind. Armed with his newly legal forged weapons, his tyranny became complete. Always he was able to work "within the law."

III

In one respect the self-appointed guardians of American morality differ today from their heroic ancestor. Speaking on the basis of my own experience and obser-

vation, I cannot escape the conclusion that those who have made the Birth Control movement the object of their particular enmity are totally ignorant of what may be termed the classical tactics of suppression. They are like schoolboys playing with chemicals. Where they have hoped to enforce silence, they have been surprised and shocked by the force and repercussive effect of unexpected detonations. They themselves are often compelled to run to cover. Instead of silencing an idea or a book, they merely dramatize it. Over and over again they have worked miracles of publicity that would have been impossible to a regiment of press-agents.

The Birth Control movement in America has had the good luck to incur the wrath of two distinct schools of censors. At first the Comstockians focused their attention on us. But with the passing of that patriarch any experienced observer must have noted the rapid decline of the Comstockian school. It has now become almost senile. No longer is it actuated by the stupendous frenzy of its founder. The grandiose gestures of the Golden Age are now things of the past. The neo-Comstocks are making, it is true, occasional spurts of activity, successful mainly because of the feebleness of the literary challenges to Mr. John S. Sumner. But I venture to predict that, in a future not too distant, there will be a gradual disintegration of the whole school. Times are changing. We are no longer in the Victorian era. Despite itself, American society cannot again bring to fruit so perfect a specimen of dynamic psychosexual hyperaesthesia as Anthony Comstock presented. And without the impelling force of an overwhelming pathological prurience, no virtuoso of his caliber can arise among us.

Today the chief warfare against Birth Control is waged by the Roman Catholic clergy and their allies. From the psychological point of view the fact is not without its significance. For at least fifteen hundred years the church has occupied itself with the problem of imposing ab-

stinence upon its priesthood—an intelligent and trained body of men who have been taught to look upon complete asceticism as the highest ideal—and it is not surprising that such a class of professional celibates should be psychically sensitive to the implications of the idea of contraception. Taught to look upon all expressions of physical love as sinful, it is but natural that these men should combat a school of thought so diametrically opposed to their own. Thus the opposition of the Roman Catholic Church and its representatives, high and low, is logical and to be expected. The philosophy of Birth Control insists upon the maximum of personal liberty in every sphere of human behavior that is compatible with the maximum of personal responsibility. Rightly or wrongly, it throws back upon the individual full responsibility for his behavior. It requires him to act upon the basis of reason, experience and prudence. True morality, we claim, is the outgrowth of experience and of the exercise of rational intelligence upon that experience.

The Catholic scheme of ethics, on the contrary, demands strict obedience to the laws and prohibitions that have been codified by authority. That authority declares in no uncertain terms that "all positive methods of this nature [contraception] are immoral and forbidden." In a Christmas pastoral Archbishop (now Cardinal) Patrick J. Hayes ventured so far as to assert that

even though some little angels in the flesh, through the moral or physical deformities of their parents, may appear to human eyes hideous, misshapen, a blot on civilized society, we must not lose sight of this Christian thought: that under and within such visible malformations lives an immortal soul to be saved and glorified for all eternity among the blessed in Heaven.

From exponents of the philosophy represented by this utterance the early advocates of Birth Control were prepared for the bitterest opposition. As a matter of fact, we welcomed such opposition, hoping only that the battle might be carried on according to the rules of decency and honesty.

Neither the theory nor the practice of Birth Control has ever been thrust upon women unwilling to accept it, least of all upon Catholics. We have conceded to Catholic and all other clergymen the full right to preach their own doctrines, both of theology and of morals. When, however, the Catholic clergy attempt to force their ideas upon non-Catholic sections of the American public and transform them into legislative acts, we believe we are well within our rights as American citizens when we voice our protest. The unsportsmanlike tactics and strategy of these opponents to Birth Control may be illustrated by two examples of attempted suppression.

Three years ago, as a fitting conclusion to the First American Birth Control Conference, a public meeting was arranged at the Town Hall in New York City. The subject chosen for discussion was the ethics of Birth Control. It was our aim to use this occasion, not for agitation, but to determine the opinions of representative men and women of all professions. Opponents of the doctrine were to be given a fair opportunity to state their objections. But the meeting was summarily closed by the police, acting, as subsequent investigation proved, on the instructions of Monsignor Dineen, secretary to Archbishop Hayes! When I attempted to speak, I was dragged off to a police station, and with me went those who protested against this illegal and unwarranted abuse of authority. The case was promptly dismissed by the magistrate the following morning. The ecclesiastical instigators of the suppression did not appear against me. But the investigation which followed indicated that the police who broke up the meeting had received their orders, not from police headquarters, but from the clergy!

The boomerang effect of this performance was indicated by the reverberations in the press. The idea of Birth Control was advertised, dramatized, made the recipient of column upon column of publicity. Only an infinitesimal section of

the public had been aware of the first American Birth Control Conference; even fewer persons knew of the proposed meeting in the Town Hall. The clumsy and illegal tactics of our opponents made the whole country aware of what we were doing. Even the most conservative of American newspapers were placed in the position of defending our doctrine. Letters showered in upon us. Many new members joined the League. At a later date, in a much larger auditorium, crowded to the doors, the meeting was held. Thus our first national conference was crowned with triumph. Indeed, the momentum of the publicity we obtained by this unlawful interference carried us over many months. Instead of cutting off the public discussion of Birth Control, the episode made the whole country talk about Birth Control. There were symposiums, editorials, letters from "constant readers"—all of which had the effect deliberately sought by us, of keeping our idea interesting to the public at large.

Other tactics were invoked by the avowed enemies of Birth Control in a more recent attempt at censorship. When a state conference was arranged in Syracuse our clerical opponents brought pressure to bear upon the Common Council of that city—the members of which, unless I am mistaken, had all taken an oath to uphold the Constitution of the United States and that of the State of New York. An ordinance was introduced making it a misdemeanor to discuss the subject of Birth Control in the city of Syracuse, and with but a single dissenting voice it was passed. To become a law it needed only the signature of the mayor. A violent protest now arose. Many who had not hitherto shown any interest in Birth Control sprang to the defense of the constitutional guarantees of free speech and peaceable assembly. The mayor, finally, vetoed the ordinance and the state conference was successfully held. By this episode the inhabitants of Syracuse were not merely introduced to our idea; they

were in addition taught something about the Constitution.

I might recount almost innumerable other instances of crude and usually unsuccessful attempts at illegal suppression. Hotels have been boycotted by such organizations as the Knights of Columbus because the managers have purveyed luncheons to advocates of Birth Control. Halls contracted and paid for have been withdrawn at the last minute on account of pressure brought to bear upon their owners. Permits to hold meetings have been refused by mayors or other city officials in cities in which there was a powerful Catholic constituency. Few politicians, though they have sworn to uphold the Constitution, dare jeopardize their future as office holders by incurring the displeasure of clerical authorities who control the thoughts of their adherents.

It is hardly necessary, I hope, to reiterate here that we concede to Catholics and to all other churchmen full freedom to preach their own doctrines, whether theological or moral. But when they attempt, through illegal tactics, to force their opinions and codes upon non-Catholics they should be and will be challenged.

IV

I do not wish to convey the impression that my ten years of experience have driven me to the conclusion that suppression is an unmixed blessing. It is true that the idea of Birth Control has been made to thrive by these ill-advised attempts to extirpate it from the American mind. But its vitality is not merely the chance result of such clumsy, clownish antics. If we had not been determined, with all the courage and stamina at our command, constantly, promptly and unflinchingly to challenge the assumed authority of these self-appointed censors, our movement never would have profited nor advanced.

Looked at from a broad point of view, the disadvantages of opposition have

probably outweighed the benefits. If a powerful ecclesiastical organization, armed with the vast authority of tradition, can countenance and even encourage an impudent disregard of the Constitution of the United States, the document which insures to that organization itself the freedom to perpetuate itself and extend its influence, does the fact not set an evil example to any lesser organization or group which sets up shop to interfere in other people's affairs? Public opinion in America, I fear, is too willing to condone in the officials of the Roman Catholic Church what it condemns in the Ku Klux Klan. Today American "purity" is protected by an interlocking directorate of professional meddlers, a bloodless but bloodthirsty tribe, scanning the horizon for any and every outbreak of human passion, galloping post haste to the scene of every such *verboden* manifestation like a tribe of Indians descending upon a pioneer's wagon. Any Dogberry clothed in brief authority, any psychopathic person with an "obscurity" complex may inaugurate the hunt. I have run the gauntlet in this new American sport and I know how well the new Inquisition is organized.

Sporadic protests against the program of organized encroachment upon the citizen's constitutional rights; indignation meetings called by radicals, Liberals and intellectuals when some book is banned; anaemic, half-hearted denunciations of all censorship; campaigns for free speech, so often inaugurated and so rapidly dropped—such phenomena as these appear to me as one who has been more or less in the trenches for ten years, as not suggestive of an awkward squad of school boys armed with bean-shooters, advancing against the machine guns and poison gases of a trained army. Nevertheless, as I have tried to show, a little group of women under the direction of one who may be a fanatic have been able to wrest victory from this army. The secret of our success, if I may be permitted for the moment to call it a success, is to be

found in the fact that we have never wasted our time and energy whining about our constitutional right to free speech. We have simply spoken out. We have asserted the truth as we have found it. We have spoken openly, honestly, aboveboard, and without equivocation or hypocrisy. We have repeated ourselves, we have reiterated our truisms, we have been, perhaps, at times tiresome and boring, but by following that program—by saying something and standing by what we have said—we have recaptured, for ourselves at least, the right to be heard. In this, I am convinced, we have set an example to others who have ideas to propagate—some of them, perhaps, of infinitely more importance to the American public than Birth Control. But so far they do not seem to be courageous enough

to challenge an authority that invades every field of thought. We have, as a nation, not yet awakened to the realization that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

Vituperation of the purity brigade may be an amusing substitute for mah jong and radio concerts for the intellectually detached, and indignant libertarians may derive some satisfaction from making loud-mouthed protests after somebody or something has been suppressed, but such activities contribute exactly nothing toward a cure for our national disease. If the American public is ever to be brought safely out of the mental coma into which it has fallen, something more than persistent criticism of the professional meddler is imperative. An ounce of courage is worth a ton of criticism.

THE SENATE'S LAST LEADER

BY CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

BOIES PENROSE, of Pennsylvania, who died on the last night of 1921, took the leadership of the United States Senate with him and has never sent it back. In the sense that Penrose was a leader, and George F. Edmunds before him, there is no leader in that body today. Brains are at the base of leadership in the Senate, as organization is the essence of leadership in the House. The strange thing is that the last of the Senate leaders should have come to Washington looking like the model for May Irwin's New Bully. Edmunds looked like a Senator. Penrose looked like a tough.

He was a silent man. Humor was deep within him, but he uttered no jokes, or very few. He cared not a jot what people thought of him. He walked straight his own road, whither it led him; and looked neither to the right nor to the left. In his train he always kept a company of "Penrose reformers," and whenever the control of his machine was threatened these white mice would begin running around their cage and start a "reform" movement. There was never such a movement in Philadelphia that Penrose did not have his hand in. At times he appeared openly, and took no care whether his sincerity was believed in or not. The fact is that he really did believe in reform—as a theory—long after he had become a boss. He started life, indeed, as a reformer, and joined the machine only when he discovered that there was nothing for him in kid gloves.

Before he ever ran for office he published three books on government, so solid and authoritative that they were quoted by James Bryce, and are still standard. He was ever a reader, and all his life he read solid

stuff, for he was none of your Senators who devour dime novels to while away the cares of office. He was a cultured man, one of the best read of his time, and when he came out of Harvard the reformers had high hopes of him—though they might have been dubious if they had looked at Quay, also a man of culture, who delighted in catching those who dabbled in the classics and hanging them up by the tail. At any rate, in his reforming youth the machine offered to make Penrose mayor of Philadelphia if he would quit his cussedness, and he agreed. Everything was ready when part of the Hog Combine suddenly threw him over. Penrose uttered oaths the size of his long frame and was preparing to go back to reform when Quay led him aside and mentioned a United States Senatorship two years in the offing. When the time came Penrose got it. He was devoted to the machine from that day.

He went to Washington as Quay's Bad Boy. When the newspapers mentioned him, it was to groan over the spectacle of a cultured man deliberately throwing away his opportunities to run Quay's errands in Washington, play dominoes for the control of a State Convention, and boss a ward in Philadelphia. True, he looked the part. He was enormously big, with a red face and a bartender's moustache. With a moan the elect gave him up as a bad job. And Penrose helped them to that despair. He consorted with the boys. He flung his arm over Mike's neck as he steered him to Johnny's bar. His vacation place was Atlantic City, and it was the riotous revelry of that pre-Hollywood Gomorrah that enticed him, not the fresh air. He was proud

to be Quay's lieutenant, and the fact, perhaps, should not count wholly against him, for Quay had two sides; he was the cultured gentleman in private and the utterly unscrupulous politician in public. Roosevelt discusses that duality amiably in his autobiography. Quay was never vulgar, even in public, but Penrose was. He was not only a ward boss; he looked the rôle precisely. Such was the young man who, years later, was to conquer the United States Senate and the Republican Party by the sheer power of his brains.

It was not until he had been dead some time that Pennsylvania remembered that she had had a boss for twenty years whose skirts were unstained by personal scandal. If anyone recalls the \$25,000 check written by John D. Archbold and receipted for by Boies Penrose, I heave him a sigh over my shoulder and hasten on. The simple fact is that that \$25,000 was Pennsylvania's quota of the Standard Oil's contribution to the National Committee, and that Penrose, with his habitual indifference to what people would say, left the words "Chairman Pennsylvania State Committee" off his receipting signature. Neither did he explain; not then nor at any later time. He contented himself with a madcap and characteristic performance: he read a code telegram from his enemy, Flinn of Pittsburgh, who had stirred up all the mud, in which Flinn sought Standard Oil aid from Archbold and told Archbold he would try to get the aid also of Penrose, with whom he was supposed to be at bitter odds. No, Penrose never denied Flinn's charges; but having read this telegram to a howling Senate, he passed contentedly down its perspiring August aisles, agitating a palm-leaf fan and leaving Flinn's senatorial boom on both sides of the road up there in Pittsburgh, far away.

When Penrose went joyously forth with his comrades on a night of fun, there were no women in the party, nor did he incline to cards. He did drink, but he purposely exaggerated his own drinking to burlesque

the holy rollers with hip flasks. His true joys, as he grew older, were in the deep waters where the bass lurk, and on the Rockies where big game flees and turns. There he was likely to be found when scandal whispered dirty reasons for his failure to answer the call of the Sergeant at Arms,

II

Penrose was Puck himself in his spirit of irresponsible deviltry. Once when the Vare machine of Philadelphia commanded Mayor Smith to make war upon him, that buccaneer of a day began throwing Penrose's men out of office all over town. To the big chief his ward leaders came rushing for help. First came Tom Cunningham: "Senator, they've just checked out two of my best men." "All right, Tom," drawled the boss, "write their names on a piece of paper and leave them up on that mantel." Cunningham did so and departed, relieved in mind.

He almost ran into Harry Trainor, another ward leader, who came into Penrose's presence in a panic. "Senator, one of my men has just been fired at the City Hall!" "All right, Harry," came the unmoved drawl; "write his name on a slip of paper and put it up on that mantel." The last was Oscar Noll, with the same complaint, and he got the same answer.

Then, being alone, Penrose called his man of all work, Sam Dunlap.

"Sammy," he said, with the air of one who had been through a hard day, "tear up those pieces of paper you will find on that mantel and put them in the waste basket, draw the blind, and we'll call it the end of a perfect day."

He cared not a jot for his reputation. His utter indifference to the effect his speeches might have on the public is best illustrated by a colloquy between himself and Senator Sheppard, of Texas, who never neglects a chance to conciliate the pious, when Prohibition was being debated in the Senate. With an appearance of searching for light, Penrose inquired: "If I happen

to get sick, can the doctor prescribe liquor for me?"

"Certainly," the apostle of virtue replied. "The bill makes every provision for such cases."

"Then I'm for the bill," drawled Penrose, shouldering his massive way out of the Chamber. "I know some doctors who are damn good fellows."

In Penrose's first term as Senator, Dave Martin ruled the Hog Combine and the Hog Combine ruled Philadelphia. One day it became news that General Hastings, the Governor of Pennsylvania, had dismissed two of his cabinet. In place of one of them, Reeder, an excellent man, he had appointed Dave Martin, fore-front of the Hog Combine. A reporter encountering Penrose inquired: "Senator, what do you think of the Governor's appointing Dave Martin Secretary of the Commonwealth?" "There is precedent for that," answered Penrose, with that weight of voice and that slanting sneer which ever lent emphasis to his witticisms; "didn't a Roman Emperor appoint his horse to be a Consul?" The reporters—there were many present—were frightened at what one of them had pulled down and begged Penrose, for the sake of his own political future, to put the seal of secrecy on what he had said—a by no means uncommon occurrence in the relations of reporters and public men. Penrose laughed his scornful laugh. "Well, well," he said, "do as you please about it," and changed the subject.

To the end there remained two Penroses, the Penrose of Philadelphia and the Penrose of Washington. In Philadelphia he still is and always will be remembered as the ward politician, rough and common. He was a Senator, but he became one by grace of a machine that could have bestowed the office on Bill McCoach, or Jim McNichol, or, for that matter, Dave Martin. The praise bestowed abroad on his climbing steps the Philadelphians heard of only through their local newspapers, and quite wisely they never believed anything they saw in those gazettes.

What the out-of-town papers said about him never reached Chestnut Street.

He was, as a young man, full of blood and gifted with a most profound contempt for humbug, under which word he enumerated every convention, every prune and prism. Public opinion was nothing to him. He vastly enjoyed the rough heartiness that goes with belonging to a gang. When he reached Washington he expected to be bored, and as often as he could he slipped back to Philadelphia and plunged into the rough-house pleasures that go with gang leadership. To the end of his life he never wholly lost his taste for that sort of thing, but as he grew older another side of him began to emerge. College did Quay good, and his scholarship was greater than he cared to let his followers or even his equals know. I do not know that it did Penrose any good, for he probably had from the beginning of his life the tendency which now began to make itself manifest. In the Senate he could not avoid mixing with Senators who played the game of politics and yet were gentlemen. Neither could he avoid seeing, by the documents and problems that were thrust upon him in his committee-rooms, that there was a world outside Philadelphia. He got interested in these problems, he worked over these documents, he discussed them with such men as Nelson W. Aldrich. In Philadelphia the gang rule was, "Follow your leader." He found it the same in Washington, and as a loyal gang man he followed Aldrich. Aldrich found that his new pupil had brains, and was especially interested in finance. He, with the other leaders of that day, Spooner, Allison, Hale (not, of course, the present one), and Platt of Connecticut, undertook in off moments the education of Boies Penrose.

Penrose went much further than his old chief, Quay, and at last governed the Republican Party in the nation, which was the same thing as governing the nation itself, or would have been if his health had held out in 1920. The Senate and the party would have followed him as it had fol-

lowed the leaders who went before him. When he died it became leaderless and has remained so. Lodge is only a party chief; Robinson is another. But such men as Aldrich, Platt of Connecticut, and Penrose could look as far afield as Root himself.

III

The more Penrose got interested in national and international affairs, the less interested he was in local politics. Gradually he let some of his fences go unrepaired. But whenever he did go home to Philadelphia, he was the same old Boies. The members of the Senate Committee on Finance would have looked on him in amazement. Not that he ever became a sweet-scented lily, even in Washington. But there he was certainly not regarded as vulgar. At home it was different. When news of his rise got back to Philadelphia, they laughed and couldn't understand it. They concluded simply that the power of the Keystone State machine must have reached from Philadelphia into the National Capital. It was analogous to the case of David B. Hill, who was always regarded in his own State as a peanut politician. New Yorkers never could understand the reverence with which Senators from other States spoke of Hill,

how amazed they seemed to be at finding him without honor in his own State. So it was with Penrose.

He was dying from 1920 to the end of 1921. When the Republican National Convention of 1920 came on he was on his sick bed in Philadelphia, and he used the telephone in his room chiefly to prevent the Pennsylvania delegation from breaking away from the control of the Senate clique that was running things in Chicago. It is not likely that Harding would have been nominated if Penrose had not been at the point of death. But even before this, he had lost some of his old interest in Philadelphia politics, and he had a hard time maintaining his hold in 1919; he could not, indeed, have done it if he had not thrown his support to a reform candidate. In 1921, even with this combination, he was beaten out of his boots by the local machine, and a few months later he died. I saw him for the last time just before the opening of that campaign, and he was the mere ghost of his old self. That great form had shriveled; the bull neck was like a turkey's; he needed assistance when he went about. He had been dying for two years. He maintained his leadership of the Senate to the last, but the harpies of his own town saw only a dying politician and leaped forward eagerly to share his garments.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

MARTIN BROWN's "Cobra" is a sincere and honest attempt at respectable dramatic writing that fails because its author's competence and talents are insufficient to warrant the attempt. Mr. Brown has pitched his aspiration too high. Ambition is a commendable thing, but too much pious nonsense has been preached about it. The ambitions of all of us should properly be bounded by a critical appreciation of our own limitations. I, for example, should like nothing better than to be able to afford the ambition to write dramatic criticism as profound and as fine as John Dryden's, but I have enough critical common sense to know that such an achievement is beyond my capabilities. A playwright like Brown should similarly be cognizant of his prescriptions. He should rest content to write the ordinary plays of commerce and not aim his popgun at quality. That way lies unhappiness. True enough, this play of his may very well be of the sort that makes money, but it would unquestionably make a deal more money had he more frankly directed his attention to that end and not partly corrupted his chances with a striving for authentic merit. This striving has resulted in a play that is alternately good and bad, to the confounding of what might have been a stunningly successful thoroughly bad play. Here and there a sound and shrewd fathoming of character checks the even course of the play's essentially box-office flow. And now and again a veracious bit of observation and the truthful handling of a penetrating situation serve only sympathetically to irritate such persons as are unable to stomach the surrounding dramatic material—as wasted quality ever sympathetically irritates—

and to dismay such others as relish more greatly the kind of stuff that has gone before and that comes after.

As straws show which way the wind blows, so do trivialities show which way a playwright's instruction blows. In the very midst of a trace of dramatic quality is Brown's cheapness thus embarrassingly revealed. He resolutely begins the character sketch of a virtuous woman and is no sooner well under weigh than he confounds physical purity with an almost sadistic boneheadedness. He begins to limn illuminatingly the character of a young man and then gives away his night-school tuition by picturing the character, a college athlete in training, drinking whisky and indulging in sexual excesses. He builds up a promising dramatic structure and, at the very moment when the need for imagination and skill confronts him, runs away, declining to put up any fight. He gives us a vivid picture of a sex-mad woman and fades it out before one can clearly read the subtitle. He gives us the fruitful situation of two ill-matched persons in the married relation and kills one of them off before the premise to his thesis has barely died out of our ears. He outlines an excellent study of a young voluptuary and then, like Ed Wynn with his blackboard and lightning calculation act, rubs out the outlines before one has had a chance to see them clearly.

All this, I appreciate, is what is mournfully called destructive criticism, yet I believe that it is the only kind of criticism that fits the case. No other kind would be of any value that I can see. Let me illustrate. An admirable example of what is commonly called constructive criticism may be found in the appraisal of the play,

"Outward Bound," written recently by the critic of London *Morning Post*. This critic intelligently discerns certain flaws in Vane's drama and makes a number of excellent suggestions toward their rectification. I quote:

I have already referred to one fault: the extension of earthly time into eternity. The dog would have been too late to save the would-be suicides; the gas would have done its work. The plea that we have done with earthly time in the play is rebutted by the fact that we have day and night. Had Mr. Vane's passengers made their plans for an evening that never came, though all their watches pointed to eleven and were still going, he would have annihilated earthly time at a stroke and have had no more need to trouble his head about it.

And again I quote:

Much more important is the oversight that has resulted in the mishandling of the Examiner, who is generally felt to be unsatisfactory. He represents the Supreme Judge. When he comes aboard, the Curate recognizes in him his beloved old Vicar, and at once feels at his ease. The two chat together just as they did in the flesh. To all the other passengers the Examiner is a stranger of clerical appearance. They have never set eyes on him before, though in virtue of his office he knows about them. The obvious comment is that it is not fair. And the comment is sound. The exasperating thing is that Mr. Vane has had a fine idea, but has rushed matters, and landed himself in a mess. The point he would make is that the Judge of All is touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and, knowing all, asks no more of human beings than would be asked by the best of their fellows. In the case of the Curate, he goes too far by imagining a past friendship on earth. In the case of the others, he does not go far enough. How much simpler to have made the Examiner a being who had never lived on earth, a neutral figure and unknown, to the audience a shrouded mystery, but in whom each passenger recognizes the person on earth who has called out in him, or in her, all that is best. To the Curate he would still be his old Vicar. There must have been someone in whose imagined presence even Mrs. Cliveden-Banks would show some sparks of grace. Think what rich and moving self-revelations we might have had! To one alone would the Examiner be the dread, inexorable Judge—the Company Promoter, nobody on earth having ever succeeded in calling any good out in him.

No one will dispute that these are first-rate critical observations. But to call them constructive is idiotic. In what way are they constructive? Vane's play is written, and it has been produced. Whatever its faults, it can't be changed now. It is too late. Furthermore, no one else is going to

write the same play, or approximately the same play, all over again when Vane's has run its course. No one in the future will profit by the suggestions of the *Morning Post's* critic, since it would be impossible for anyone to take Vane's theme without also taking his treatment of it. They are to a very considerable degree one. Such "constructive" criticism, therefore, accomplishes absolutely nothing. It is merely constructive in its building up of the vanity and self-esteem of the critic. I might, perhaps, make similar suggestions in the instance of Mr. Brown's play. But they would at this hour be of no service either to Mr. Brown or to his play. And I can think of other ways, less vainglorious, to entertain my readers.

Louis Calhern, Ralph Morgan and Miss Judith Anderson are to be cited for the merit of their performances.

II

I observe that some of my colleagues who were all of sixteen years old and still in high school when C. M. S. McLellan's "Leah Kleschna" was first produced in New York have written very eloquently upon the superior histrionism of the original company as against that of the one currently assembled to do the play. In 1904 or thereabout, when the melodrama was showing at the old Manhattan Theatre, I myself was only twenty-two and just getting out of college. I saw the performance twice and it seemed to me at the time to be a very good performance, but I fear that my judgment of acting in those days was not sufficiently grounded upon experience to permit me now to draw comparisons with the same measure of finality as my younger, if apparently vastly more precocious, confrères. At sixteen and in the year or two immediately following, my opinions on acting, I fear, were not notably valuable. And at twenty-two, though they had been sifted through a course of European theatrical study, they were still, I suspect, looking back at them,

a trifle wobbly. Like all youngsters, I took certain actors for granted on the word of my elders, yet professed elaborately that the opinion I had of them was my very own. Thus, I admired Mansfield without knowing why, and enthusiastically delivered myself of animadversions on Bernhardt's art without knowing anything at all about it. At sixteen, a backward child evidently, I was the kind of authority on acting that considered the Kendals, Julia Marlowe, Stuart Robson, Robert L. Downing, Paula Edwardes, Evans and Hoey, E. S. Willard, Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Della Fox, Ward and Vokes and E. H. Sothern all equally good, with perhaps just a slight leaning in favor of Della Fox. Naturally, therefore, I am somewhat envious of those of my colleagues who, at the same age, were already privy to all the esoteric tints and nuances of acting and were able to tell exactly many things that might have puzzled me a heap had they occurred to me at all.

Obviously, even a sixteen-year-old boy knows enough to appreciate that Mrs. Fiske's original performance of Leah was greatly superior to Miss Helen Gahagan's performance of the rôle in the present revival, but that is not because Mrs. Fiske was so very good in the original production, but because Miss Gahagan is so poor in the current one. A three-year-old boy, indeed, might be listened to on a subject as simple as this. As for the rest of the company, however, I am not, with one exception, so sure. George Arliss is patently a very much finer actor than Lowell Sherman, but I don't know that he was better in the ridiculous rôle of Raoul Berton. It is a ham rôle, if ever there was one, and it seems to me that Sherman does excellently by it. Cartwright I do not clearly remember: his performance has faded from my memory; but Mack was just as poor an actor twenty years ago as he is today—of that I am more or less certain. John Mason's art similarly always persisted in eluding my talent for admiration. He seemed to me, at twenty-two, to be a

thoroughly obvious performer with a fine, resonant voice, and he never seemed other than that to me in the years that followed. If, at any time in that portion of his career that came under my notice, he was an actor of the first grade, or even of the second, my critical equipment was insufficient to grasp his genius. Faversham's performance in the present revival seems to me every bit as effective as the performance of his predecessor. The pathos of distance, viewed at close range, often has in it a lot of comedy.

"Leah Kleschna" has gathered considerable mildew with the years. It belonged, even in the day of its birth, in the "Jim, the Penman" file. Yet a measure of theatrical kick is here and there still visible in it, especially in its last act.

III

Under the recent delusion that he made a dramatization of Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," what Eugene O'Neill actually made was a moving picture. What drama lies in the poem, he extracted, and in its place put a series of cut-backs and fade-outs that needed only a few additional scenes showing the Bride running through a daisy field, the Third Wedding Guest standing in meditation beside a high waterfall and the Ancient Mariner silhouetted at the close against the evening sky to convert the whole thing into a film of the popular order. O'Neill's theory of dramatizing the Coleridge ululation reposed in the typical cinema notion of leaving nothing to the imagination. While an actor with a voice full of cramps and a face full of whiskers, thus depicting the Ancient Mariner, stood at stage right and declaimed the lines, the electrician periodically turned on and off a green light which illuminated the centre of the stage and revealed a group of sailors engaged in retailing a pantomimic accompaniment. Thus, when the interlocutor recited that portion of the poem which has to do with the blight that fell upon the ship, the

green light came on and showed the sailors lying flat on the floor, and when the recitation recalled the passing of the blight, the light came on again and showed them getting slowly to their feet. It was all as literal as the late Charlie Bigelow's Weber and Fields recitation of "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere," with its off-stage accompaniment of hollow cocoanut shells and its shaking of a cowbell to indicate the heroic messenger's frantic ringing of the countryside's front door bells.

The weakness of the Provincetown Theatre group, as with the majority of semi-amateur organizations, lies in its preoccupation with lighting and scenery at the expense of drama. Thus, as a forepiece to the O'Neill contribution, a production was made of Molière's "George Dandin, or the Husband Confounded" apparently for no other reason save that it offered the Messrs. Macgowan and Jones an opportunity to frame it in the kind of Redoutensaal setting so enthusiastically set forth by them in their last year's eminently readable volume on Continental stagecraft. The O'Neill offering, too, was doubtless welcomed chiefly as an occasion to experiment with masks and shadow lighting. All such experiments, of course, are valuable in their way, and many of them turn out to be possessed of much beauty and theatrical effectiveness, but the cornerstone of every theatre in the world is a typewritten manuscript, not a new kind of bunchlight or a new way of draping curtains. A barn with a burlap backdrop and a row of oil lamps is a great theatre if a Rostand writes its plays. A palace with scenes by Michelangelo and lighting by the German government itself is something less than a theatre if it fails to realize that the play is ever and alone the thing.

IV

This preoccupation with the details of scenery and lighting is responsible for the Theatre Guild's production of Ernst Toller's "Masse-Mensch." No other in-

telligible reason can account for the local presentation of the play. What considerable measure of success it enjoyed in its native Germany was due almost entirely to the coincidence of its propaganda with the mood and accident of the moment. To produce it at this time in America is of a piece with producing "Damaged Goods" at an orphanage for children under twelve. Of course, despite its subject matter, were the play a good one it might interest New York as it interested Berlin, but it is anything but a good play. It is in essence and execution little more than a harangue atop a soapbox. The circumstance that the soapbox is covered with gilt paint and has a piece of pretty velvet thrown across it conceivably contrived to dazzle the Guild into confusing the quality of the harangue with its pedestal's deceptive ornamentation. Yet the harangue is utterly commonplace: the stereotyped bellowing of the ancient theme of the tragic conflict between man, the individual, and the mass, with a coda by the trumpets denouncing bloodshed and war as a means of solution.

The play, in so far as it has exercised any effect upon its audiences, was written less by Toller than by Fehling, who staged it originally, and by Lee Simonson, who has duplicated his staging for the Guild. This method of staging is at every point more interesting than the manuscript. Without it, the latter would droop and collapse, as the "Follies," say, would go to pieces against calico curtains and red flannel lingerie. But even such an ingenious and imaginative staging needs something more than a "Masse-Mensch" to hold an alien audience. For of Toller's various plays—none of them exceptional—this is the most banal and the weakest. Even "Die Maschinenstürmer" has more vitality; and "Eugen Hinkemann" is better than either. These experiments and experimenters in the new scenecraft are commendable, but they should remember that Gordon Craig, the papa of all of them, has been always careful to make an

important dramatic manuscript the basis of his own researches.

V

Each year after the reviewers have unburdened themselves of a sour estimate of Mr. Samuel Shipman's art, that gentleman rushes to his typewriter to protest indignantly that while the reviewers may know more about criticism than he does, they do not know one-tenth so much about writing plays. Despite the circumstance that this procedure is somewhat akin to a patient's indignant protest that while a surgeon may know more about cutting him up than he does, the surgeon does not know one-tenth so much about the pain incidental to the rectal dilation, the thought seems to comfort and console Mr. Shipman no end. The fellow, indeed, is a glutton for admiration of his own talents which, unfortunately, despite a long and prayerful wearing of Chinese good luck rings, rubbing of rabbits' feet and treasuring of four leaf clovers, I find myself still unable to share. In me, deplorably cursed with this static ignorance, the conviction persists, in the face of Mr. Shipman's ferociously glowing tributes to himself, that while he may know how to write theatrical stuff that makes money he actually knows nothing at all about the writing of plays, or at best very little. The fact that what he shows on the stage is financially remunerative constitutes him a playwright no more than the fact that what a shell game impresario shows in a tent is financially remunerative constitutes him a political economist. Mr. Shipman does not write plays; he writes substitutes for plays. That a portion of the public sometimes relishes these substitutes makes them plays in precisely the same degree that the public's admiration for moving pictures makes the latter an acceptable substitute for drama. What Mr. Shipman and certain of his Broadway contemporaries call plays are merely exhibitions housed upon the stage of a theatre. If they

are plays in any respectable sense, then anything bound in covers is literature and what is played on a comb wrapped in *papier de soie* music.

Mr. Shipman's latest effort is a chewing gum paraphrase of Brieux's fine comedy, "Les Hanneçons": a treatise on the economic, spiritual and moral superiority of legalized as opposed to bootleg amour. The manner in which Mr. Shipman negotiates the theme is sufficiently familiar to students of his antecedent writings. Where Brieux subtly achieves his impression with a painless hypodermic syringe that gets the permeating tonic of his satire into one's veins without one's being heavily conscious of the operation, Mr. Shipman brings out all sorts of butcher knives and adhesive bandages and delivers them to his auditors in a clanging fire engine. He is approximately as suave in the matter of propaganda as a torch-light procession. As a playwright, he is an excellent riveting machine.

Although my reading has thus far not included a treatise on etiquette and although I still vulgarly turn around to look at a pretty girl on the street and order chicken salad, despite the astonishment of the waiter, when I feel like it, my doubtless bourgeois soul never fails to be entertained by the Shipman version of the punctilio. Thus, I privilege myself a yokel hiccup when Mr. Shipman, as in the present instance, causes a maid to announce a caller as "that old gentleman who comes here—you know him" and then causes the visitor, a dignified and important figure in the community, to enter and pass among the other dinner guests very tonily carrying with him his walking stick and gloves. Nor am I less entertained when this character a few moments later describes his opulent twelve-room apartment full of Rodin sculpture and Rembrandt oils and melancholiously deploras the circumstance that, as he is unmarried, there is no one around when he is ill to fetch him a hot-water bottle.

VI

"Expressing Willie" follows the familiar Rachel Crothers recipe of blending a copy of the *Christian Science Monitor* with a copy of *Snappy Stories*. In this instance, the former is dramatized in the doctrine that if one believes in one's self whole-heartedly one is certain to conquer and the latter in a bedroom scene wherein, while one woman is concealed in a young man's wardrobe, another essays to seduce him. This technic of combining spiritual osteopathy with a dash of Al Woods sex, Miss Crothers has been practicing for many years: it is discernible in the majority of her plays from "A Man's World" to "Mary the Third," from "39 East" to "He and She," and from "Nice People" to this "Expressing Willie." In the case of the last named, she has attempted to freshen up the device with a slight satirical touch. But though she is a skilful playwright, Miss Crothers does not find satire among her gifts, and the result is a play that is not clearly articulated and one that wobbles uncomfortably between bald hokum, artfully concealed in admirably efficient direction, and the elusive quicksilver of irony. The playwright's intent was doubtless to take some such theme as that of "The Man from Home" and sift it through some such treatment as that of Alfred Sutro's "The Clever Ones," but her achievement leaves the sieve too plainly in view. The elements somehow decline to mix for her. Thus, one moment we have the old hokum gray-haired mother sitting in the big chair at stage centre dispensing her homely wisdom to the misguided folk around her and the next an essay at satire in the treatment of the other characters. The two moments do not flow together; the effect is as of a couple of comedians who come out and go through the first movements of a classical dance quite seriously and then abruptly burlesque it by falling down with a loud bump—save that, in Miss Crothers' case, the laugh is lacking, for she pads her bumps, which

might be comical, with misplaced cynical wise-cracks. Furthermore, certain of her characters are neither straight characters nor characters definitely satirical. Now they are out of an unabashed pifflepuff and a jiffy afterward we have them metaphorically winking an eye at the audience. While there are instances when this procedure has resulted in good musical comedies, like George M. Cohan's, for example, and also in good melodramatic burlesque, as in the French production of "Arsène Lupin," I know of no instance where it has not confounded legitimate straight comedy.

The play has been hailed by the daily press as another of the season's many unmatched American dramatic masterpieces. The American drama is getting to be the richest in the world—in the newspapers. It is interesting to note that the eulogies on the present occasion go so far as to include praise of the great musical talents of one of the actresses for her playing of a Chopin scherzo on a Duo-Art Reproducing piano. Having been taught the gospel of self-expression, Miss Herne—thus Mr. John Corbin in the *Times*—"sits down at the piano and plays so well that one really believes she has suddenly come by the touch of musicianly genius."

"Expressing Willie," in short, while beautifully staged, in the main proficiently acted and amusing in certain details, is generally without sound quality. It is considerably better than many of Miss Crothers' earlier plays, but it is still far from first-rate comedy. Richard Sterling, Miss Merle Maddern and Miss Chrystal Herne contribute much to the superficial success of the evening.

VII

"The Dust Heap," by the Messrs. Dickey and McOwen, is so full of melodramatic hokum that the plot periodically has a difficult time ploughing its way through it. If there is a presumably sure-fire device that the authors have omitted in their

blood and thunder exhibit, I do not know what it is. Everything from the birthmark that reveals the heroine's identity to the bolt of lightning that fetches the villain and from the heroic Irish sergeant of the Royal Mounted Police to the harlot with the heart of gold is once again on deck. I have a feeling, however, that hokum, to be profitable, should be prescribed in somewhat more homeopathic doses. "The Dust Heap's" excessive hokum automatically vaccinates itself. The play has the effect of a half dozen brass bands simultaneously playing as many national anthems and Sousa marches. All that one hears is a deafening and meaningless noise.

VIII

Second only to Mr. Shipman in the art of hating himself is Mr. Leon Gordon, author of "Garden of Weeds." In the last act of his masterpiece, this Mr. Gordon presents us with the vintage situation in which figure the husband, the wife and the man who has been the wife's lover and then blandly causes the last named to exclaim, "There is more drama in this room at the moment than there is on all of the stages in New York combined!" In view of the fact that in the drama on the New York stages at the moment we

find the names of Rostand, Shaw, Molnar, Lenormand and a few such others, the modesty of Mr. Gordon may be the better appreciated.

Mr. Gordon's theory of novel and stirring drama appears to lie in the notion of taking a climacteric situation out of a play written in the early Nineties and lodging it in an up-to-date piece of scene painting. And his theory of realism seems to lie in the equally vernal fancy of distracting attention from the cheap theatricality of his viewpoint and dialogue by causing his characters now and again to deliver themselves of such observations as "If all this happened on the stage, no one would believe it." Mr. Gordon is by profession an actor and his profession is ever clearly discernible in his writing. His characters conduct themselves much less like human beings than like so many Samuel T. French catalogues. They were born not of human parents, but of professional melodramatists crossed with Broadway tailors and dressmakers.

The obvious attempt in "Garden of Weeds" is to inveigle the box-office with the old dodge of palming off smut in terms of moral indignation. In this case, however, the dirt is doubtless too stale and the moral indignation too plainly nonsensical to work up the ticket speculators.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Newspaper Man

THE PRINCIPLES OF JOURNALISM, by Casper S. Yost. New York: *D. Appleton and Company*.
THE ETHICS OF JOURNALISM, by Nelson Antrim Crawford. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf*.

MR. YOST, a man of sixty, has been editor of the editorial page of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* since 1915, and is the author of three books, a treatise entitled "A Successful Husband," a report on the buffooneries of "Patience Worth," and a history of the late war. Mr. Crawford, a man of thirty-six, is professor of industrial journalism, whatever that may be, at the Kansas State Agricultural College, a thirty-second degree Mason, a member of the Manhattan, Kansas, Rotary Club, and the editor of an anthology called "Weavers With Words." Their books are much alike in plan, and both might have had the same title; Mr. Yost, indeed, uses Mr. Crawford's title as one of his chapter headings. Perhaps a still better title for both would have been one used by Miss Jane Addams thirteen years ago in another but not unrelated connection: "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil." For what both gentlemen deal with is the current stirring of ethical discontent and soul-searching within the journalistic craft—the faint, feeble beginnings of the notion that newspaper editors ought to be men of honor, or, at all events, that they ought to subscribe to the theory that it would be somehow nice if they *were* men of honor. This notion is a relative novelty. When I began my apprenticeship in journalism, twenty-five years ago, it was cherished only by a very small minority of journalists, and most of them cherished it in blushful secrecy, as they cherished their literary ambitions. To the average journalist of that time the craft was not a profes-

sion at all, but a game, and its code was indistinguishable from that of poker or craps. It was unethical to do in a colleague by false pretenses, but everything else, apparently, was ethical. Those were the palmy days of reporters who hid in chimneys and purloined papers, of city editors who were let in on good things, and of managing editors who enjoyed political sinecures. The public position of a journalist was above that of a street-walker but below that of a police captain.

In late years there has been some change—not much, perhaps, but surely some. It has been mainly brought about, I believe, not by practicing journalists themselves, but by the men most of them hate bitterly, to wit, the grasping capitalists who have gradually engulfed two-thirds of the principal American newspapers. All the surviving deficiencies of journalism among us are laid at the door of these Babbitts in Greeley whiskers, or at the door of the advertisers they are supposed to fear and obey, but the plain and unescapable truth is that journalism under their hoof is at least ten times as decent and dignified as it was when it was supposed to be free, and that working for them, to a journalist of self-respect, is at least ten times as agreeable as working for the cheap, black-mailing, incompetent and trivial gazettes of the Golden Age. The difference, roughly, is that between a bank and a one-ring circus. The bank may be dull and promotion in it may be slow, but it at least demands that its employes shall wash behind the ears and snitch no petty cash; the one-ring circus expects them to sleep with the horses and to make up the shortage in their wages by picking pockets. The old-time newspapers were seldom honest, and almost never intelligent. Was

even the New York *Herald* intelligent? I doubt it gravely. The *Herald* was the richest newspaper in America a generation ago, and yet it underpaid its men, it knocked them about as brutally as if they had been Reds accused of reading the Constitution, and it reflected editorially the ethics and ideas of a man who, for practically all his adult life, found it safer and more comfortable to live outside the United States. The *Herald* was one of the best; the worst were sorry indeed. The typical American newspaper of the time was not rich but needy—and needy newspapers, like needy men, can't afford to be squeamish. Three-fourths of the journals of the land would print anything in their advertising columns that was paid for and could get through the mails, and fully two-thirds of them would throw in some *lagniappe* in their editorial and news columns. They were ignorant, partisan, corrupt and puerile, and most of the men who owned them were for sale.

I believe that the gradual absorption and amalgamation of our newspapers by men of large means—the substitution of Munseys, Hearsts, Scripps and Curtises for the old-time dodgers and shysters—has greatly elevated the standards of American journalism. For all these *entrepreneurs*, save only Hearst, I must confess that I have little professional respect. Munsey seems to me to be a dreadful dullard, and Curtis is a mere manufacturer. Nevertheless, both have the high merit, at least, that they are not for sale; both are able to pay for what they want; more important still, both *know* what they want. The editorial writer who works for them may not enjoy propagating their stale ideas, but he may at any rate console himself with the reflection that those ideas remain relatively stable—that they cannot be changed overnight by an advertising contract or a political job. In other words, the entrance of such opulent vacuums into the field has accomplished a reform that was almost unthinkable under the old régime: it has made newspapers genuinely independent—and

independence, even when it is ignorant, is obviously a thousand times as respectable as the old cadging and groveling. When orders come down from Munsey or Curtis the man who gets them, though he may regard them as ill-advised, is at least in no doubt about their honesty. He may execute them without any feeling that they make him the instrument of dishonorable motives. He is not condemned to acts whose true purposes he would not dare to put into words, even to himself. His predecessor, I believe, enjoyed no such consolation. The reporter or editor of a generation ago seldom had any illusion about the *bona fides* of his boss. It took a powerful sentimentality to make him believe in his paper, and not infrequently even sentimentality was impotent without the aid of ethyl alcohol.

The major trouble with journalism today, I am convinced, is that the men of the craft have not sufficiently grasped the change that is going on under their noses—that they still think mainly in terms of the journalism of the last century. Journalism as a business, in brief, has grown faster than journalism as a profession. Too many of the old-timers still linger in editorial rooms, and their influence tends to preserve the skullduggery and incompetence that should have been got rid of long ago. They find it a sheer impossibility to lift themselves to a professional level; they are still slaves, and they look and act the part. They still belong to press clubs (*i. e.*, organizations designed to induce ward politicians, bootleggers and city contractors to pay the rent on the theory that contact with journalists will benefit them), they still take a childish pride in a puerile Philistinism, and they are still far too willing to do anything they are ordered to do, absolutely without challenge. I doubt that many orders subversive of sound journalistic practice come from the owners who are now blamed for everything; most of them are too ignorant of journalism to know all its darkest back-alleys. Such malpractices are ordained by

superiors within the craft, or arise out of the journalist's own lack of professional dignity and conscience. No rich owner, I believe, ever ordered his slaves to print deliberate lies about Russia, or to write bad English day in and day out, or to maul and make nonsense of every human concern above the comprehension and tastes of a bartender. No advertiser ever demanded that political mountebanks be treated with solemn gravity, or that the funeral of a Harding be described in the language of a Methodist revival, or that helpless men, with the mob against them, be pursued without sense, decency or fairness. The blame for such offenses rests upon newspaper men, not upon their masters. As professional men, they will continue to sit below the salt until they consider soberly the present low state of their craft and take measures to renovate it.

The books of Mr. Yost and Prof. Crawford represent first efforts to effect that renovation. Both seek to formulate codes of ethics for the practicing journalist. Their methods of approach differ considerably. Mr. Yost, an editorial writer of long experience, seems to be quite unable to get beyond the blowsy platitudinousness of his order. What he says is mainly obvious, and a great deal of it, like most things that are obvious, is also untrue. He seems, indeed, to be almost if not quite devoid of ideas. Mr. Crawford, a younger and better informed man, is much more original and intelligent. He sees clearly that the fundamental journalistic problem is a problem in mob psychology, and he discusses it with considerable shrewdness and not too much pious pretense. He lacks the authority of Mr. Yost, but he also lacks the dulness.

Edgar Lee Masters

MIRAGE, by Edgar Lee Masters. New York: *Boni and Liveright*.

THE case of Masters remains mysterious; more, even, than Sherwood Anderson, his fellow fugitive from Chicago, he presents an enigma to the prayerful critic. On the

one hand there stands "The Spoon River Anthology," unquestionably the most eloquent, the most profound and the most thoroughly national volume of verse published in America since "Leaves of Grass"; on the other hand stands a great mass of feeble and preposterous doggerel—imitations of Byron, of Browning, of Lowell, of George H. Boker, of all the bad poets since the dawn of the Nineteenth Century. Of late he turns to prose, and with results almost as confusing. In all of his books there are fine touches, and in one of them, "Mitch Miller," there are many of them. But in all of them there are also banalities so crass and so vast that it is almost impossible to imagine a literate man letting them go by. Of "Mirage" I can only report that it seems to me to be one of the most idiotic and yet one of the most interesting American novels that I have ever read. Whole pages of it are given over to philosophical discussions that recall nothing so much as the palavers of neighboring barbers between shaves, and yet they are intermingled with observations that are shrewd and sound, and that are set forth with excellent grace and no little eloquence. Some of the characters in the book are mere stuffed dummies, creaking in every joint; others stand out as thoroughly alive, almost, as the people of Dreiser or Miss Cather. My suspicion is that there are actually two Masterses, that the man is a sort of literary diplococcus. At his worst he is intolerably affected, arty and artificial—almost a fit companion for the occult, unintelligible geniuses hymned in the *Little Review* and the *Dial*. At his best he probably gets as near to the essential truth about the civilization we suffer under as any other contemporary literatus.

"Mirage," in substance, is simply the story of Skeeters Kirby's quest for the Wonder Woman that all sentimentalists seek, and that none of them finds until drink has brought him to his death-bed, and he sees the fat, affable nurse through a purple haze. Skeeters comes from the

town of Mitch Miller, and when we first encounter him he is a lawyer in Chicago. Already the search for the Perfect Gal has begun to leave scars upon his psyche. First there was the sweet one who died before he could get her to the altar; then there was the naughty Alicia, his lawful wife, but, as he would say himself, a lemon. As the story opens Alicia, divorcing him, has just blackmailed him out of \$70,000, almost his whole fortune, as the price of her silence about Mrs. Becky Norris. Becky is the widow of a rich old man, and now enjoys the usufruct of his tenements and hereditaments. She has red hair and an aphrodisiacal manner, and is a great liar. She falsely pretends to have read Schopenhauer's "The World as Will and Idea," and passes in her circle as an intellectual on the strength of it. She tells Skeeters that she is virtuous, or, rather, that she *has* been virtuous, and all the while she has been carrying on with one Delaher, a handsome frequenter of the Hotel Ritzdorf in New York. A saucy and poisonous baggage, this Becky, but Skeeters falls violently in love with her, and gladly pays Alicia the \$70,000 in order to protect her from scandal. But then she leaves him, writes him a letter of farewell, and refuses flatly to marry him, and when he pursues her to New York, confronts her with her adulteries, and throws up to her the fact that he has gone broke for her, she requites him only with a dreadful slanging. I quote the exact text:

Kirby took a drink of brandy from the flask and came to her, taking her in his arms. "Tell me, dear, what shall we do? Are we engaged?"

Becky shook her head.

"What do you wish? Shall I treat you as my bride to be, or shall we go on as we are now?"

"Go on as we are now!"

"You know I am free now—and it cost me, too, to be free."

"How much?"

"Seventy thousand dollars."

"That's not much."

"It's practically all I have."

"Well, Alicia won't have such a large income out of it."

"And I paid it for you."

Becky opened her eyes. Her face became a bonfire of rage. Her red hair bristled like a wild animal's.

"You're just a liar to say that! And you can't say such things in my room. This is my room; I pay for it. And you can be respectful to me here, or you can go."

Kirby did not betray his anger. He concentrated it and went on: "*I beg your pardon.*" . . .

In a voice as soft as oil he asked:

"Did you see Delaher?"

"Yes, I did, and he's a rough-neck."

"Well?"

"None of your business!"

"None of my business, eh?" Kirby said, with a bitter intonation.

"Leave my room," Becky said.

"No, I'll not leave your room."

"I'll have you put out."

"You don't dare, Becky—you don't dare!"

Two pages more of this, and then Becky breaks out grandly:

"What do you want, anyway? You have had everything I have to give: *my hospitality, my bread, my wine, my couch, my affection, gift-tokens of my love*—what do you want?"

Kirby explains that he wants a wife and a soul-mate—"a mind to be the companion of my mind." But Becky refuses to marry him. Instead, she goes to her bedroom and then returns with his letters:

"Here are your letters. You've stayed and had your say out. And now that you've said it, you can see for yourself that *you have no case against me.* . . . Here are your letters."

"I don't want them."

"Very well, I'll tear them up."

She proceeded to do so.

"*Now all the evidence is destroyed,*" he said.

I have thrown in a few italics to point the high spots of this singular colloquy. It goes on for page after page, and the whole book is filled with dialogues like it. What is one to make of such inconceivable banality? Is there worse in "The 'Genius'?" But Masters, you may say, is trying to depict eighth-rate people—frequenters of cabarets and hotel grill-rooms, male and female Elks, dubious hangers-on upon the edges of intelligence and decency—and that is how they actually talk. It may be so, but I note at once two objections to that defense. The first is that Masters does not appear to regard Kirby as eighth-rate; on the contrary, he takes the fellow's moony drabbing quite seriously, and even tries to get a touch of the tragic into it. The second is that precisely the same hollow and meaningless fustian often appears

when the author speaks in his own person. The way he tells his story is almost precisely the way it would be told by a somewhat intellectual shoe-drummer in a Pullman smoking-room. Its approach to the eternal sex question, its central theme, is exactly that of such a gentleman; its very phrases, in the main, are his phrases. He actually appears, in fact, as a sort of chorus to the drama, under the name of Bob Haydon. Bob, facing disillusion and death, favors Kirby with many cantos of philosophy. Their general burden is that the prudent man, having marked a sweet one to his taste, uses her person to his wicked ends, and then kicks her out. Kirby's long tale of sorrow and suffering does not bore Bob. "Bore me!" he exclaims. "This is better than a circus!"

As I say, I have enjoyed it myself. It is not, indeed, without its flashes of genuine sagacity; even Bob's stockbroker view of the sexual duel, given such a male as Kirby and such females as Becky, is probably more sound than not. But the chief fascination of the story, I am bound to say, lies in its very deficiencies as a human document and a work of art—in its naïve lack of humor, its elaborate laboring of the obvious, its incredible stiltedness and triteness. There are passages that actually suggest Daisy Ashford. For example: "She was biting her nails while talking to Delaher, and biting them after he left. *Then she put on white cotton gloves to prevent this nervous habit.*" Again (Kirby has abandoned Becky for another girl, Charlotte, formerly his stenographer):

"May I say something to you?" she whispered at last.

"What is it, Charlotte?"

"I want a child, and a child with you."

Somehow, this "May I say something to you?" gives me vast delight: the respectful politeness of the perfect stenographer surviving into the most confidential of moments! No such child is achieved—Charlotte, in fact, dies before it can be born—and so we miss her courteous request for permission to name it after its father. But she and Kirby, alas, sin the sin, and what

is worse, they sin it under his mother's roof. What is still worse, they do it with her knowledge and connivance. She is greatly taken, in fact, with Charlotte, and advises Kirby to marry her. I quote her argument:

"If Byron had mistresses he was also a rider and a fencer and a poet; and if Webster may have been a drinker, he was great as a lawyer and a speaker. If Charlotte has had extra-marital relationships, she is a capable housekeeper, a good secretary, a woman skilled in many things; and she has all kinds of virtues, like humor, and self-control, and the spirit of happiness, and an essential honesty."

I leave the rest to your inspection.

The Heir of Lincoln

CALVIN COOLIDGE, by M. E. Hennessy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM, by Calvin Coolidge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. HENNESSY, an accomplished journalist, labors valiantly to get a flavor of the picturesque into his hero, but I can only report that he fails somewhat dismally. If the Hon. Mr. Coolidge is actually a romantic figure, then every honest barber in the land is another. What he presents, indeed, is an almost classical picture of normalcy. He is the true and perfect one hundred per cent Americano from head to heels. Not a drop of gipsy blood is in him. He is absolutely correct as a husband and father, absolutely correct, in the sense that correctness prevails in politics, as a politician, and absolutely correct as an animal that thinks. His ideas in all fields of human inquiry are precisely the ideas of a Kiwanis secretary, or an editorial writer on a provincial newspaper. No puckish and abominable thought has ever beset him, luring him voluptuously from the track. He is the consummate end-product of two hundred years of the little red schoolhouse. He is the perfect American college graduate, the pedagogic ideal realized. He is a jug filled to the brim, the cork rammed home.

In his own book of speeches—twenty-eight of them, with a college prize essay and a veto message as Governor of Massachusetts added—one finds a superb sum-

mary of the contents of the normal American mind. The whole repertory of Rotary Club ideas is rehearsed and exhausted; the wisdom of an entire race is boiled down to a series of apothegms, all indubitable, all freely granted by every right-thinking man. I open the volume at random and hit upon a discourse entitled "Thought, the Master of Things." The theme is boldly stated in the first paragraph: "Thought is the master of things." And then: "The only road to freedom lies through a knowledge of the truth." And then: "Mankind . . . have always set up ideals." And then: "Education is undertaken to give a larger comprehension of life." And then: "There have been great men with little of what we call education." And then: "The present age has been marked by science and commercialism." And then: "The world today is absolutely dependent on science and commerce." And then: "The age of science and commercialism is here." And then: "No question can be adequately comprehended without knowing its historical background." And then: "Modern civilization dates from Greece and Rome." And then: "It is impossible for society to break with its past." And then: "The development of society is a gradual accomplishment."

And so on, and so on, and so on, for 407 large pages. I do not seek out unfair specimens. All I have quoted come from the first four pages of a speech before the American Classical League at the University of Pennsylvania. All the other speeches are made up of the same blowsy and idiotic stuff exactly. The collection is not merely dull; it is appalling. Plowing through such dreadful drivel for page after page, speech after speech, one begins to wonder faintly if it is not burlesque—more, one begins to *hope* that it is burlesque. No such luck! It is presented in all solemnity and intended seriously; it represents the best thought of the First Chief of the American Republic, chosen by himself to reveal his parts. It is the cream of his thought and discourse. No offhand, unconsidered toying with

ideas is here. Into each and every essay the eminent author has poured the pearls of his meditation, arranging them in neat and tight patterns. A certain talent for this arranging is not lacking; the English is clear and simple; the imbecile gibberish of the late Harding is missing. But under the words there is only a vacuum. Not a trace of actual thinking is in the book. It is a series of rubber-stamps, and nine-tenths of them are worn out.

Here, I hope, no one will assume that I make a false assumption that is all too common, to wit, the false assumption that a President of the United States ought to be a man of powerful and original mind, a daring and revolutionary thinker. I believe, in fact, nothing of the kind. The last fellow of that sort who sat upon the throne, the late Woodrow, almost wrecked the country; it will be two generations before we get over his lush Presbyterian fancies. Even Roosevelt, though most of his ideas were borrowed, gave them such fresh vigor that life under his rule was full of discomforts and alarms. In my doctrine that such highly cerebral men make dangerous Presidents I am supported, I believe, by the high-toned usurers who actually run the nation. They are not annoyed and affrighted by good Calvin's rustic platitudes; they are delighted. Not since McKinley, perhaps, have they had a President more precisely to their taste; even Taft had a way of forgetting his lines now and then and even Harding was too amiable to be quite safe. Dr. Coolidge is as safe as Bishop Manning or the Supreme Court of the United States. Grounded in all the essentials of human knowledge at Amherst and trained in statecraft by that incomparable serpent of the science, the Hon. Murray Crane, he brings to his high office the exact talents that are needed, and nothing more. Not while he is on the bench hallowed by McKinley, Chester A. Arthur and Benjamin Harrison will there be any hazardous spouting of metaphysics in the manner of Woodrow, or any reign of terror in the style of Roosevelt, or any gross

scandal of the Harding kind. Dr. Coolidge, whatever his defects as a philosopher, at least knows what his job is as President: he knows that his main business is to keep the mob quiet, to keep the animals in their cages, to restore and cherish normalcy. To this benign enterprise he now addresses himself. His words are few, and when they issue from him they are reassuring. No dynamite is in them. What they say has been said before—by the pastor of Little Bethel last Sunday evening, by the *Daily Patriot* this morning, by the cashier of the bank down the street, by the provincial superior of Kiwanis, by Old Man Blodgett at the cigar-store. Cal is the perfect spokesman of the general, the consecrated prophet of the usual. If he had not become President he would have made an admirable county superintendent of schools.

I have said that the usurers who own and run the Republic like him; I believe that the plain people like him quite as well, and will ratify the act of God that put him into the White House by a colossal majority in November. His very cheapness has endeared him to them, as his complete lack of intellectual enterprise has commended him to their masters. Honor, dignity, plain-dealing, a high pride—these qualities make no votes under democracy; the mob glows with recognition and sympathy when it is in the presence of commonness, trashiness, lack of self-respect. Cal hung on to Denby and Daugherty as long as he could, eager to avoid offending their friends and clients; when he let them go at last it was cravenly, and with puerile and ignominious gestures. The President of the United States turned out to be a devious and shady fellow. But did the populace resent it? The populace did not. On the contrary, it applauded him, first for trying to protect his friends and save his own bacon, and then for sacrificing them when the bacon began to burn. The whole transaction was one that inferior men could understand; it fitted into the pattern of their own daily struggles. The Washington correspondents, with charac-

teristic lack of sense, mistake his cross-roads cunning for simple-mindedness, and try to read a certain profundity into it. But simple-mindedness is something quite different; one does not find it in ignoble politicians, but in men of honor. The mob itself is surely not simple-minded; it is harsh, grasping, dishonorable, base. Its morality is simply fear of the police and the devil; it grabs whatever it can get, with no delicacy to stay it. Coolidge, grabbing whatever he can get, regardless of generosity, dignity and decency, does not offend it. Instead, he subtly flatters and caresses it, as a clergyman who is a baseball rooter flatters and caresses it. For the first time in nearly a hundred years it sees a President on the throne who is actually of its own kidney.

Cabelliana

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF JAMES BRANCH CABELL, by Guy Holt, Philadelphia: *The Centaur Book Shop*.

A ROUND-TABLE IN POICTESME: A SYMPOSIUM, by Don Bregenzner, Robert Loveman and others. Cleveland: *The Colophon Club*.

MR. HOLT's bibliography is a discreet and excellent piece of work, complete enough to be extremely useful to the Cabell collectors who are now so numerous, and yet avoiding the laborious pedantries that convert so many other bibliographies into works of unconscious humor. In printing and binding it is genuinely distinguished. The other volume, alas, is often puerile in contents, and whoever put it together has still a great deal to learn about fine book-making. Of it, perhaps, I can speak freely, for I am one of the contributors to it. When I consented to the use of my modest contribution—an extract from an old book review—I had no notion that the book was to be offered for sale. It was my understanding that it was being put together by a private club of book-lovers as a testimony to their admiration for Cabell. But now it appears in all the panoply of a professional limited edition, with a preface arguing absurdly (and in somewhat shaky English) that "comparatively little has

been done in appreciation of the life-long sacrifice and assiduity of James Branch Cabell to creative literature." What could be more ridiculous? The neglect of Cabell is a chapter that closed at least half a dozen years ago. His name is known today by every civilized American, and he is probably read and admired as widely as any other American author of his dignity. Even if he were genuinely neglected, I doubt seriously that the publication of such amateurish and trashy compilations as this one would help him in the slightest. I point, for example, to the contribution of Mr. Christopher Morley—a piece reflecting the manners of a head steward in the Cunard and the critical sense of a lecturer on English in a fashionable finishing school. Such drivel can do no possible service to Cabell. It can only make one marvel that persons professing to admire him should be so lacking in the elements of decent taste.

Brief Notices

THE HYMN AS LITERATURE, by Jeremiah Bascom Reeves, Ph.D. New York: *The Century Company*.

DR. REEVES labors with great diligence to justify his title, but without success. He proves that there are a few hymns in English, such as "Crossing the Bar" and Kipling's "Recessional" that are very fair poetry throughout, and that there are a few others, such as Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," that contain beautiful lines, but he also offers massive if unwilling evidence that the great majority in current favor are doggerel and drivel. Some of the most popular, indeed, have no more poetry in them, and no more spirit of genuine devotion, than so many

college yells. Dr. Reeves professes English at Westminster College, wherever that may be. He is a dull writer.

THE PRACTISE AND THEORY OF INDIVIDUAL PSYCHOLOGY, by Alfred Adler; translated by P. Radin, Ph.D. New York: *Harcourt, Brace and Company*.

Adler, like Freud, writes in a tortured and occult manner, and is consequently very hard to read. There are vast stretches in this book that leave me aching with weariness. But there is also an excellent short chapter on the psychology of children, differentiating very plausibly between the mental attitudes of first children and their juniors, and there is an extremely acute discussion of the motives which move the prostitute.

INTERIOR DECORATION, by Amy L. Rolfe. New York: *The MacMillan Company*.

An extremely elemental and often superficial treatment of a subject that is now dealt with in many books, most of them better than this one.

CREOLE SKETCHES, by Lafcadio Hearn. Boston: *The Houghton Mifflin Company*.

Forty-five pieces rescued from the old files of the New Orleans *Item*, some of them in Hearn's best early manner, but others very trivial. They are illustrated with rude woodcuts made by Hearn himself.

YOUR WASHINGTON AND MINE, by Louise Payson Latimer. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

Despite a banal title, this is really a very interesting and useful book. It tells all that is worth knowing about the history and present state of Washington the city, with its environs, leaving out the depraved doings of its present inhabitants. The illustrations are well selected and well printed.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

ARLINGTON B. CONWAY served on the staff of a Canadian brigade throughout the late war, and has since devoted himself to military studies.

CHESTER T. CROWELL was born in Cleveland, O. He was reared in Texas, and began newspaper work there. At various times he was staff correspondent for the San Antonio Express, the Houston Post, and the Dallas and Galveston News. He was managing editor of the Austin Statesman. He lived several years in the City of Mexico, where he was news editor of the Mexican Herald. He gave up newspaper work temporarily in 1918 and came to New York. He returned to journalism in 1923 as an editorial writer for the New York Evening Post.

MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D., is associate editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association; is a member of the faculty of the Rush Medical College; and is the joint author, with Dr. Oliver T. Osborne, of a standard handbook of therapy.

ALBERT LÉON GUÉRARD was born in Paris and now lives in Texas. He is the author of a standard work on artificial languages, and of many other books, including the recently published "Reflections on the Napoleonic Legend."

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS, Ph.D. (Columbia) took his degree in anthropology, and is at present engaged upon the problem of variability under racial crossing. He is a frequent contributor to scientific journals.

MARY ALDEN HOPKINS was educated at Wellesley College and Columbia University and has been employed in various industrial investigations. She was born in Bangor, Maine, and lives in Summer on a Connecticut farm and in Winter in New York City.

L. M. HUSSEY is a chemist and pharma-

cologist of wide experience. He lives in Philadelphia.

GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP, Ph.D. (Johns Hopkins), is professor of English at Columbia University. He is editor of the Oxford English Series and the author of half a dozen works on English.

THOMAS OLLIVE MABBOTT, Ph.D. (Columbia) is assistant in English at Columbia. He has edited "Letters from George W. Eveleth to Poe" and "Poe's 'Politician.'" He has been a lecturer at the University of Chicago.

GREGORY MASON was for a number of years connected with the Outlook. He is well known as a writer on public affairs. He has lectured extensively in the United States.

FRED LEWIS PATTEE, Litt.D., is the author of "A History of American Literature Since 1870" and of various other works in that field. He is at present at the University of Illinois.

MARGARET SANGER is internationally known as an advocate of Birth Control. She was one of the organizers of the International Conference on Population Problems held in London in 1922. She is the author of "Woman and the New Race" and "The Pivot of Civilization," editor of the Birth Control Review, and president of the American Birth Control League.

JAMES STEVENS is the author of "The Uplift on the Frontier," which appeared in the April number of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. He has worked as a laborer in the Northwest for many years. At present he is employed in a lumber mill at Bend, Oregon.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON has been writing on politics for nearly thirty years. He has represented the New York World and Times at Washington.

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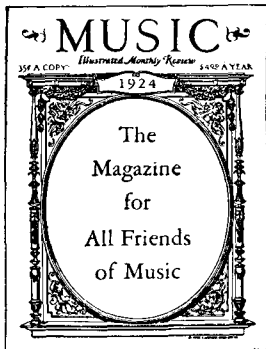
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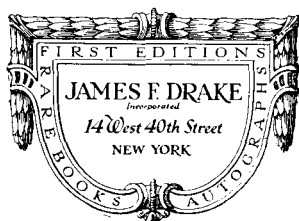
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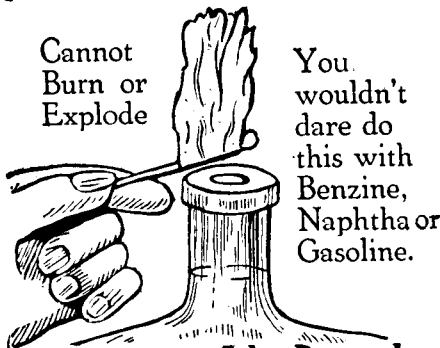
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for April, 1924

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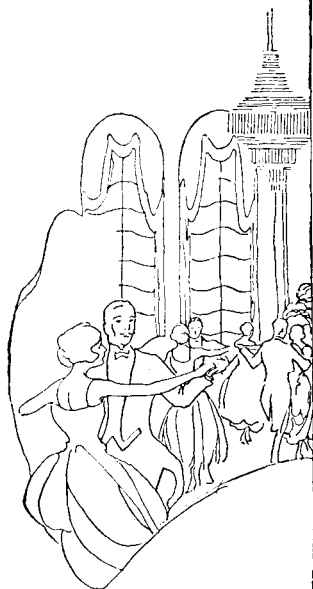
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